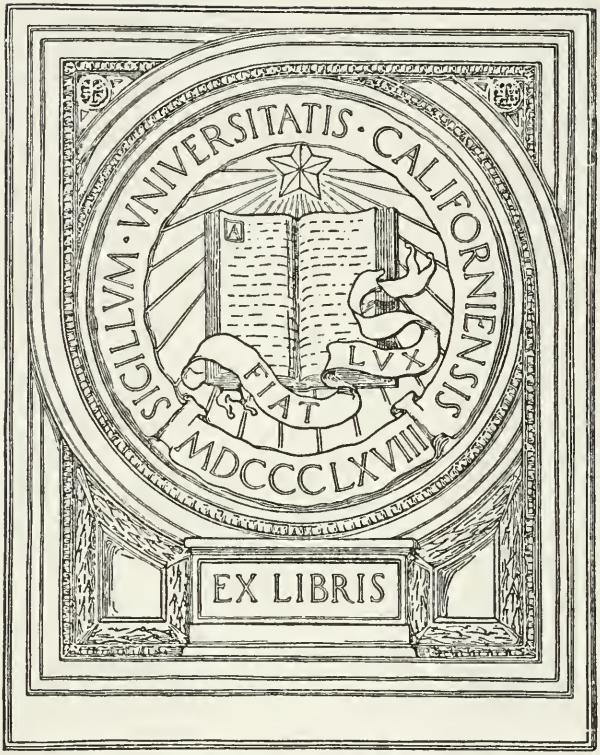
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THE MIDDLE AGES

SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS

BY

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To my Dear Friend

EDWARD JOSEPH McGOLRICK

THESE PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

[illegible]

FOREWORD.

THE historical sketches and fragments that are here submitted to the general reader deal only with a few phases of the rich and varied life of the period known usually as the Middle Ages. The writer will be amply rewarded if they serve to arouse a wider interest in that thousand years of Christian history that opens with Clovis and closes with the discovery of the New World. Both in Church and State the life of to-day is rooted in those ten marvellous centuries of transition, during which the Catholic Church was mother and nurse to the infant nations of the West, a prop and consolation to the Christians of the Orient. Our modern institutions and habits of thought, our ideals and the great lines of our history, are not intelligible apart from a sufficient understanding of what men thought, hoped, attempted, suffered and founded in the days when there was but one Christian faith from Otranto to Drontheim. The problems that now agitate us and seem to threaten our inherited social order were problems for the mediæval man. The conflicts and difficulties that make up the sum of political history for the last four centuries are only the last chapters in a story of surpassing interest that opens with the formal establishment of Christian thought as the basis and norm of social existence and development. If anything seems distinctive of the modern mind

as against the mediæval temperament, it is the sense of law, an even, constant, inerrant working of forces and principles that brook no interference from without and are supremely equitable in their operations. If we compare mediæval with modern history, we shall learn with certainty that in both there is dominant this reign of law, a consistent inexorable unity of purpose, a progressive social formation. In both there are divine and human elements that occupy, in varying prominence, the foreground of the great world-stage, tending always to create a higher type of mankind, to nurse the dormant idealism of the race, and to lift it gradually toward the goal of all human endeavor — the flawless life of the spirit chastened and transformed and deified by the imitation of the God-man.

The essays and papers included in this volume have appeared elsewhere at intervals. For the courteous permission to reprint them I desire to express my thanks to the *Catholic World*, the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Catholic Times*, the *Ave Maria* and the *Catholic University Bulletin*.

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THE MIDDLE AGES.

GREGORY THE GREAT AND THE BARBARIAN WORLD.

The latter part of the sixth century of our era offers to the student of human institutions a fascinating and momentous spectacle — the simultaneous transition over a great extent of space from an ancient and refined civilization to a new and uncouth barbarism of manners, speech, civil polity, and culture. It was then that the great mass of the Roman Empire, which generations of soldiers, statesmen, and administrators had consolidated at such frightful expense of human blood and rights, was irrevocably broken by the savage hordes whom it had in turn attempted to resist or to assimilate.

One moment it seemed as if the fortune of a Justinian and the genius of a Belisarius were about to regain all Italy, the sacred nucleus of conquest, and to proceed thence to a reconsti-

tution of the Roman State in Western Europe. But it was only for a moment. Fresh multitudes of Teutonic tribesmen swarmed from out their deep forests along the Danube or the Elbe, and overflowed Northern Italy so effectually as to efface the classic landmarks, and to fasten forever on the fairest plains of Europe their own barbarian cognomen. It is true that the bureaucracy of Constantinople, aided by the local pride of the cities of Southern Italy, by a highly centralized military government, by the prestige and the influence of the Catholic bishops, as well as by the jealousy and disunion of the Lombard chiefs, maintained for two centuries the assertion of imperial rights, and a steadily diminishing authority in the peninsula and the islands of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. But, by the end of the sixth century, all serious hope of reorganizing the Western Empire was gone. Thenceforth (thanks to the Lombard) the Frank and the Visigoth, luckier than their congeners the Ostrogoth and the Vandal, might hope to live in peaceful enjoyment of the vast provinces of Spain and Gaul, and the fierce pirates of old Saxony could slowly lay the foundations of a new empire on the soil of abandoned and helpless Britain. In the West not only was the

civil authority of Rome overthrown, but there went with it the venerable framework of its ancient administration, the Latin language — that masterful, majestic symbol of Roman right and strength — the Roman law, the municipal system, the great network of roads and of intercommercial relations, the peaceful cultivation of the soil, the schools, the literature, and, above all, that splendid unity and consolidarity of interests and ideals which were the true cement of the ancient Roman State, and which welded together its multitudinous parts more firmly than any bonds of race or blood or language.

Notwithstanding the transient splendor, the victories and conquests, of the reign of Justinian, the condition of the Orient was little, if any, better than that of the West. The Persian and the Avar harassed the frontiers, and occasionally bathed their horses in the sacred waters of the Bosphorus. The populations groaned beneath the excessive taxes required for endless fortifications, ever recurring tributes, the pompous splendor of a great court, and the exigencies of a minute and numerous bureaucracy. Egypt and Syria, no longer dazzled by the prestige or protected by the strong arm of Rome, began to indulge in velleities of national pride and spirit,

and, under the cover of heresy, to widen the political and social chasm that yawned between them and the great heart of the empire. The imperial consciousness, as powerful and energetic in the last of the Palæologi as in a Trajan or a Constantine, was still vigorous enough, but it had no longer its ancient instruments of good fortune, wealth, prestige, and arms. /The shrunken legions, the diminished territories, the dwindling commerce, foreshadowed the dissolution of the greatest political framework of antiquity; and in the quick succeeding plagues, famines, and earthquakes, men saw the ominous harbingers of destruction. The time of which I speak was, indeed, the close of a long, eventful century of transition. Already the political heirs of Rome and Byzantium were looming up, both East and West. In the East, fanatic, conquering Islam awaited impatiently the tocsin of its almost irresistible propaganda, and in the West the Frank was striding through war and anarchy and every moral enormity to the brilliant destiny of continental empire. We may imagine the problems that beset at this moment the mind of a Boethius or a Cassiodorus. Would the fruits of a thousand years of Greek and Roman culture be utterly blotted out?

Would the gentleness and refinement that long centuries of external peace and world-wide commerce and widest domination had begotten be lost to the race of man? Would the teachings of Jesus Christ, the source of so much social betterment, be overlaid by some Oriental fanaticism or hopelessly degraded by the coarse naturalism of the Northern barbarians? Could it be that in this storm were about to be ingulfed the very highest conquests of man over nature and over himself, the delicate and difficult art of government, the most polished instruments of speech, the rarest embodiments of ideal thought in every art, that sweet spiritual amity, the fruit of religious faith and hope, that common Christian atmosphere in which all men moved and breathed and rejoiced?

We all know what it was that in these centuries of commotion and demolition saved from utter loss so much of the intellectual inheritance of the Græco-Roman world, what power tamed and civilized the barbarian masters of the Western Empire, fixed them to the soil, codified and purified their laws, and insensibly and indirectly introduced among them no small share of that Roman civilization which they once so heartily hated, and which in their pagan days they looked

on as utterly incompatible with Teutonic manhood and freedom. It was the Catholic hierarchy which took upon itself the burden and responsibility of civil order and progress at a time when absolute anarchy prevailed, and around which centred all those elements of the old classic world that were destined, under its ægis, to traverse the ages and go on forever, moulding the thought and life of humanity as long as men shall admire the beautiful, or reverence truth, or follow after order and justice and civil security.

It was the bishops, monks, and priests of the Catholic Church who in those troublous days stood like a wall for the highest goods of society as well as for the rights of the soul; who resisted in person the oppression of the barbarian chief just emerged from his swamps and forests, as well as the avarice and unpatriotic greed of the Roman who preyed upon his country's ills; who roused the fainting citizens, repaired the broken walls, led men to battle, mounted guard upon the ramparts, and negotiated treaties. Indeed, there was no one else in the ruinous and tottering State to whom men could turn for protection from one another as well as from the barbarian. It seemed, for a long time, as if society were returning to its original elements, such as it had

once been in the hands of its Architect, and that no one could better administer on its dislocated machinery than the men who directly represented that divine providence and love out of which human society had arisen.

The keystone of this extraordinary episcopate was the papacy. The Bishop of Rome shared with all other bishops of the empire their influence over the municipal administration and finances, their quasi-control of the police, the prisons, and the public works, the right to sit as judge, not alone over clerics and in clerical cases, but in profane matters, and to receive the appeals of those who felt themselves wronged by the civil official. Like all other bishops of the sixth century, he was a legal and powerful check upon the rapacity, the ignorance, and the collusion of the great body of officials who directed the intricate mechanism of Byzantine administration. But over and above this the whole world knew that he was the successor of the most illustrious of the apostles, whose legacy of authority he had never suffered to dwindle; that he was the metropolitan of Italy, and the patriarch of the entire West, all of whose churches had been founded directly or indirectly by his see.

From the time of Constantine his authority in the West had been frequently acknowledged and confirmed by the State and the bishops. In deferring to his decision the incipient schism of the Donatists, the victor of the Milvian Bridge only accepted the situation such as it was outlined at Arles and Antioch and Sardica, such as Valentinian formally proclaimed it, and the Pragmatic Sanction of Justinian made the fundamental law of the State. Long before Constantine, the Bishop of Rome seemed to Decius and Aurelian the most prominent of the Christian bishops, and since then every succeeding pontificate raised him higher in the public esteem.

Occasionally a man of transcendent genius, like Leo the Great, broke the usual high level of superiority, and shone as the saviour of the State and the scourge of heresy; or again, skilful administrators like Gelasius and Hormisdas piloted happily the bark of Peter through ugly shoals and rapids. But, whatever their gifts or character, one identic consciousness survived through all of them — the sense of a supreme mission and of the most exalted responsibility in ecclesiastical matters. Did ever that serene consciousness of authority need to be intensified? What a world of suggestion and illustration lay

about them in their very episcopal city, where at every step the monuments of universal domination met their gaze, where the very atmosphere was eloquent with the souvenirs of imperial mastery and the stubborn execution of the imperial will, where the local mementoes of their own steady upward growth yet confronted them, where they could stand in old St. Peter's, even then one of the most admired buildings of antiquity, over the bodies of Peter and Paul, surrounded by pilgrims from all parts of the world, and echo the words of the first Leo, that already the spiritual rule of the Roman pontiffs was wider than the temporal one of the Roman emperors had ever been!

It was to this office, and in the midst of such critical events as I have attempted to outline, that Gregory, whom after-ages have styled the Great, succeeded in 590 A.D. He could boast of the noblest blood of Rome, being born of one of the great senatorial families, a member of the *gens Anicia*, and destined from infancy to the highest political charges. His great-great-grandfather, Felix II. (483–492), had been Bishop of Rome, and he himself at an early age had held the office of prætor, and walked the streets of Rome in silken garments embroidered with

shining gems, and surrounded by a mob of clients and admirers. But he had been brought up in the strictest of Christian families, by a saintly mother; and in time the blank horror of public life, the emptiness of human things in general, and the grave concern for his soul so worked upon the young noble that he threw up his promising *carriera*, and, after distributing his great fortune to the poor, turned his own home on the Cœlian Hill into a monastery, and took up his residence therein. It was with deliberation, and after satisfactory experience of the world and life, that he made this choice. It was a most sincere one, and though he was never to know much of the monastic silence and the calm lone-dwelling of the soul with God, these things ever remained his ideal, and his correspondence is filled with cries of anguish, with piteous yearnings for solitude and retirement. On the papal throne, dealing as an equal with emperors and exarchs, holding with firm hand the tiller of the ship of state on the angriest of seas, corresponding with kings, and building up the fabric of papal greatness, his mighty spirit sighs for the lonely cell, the obedience of the monk, the mystic submersion of self in the placid ocean of love and con-

templation. His austerities soon destroyed his health, and so he went through fourteen stormy years of government, broken in body and chafing in spirit, yet ever triumphant by the force of his superb, masterful will, and capable of dictating from his bed of pain the most successful of papal administrations, one which sums up at once the long centuries of organic development on classic soil and worthily opens the great drama of the Middle Ages.

In fact, it is as the first of the mediæval popes that Gregory claims our especial attention. His title to a place among the benefactors of humanity reposes in great part upon enduring spiritual achievements which modified largely the history of the Western Empire, upon the firm assertion of principles which obtained without contradiction for nearly a thousand years, and upon his writings, which formed the heads and hearts of the best men in Church and State during the entire Middle Ages, and which, like a subtle indestructible aroma, are even yet operative in Christian society.

The popes of the sixth century were not unconscious of the fact that the greater part of the Western Empire had passed irrevocably into the hands of barbarian Teutons, nor were they

entirely without relations with the new possessors of Roman soil; but their temporary subjection to an Arian king, the Gothic war, and the cruel trials of the city of Rome, the meteoric career of Justinian, as a rule deferential and favorable to the bishops of Rome, the painful episode of the Three Chapters, in which flamed up once more the smouldering embers of the great christological discussions, the uncertain relations with the new imperial office of the exarchate, as well as a clinging reverence for the empire and its institutions, kept their faces turned to the Golden Horn. They had welcomed Clovis into the church with a prophetic instinct of the rôle that his descendants were to play, and they kept an eye upon the Catholic Goths, on the Suabians of Northwestern Spain, and on the Irish Kelts. Individual and sporadic missionary efforts originated among their clergy, of which we would know more were it not for the almost complete destruction of their local annals and archives in the Gothic wars. But withal, one feels that these sixth-century popes belong yet to the old Græco-Roman world, that they hesitate to acknowledge publicly that the imperial cause is lost in the West, that the splendid unity of the Roman and the Christian name is

only a souvenir. On the other hand, the barbarian was too often a heretic, too often slippery, selfish, and treacherous, while the Roman was yet a man of refinement and culture, loath to go out among uncouth tribes who had destroyed whatever he held dear. In a word, he nourished toward the barbarian world at large that natural repulsion which he afterward reproached the British Kelt for entertaining toward the Saxon destroyer of his fireside and his independence.

Gregory inaugurated a larger policy. He was the first monk to sit on the Chair of Peter, and he brought to that redoubtable office a mind free from minor preoccupations and devoted to the real interests of the Roman Church. He had been prætor and nuncio, had moved much among the bishops and the aristocracy of the Catholic world, and was well aware of the inferior and painful situation that the New Rome was preparing for her elder predecessor. The careers of Silverius, Vigilius, and Pelagius were yet fresh in the minds of men, and it needed not much discernment to see that, under the new régime, the Byzantine court would never willingly tolerate the ancient independence and traditional boldness of the Roman bishops.

It was, therefore, high time to find a balance

to the encroachments and sinister designs of those Greeks on the Bosphorus, who were drifting ever further away from the Latin spirit and ideals; this the genius of Gregory discovered in the young barbarian nations of the West. It would be wrong, however, to see in his conduct only the cold calculations of a statesman. It was influenced simultaneously by the deep yearnings of the apostle, by the purest zeal for the salvation and betterment of the new races which lay about him like a whitening harvest, waiting for the sickle of the spiritual husbandman. While yet a simple monk he had extorted from Pelagius the permission to evangelize the Angles and the Saxons, and had proceeded some distance when the Romans discovered their loss and insisted on his return. Were it not for their selfishness he would have reached the shores of Britain, and gained perhaps a place in the charmed circle of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, who were during that century engaged in the losing conflict for independence which ended so disastrously at the Badonic Mount.

This is not the place to relate the details of the numerous relations which Gregory established on all sides with the barbarian peoples of Europe.

The nearest to him were the Lombards, that resistless hammer of the Italo-Roman state, and one of the most arrogant and intractable of all the Teutonic tribes. His policy with them is peace at any price. Now he purchases it with Church gold, sorely needed elsewhere; and again he concludes a treaty with these iron dukes in the very teeth of the exarch. He takes their rule as an accomplished fact. He refuses to be an accomplice in the base, inhuman measures of the Byzantine governors. He rests not until he has converted their queen Theodelinda, and their king Agilulf; with a certain mixture of bitterness and joy he proclaims himself more a bishop of the Lombards than the Romans, so numerous were their camp-fires upon the Campagna, and so familiar the sight of their hirsute visages and the sound of their horrid gutturals among the delicate and high-bred denizens of Rome.

It was he who restrained this rugged and contemptuous race; who started among them a counter current against their brutal paganism and their cold, narrow, unsentimental Arianism; who left to them, in his own person and memory, the most exalted type of Christian manhood — at once fearless and gentle, aggressive and

enduring, liberal and constant, loyal to a decaying, incapable empire, but shrewd and far-seeing for the interests of Western humanity, whose future renaissance he must have vaguely felt as well as an Augustine or a Salvian.

Beyond the Alps the descendants of Clovis had consolidated all of Gaul under Frankish rule. Though Catholics, they were too often purely natural barbarians, restrained with difficulty from the greatest excesses, and guilty in every reign of wanton oppression of Church and people. They sold the episcopal sees to the highest bidder, and they often intruded into these places of honor and influence their soldiers or their courtiers. With great tact and prudence Gregory dealt with these semi-Christian kings. In his correspondence he argues at length, and explains the evils of a simoniacal episcopate; he pleads for a just and mild administration; he warns them not to exert their power to the utmost, but to temper justice with mercy, and to learn the art of self-control. In all the range of papal letters there is scarcely anything more noble than the correspondence of Gregory with the kings of Gaul, Spain, and England. This fine Roman patrician, this ex-prætor, recalls the palmy days of republican Rome, when her con-

suls and legates smoothed the way of success as much by their diplomacy as by their military skill. He speaks with dignity to these rugged kings, these ex-barbarian chieftains, yet with grave tenderness and sympathy. He recognizes their rank and authority, their prowess and their merits. He reminds them that they are but earthly instruments of the heavenly King, and that their office entails a grave responsibility, personal and official. At times he dares to insinuate a rebuke, but in sweet and well-chosen words. He ranks them with Constantine and Helen, the benefactors of the Roman see. His language is generally brief, but noble, courteous, earnest, penetrating, and admirably calculated to make an impression upon warlike and untutored men, who were delighted and flattered at such treatment from the uncrowned head of the Western civilization. Childebert and Brunehaut, Recared and Ethelbert and Bertha, became powerful allies in his apostolic designs, and opened that long and beneficent career of early mediæval Christianity when the youthful nations grew strong and coalesced under the tutelage of the papacy, which healed their discords, knitted them together, and transmitted to them the spirit, the laws, the tongues, the arts,

and the culture of Greece and Rome — treasures that, in all probability, would otherwise have perished utterly.

We are in great measure the descendants of these ancient tribes, now become the nations of Europe, and we cannot disown the debt of gratitude that we owe to the memory of that Roman who first embraced, with an all-absorbing love, the Frank, the Lombard, and the Gael, the Ostrogoth and the Visigoth, the Schwab, the Wend, and the Low-Dutch pirates of the Elbe and the Weser. Hitherto their chiefs had esteemed the vicarious lieutenancy of Rome, so deep-rooted was their esteem for the genius of the empire. But they knew now what a profound transformation was worked in the West, and they began the career of independent nations, exulting in their strength. Politically they were forever lost to the central trunk of the empire, but they were saved for higher things, for the thousand influences of Roman thought and experience. They were made chosen vessels, not alone of religion, but of the arts and sciences, of philosophy and government, and of that delicate, refined idealism, that rare and precious bloom of long ages of sincere Christian life and conduct, which would

surely have perished in a new atmosphere of simple naturalism.

No act of Gregory's eventful career has had such momentous consequences as the conversion of the Angles and the Saxons. They were, if possible, a more hopeless lot than the Lombards, revengeful, avaricious, and lustful, knowing only one vice — cowardice — and practising but one virtue — courage. Though distant, the fame of their brutality had reached the ends of the earth. Moreover, they had already nearly exterminated a flourishing Christianity, that of Keltic Britain. In a word, they were not so very unlike the Iroquois when Brébeuf and Lallemant undertook their evangelization. I need not go over the recital of their conversion. All his life Gregory cherished this act as the greatest of his life. He refers to it in his correspondence with the East, and it consoled him in the midst of failures and discouragements. His great soul shines out through the pages of Bede, who has left us a detailed narrative of this event — his boundless confidence in God, his use of purely spiritual weapons, his large and timely toleration. For these rude Saxons he would enlist all the sympathy of the Franks and the coöperation of the British

clergy. He directs in minutest detail the progress of the mission, and provides during life the men and means needed to carry it on. Truly he may be called the apostle of the English, for, though he never touched their soil, he burned with the desire to die among them and for them, he opened to them the gate of the heavenly kingdom, and introduced them to the art and literature and culture of the great Christian body on the continent.

Henceforth the Saxon was no longer the Red Indian of the classic peoples, but a member of the world-wide Church. Quicker than Frank or Lombard he caught the spirit of Rome, and as long as he held the soil of England was unswervingly faithful to her. Through her came all his culture — the fine arts and music and the love of letters. His books came from her libraries, and she sent him his first architects and masons. From her, too, he received with the faith the principles of Roman law and procedure. When he went abroad, it was to her that he turned his footsteps; and when he wearied of life in his pleasant island home, he betook himself to Rome to end his days beneath the shadow of St. Peter. In the long history of Christian Rome she never knew a more

romantic and deep-set attachment on the part of any people than that of the Angles and the Saxons, who for centuries cast at her feet not only their faith and their hearts, but their lives, their crowns, and their very home itself. Surely there must have been something extraordinary in the character of their first apostle, a great well-spring of affection, a happy and sympathetic estimate of the national character, to call forth such an outpouring of gratitude, and such a devotion, not only to the Church of Rome, but to the civilization that she represented. To-day the English-speaking peoples are in the van of all human progress and culture, and the English tongue is likely to become at no distant date the chief vehicle of human thought and hope. Both these peoples and their tongue are to-day great composites, whose elements it would not be easy to segregate. But away back at their fountain-head, where they first issue from the twilight of history, there stands a great and noble figure who gave them their first impetus on the path of religion and refinement, and to whom must always belong a large share of the credit which they enjoy.

As pope and administrator of the succession of Peter, Gregory ranks among the greatest of

that series. His personal sanctity, his influence as a preacher, his interest in the public worship, and his devotion to the poor, are only what we might expect from a zealous monastic bishop; but Gregory was eminent in all these, while surpassingly great in other things. No pope has ever exercised so much influence by his writings, on which the Middle Ages were largely formed as far as practical ethics and the discipline of life were concerned. They were in every monastery, and were thumbed over by every cleric. Above all, his book of the "Pastoral Rule" fashioned the episcopate of the Middle Ages. By the rarest of compliments, this golden booklet was translated into Greek, and Alfred the Great put it into Anglo-Saxon. It was the vade-mecum of every good bishop throughout Europe, and a copy of it was given to every one at his consecration. It was reckoned among the essential books that every priest was expected to own, and it would not be too much to say that, after the Bible, no work exercised so great an influence for a thousand years as this little manual of clerical duties and ideals. It filled the place which the "Imitation of Christ" has taken in later times; and in the direct, rugged Latin of its periods, in the stern,

uncompromising doctrine of its author, in its practical active tendency, in its emphasis on the public social duties of the bishop, and in its blending of the heavenly and the earthly kingdoms, are to be found several of the distinctive traits of the mediæval episcopate. He laid out the work for the mediæval popes, and in his person and career was a worthy type of the bravest and the most politic among them. Though living in very critical times, he maintained the trust confided to him and handed it over increased to his successors. There is no finer model of the Latin Christian spirit; and some will like to think that he was put there, at the confines of the old and the new, between Romania and Gothia, to withstand the flood of Byzantinism, to save the Western barbarian for Latin influences, and to secure to Europe the transmission of the larger and more congenial Latin culture.

Yet he was, like all the Catholic bishops of that age, devoted to the ideal of the Christian Empire, and while he recognized the hand of Providence in the breaking up of the once proud system, he did not spare the expression and the proof of his loyalty to the emperors at Constantinople. Though virtually the founder

of the temporal power of the papacy, he ever held his temporal estate for and under New Rome, and was never happier than when he could safeguard or advance her interests. Like most men of his time, he believed that the last of the great empires was that of Rome, and that when it fell the end of the world was close at hand. Indeed, the well-known couplet (made famous by Anglo-Saxon pilgrims) belongs to his epoch, and strikingly conveys the popular feeling: —

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

Long ages have gone by since he was gathered to his rest (604) in the portico of old St. Peter's, with Julius and Damasus, Leo and Gelasius, and all the long line of men who built up the spiritual greatness of Rome. Legends have gathered about his memory, like mosses and streamers on the venerable oak, and calumny has aimed some poisoned shafts at his secular fame. But history defends him from the unconscious transformation of the one, and the intentional malice of the other, which ever loves a shining mark. She shows to the admiring ages his portrait, high-niched

in the temple of fame, among the benefactors of humanity, the protector of the poor and the feeble against titled wealth and legalized oppression, the apostle of nations once shrouded in darkness, now the foremost torch-bearers of humanity. He appeared to posterity as one of that very small number of men who, holding the highest authority, administer it without fault, lead unblemished lives, and find time and opportunity to heal, with voice and pen and hand, the ills of a suffering world, and advance its children on a path of unbroken progress, guided by the genius of pure religion, consoled, elevated, and purified by all that the noblest thought and the widest experience of the past can offer.[1]

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[1] The works of Gregory the Great are reprinted in Migne (Pl. lxxv.-lxxix.) from the Benedictine edition of Sainte Marthe (Paris, 1705, 4 vols. fol.). A critical edition of his "Registrum Epistolarum," or "Letter-Book," is now at hand, owing to the learned industry of P. Ewald and L. M. Hartmann (Mon. Germ. Hist. Epistolæ, I.-II., Berlin, 1891-1899). His account of St. Benedict has been reëdited from the "Dialogues" by P. Cozza-Luzzi (Rome, 1880), and the "Homilies," by G. Pfeilschifter, under the auspices of Dr. Knöpfler's "Seminary of Church History" (Munich, 1900). There is an English translation of the "Regula Pastoralis," or "Shepherd's Book," by H. R. Bramley (London, 1874). The English philologian, Henry Sweet, edited and translated into English the West Saxon version made by King Alfred for the edification of his priests and people (Early English Text Society Publications, London, 1871). Concerning his correspon-

dence with St. Augustine of Canterbury on the toleration of heathen customs, cf. Duchesne, "Origines du Culte Chrétien" (Paris, 1899, 1902), and Sägmüller, *Theol. Quartal. Schrift.* (1899), Vol. 160. The age and authenticity of the "Sacramentary," or Old Roman Missal, that goes under his name, are discussed by Duchesne (*op. cit.*) and by Dr. Probst in a work of much erudition, "Die abendländische Messe vom V. bis zum VII. Jahrhundert" (Münster, 1896). The origins of the so-called Gregorian Chant are treated by F. A. Gevaert, "Les Origines du Chant Liturgique de l'Église Latine" (Gand, 1900), and "La Mélopée Antique dans le Chant de l'Église Latine" (Gand, 1895); cf. G. Morin, "L'Origine du Chant Grégorien (Paris, 1890). The oldest printed lives of Gregory the Great are those by Paulus Diaconus, at the end of the eighth century, and by Johannes Diaconus (Migne, PL. lxxxv. 59–242) about 872 or 873. There is said to exist in England a manuscript life of him composed at a still earlier date. Among the latest and best works on this great pope are Wisbaum, "Die wichtigsten Einrichtungen und Ziele der Thätigkeit des Papstes Gregor d. Gr." (Leipzig, 1885); Clausier, "St. Grégoire le Grand, Pape et Docteur de l'Église" (Paris, 1886); C. Wolfsgruber, "Gregor d. Gr." (Saulgau, 1890), and the articles entitled "Il Pontificato di S. Gregorio Magno nella Storia della Civiltà Cristiana" in the *Civiltà Cattolica* (1890–93), Series XIV., Vols. 5–9, and XV., Vols. 1–5. A useful account of his life is that of Abbot Snow in the "Heroes of the Cross" series (London, Th. Baker, 1897). The celebration of the thirteenth centenary of his death (604) will doubtless call forth many learned tributes to his manifold greatness and significance. His relations to the Emperor Phocas are discussed by *Fr. Görres in the *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie* (1901), Vol. XLIV., pp. 592–602, and the accusation of ignorantism, by *R. Labbadini, "Gregorio Magno e la Grammatica," in *Bullettino di filologia classica* (1902), Vol. VIII., pp. 204–206, 259; cf. *Fr. and P. Böhringer, "Die Väter des Papsthums Leo I. und Gregor I." (Stuttgart, 1879), in the new edition of "Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen." The asterisked writers are non-Catholic. For a full bibliography of Gregory the Great cf. the new edition of Chevalier's "Répertoire Historique du Moyen Âge," and the second edition of Potthast, "Bibliotheca Historica Medii Ævi." The reader may consult with profit the historians of the City of Rome, Gregorovius, von Reumont, and Grisar, and for a literary appreciation of the pope the classical (German) work of Ebert on the "Latin Literature of the Early Middle Ages."

JUSTINIAN THE GREAT (A.D. 527–565).

PERHAPS the most crucial period of Christian history, after the foundation century of Christ and the apostles, is the sixth century of our era. Then goes on a kind of clearing-house settlement of the long struggle between Christianity and paganism. It was no false instinct that made Dionysius the Little begin, shortly before the middle of that century, to date his chronology from the birth of Christ, for then disappeared from daily use the oldest symbols of that pagan civil power which had so strenuously disputed with the new religion every step of its progress. The annual consulship was then abolished, or retained only by the emperor as an archaic title. That immemorial root of Roman magistracy, the thrice-holy symbol of the City's *majestas*, could rightly pass away when the City had fulfilled its mission and function in the ancient world. The Roman Senate, too, passed away at the same period — what calls itself the Roman Senate at a later time is a purely local and municipal institution. The old relig-

ion of Rome was finally no more than a memory. For the two preceding centuries it had gone on, sullenly shrinking from one level of society to another, until its last representatives were an individual here and there, hidden in the mighty multitudes of the Christian people of the empire.[1] The schools of literature, philosophy, and rhetoric were no longer ensouled with the principles of Hellenism. Their last hope was buried when the Neoplatonists of Athens took the road of exile to beg from the Great King, that born enemy of the Roman name — the prophet of "Medism" — a shelter and support.[2] In dress, in the system of names, in the popular literature, in the social institutes, in the spoken language,[3] in the domestic and public architec-

[1] V. Schultze, "Untergang des griechisch-römischen Heidentums" (Jena, 1892), Vol. II., pp. 385–389; cf. also pp. 214, 215. The documents for the disappearance of Western paganism are best collected in Beugnot, "Histoire de la destruction du paganisme en Occident" (2 vols., Paris, 1835). Since then it is the subject of many learned works.

[2] Gregorovius, "Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter," Vol. I., p. 58, does not believe that any formal edict was issued by Justinian against the continuance of the pagan schools; they lapsed into desuetude.

[3] Bury, "The Language of the Romaioi in the Sixth Century," "History of the Later Roman Empire," Vol. II., pp. 167–174; Freeman, "Some Points in the Later History of the Greek Language," *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. III. (1882); Tozer, "The Greek-speaking Population of Southern Italy," *ibid.*, Vol. X., pp. 11–42 (1889).

ture, in the spirit of the law, in legal procedure, in the character of city government, in the administration of the provinces, in the very concept of the State and of empire, there are so many signs that the old order passeth away and a new one even now standeth in its place. The symptoms of internal trouble, noted on all sides from the time of Marcus Aurelius and graphically diagnosed by St. Cyprian, had gone on multiplying. They did not portend that decay which is the forerunner of death, as many had thought while the ancient society was dissolving before their eyes,[1] but that decay which is the agent of great and salutary changes. Their first phase, the long and eventful Wandering of the Nations, had broken up, East and West, the old framework of society as the Greek and Roman had inherited, created, or modified it. On the other hand, that most thorough of all known forces, the spirit of Jesus Christ, had been working for fifteen generations in the vitals of this ancient society, disturbing, cleansing, casting forth, healing, binding, renovating, a social and political organism that —

[1] "Sic quodcumque nunc nascitur mundi ipsius senectute degenerat, ut nemo mirari deberet singula in mundo deficere cœpisse, cum ipse jam mundus totus in defectione sit et fine." — St. Cyprian, "Ad Demetrianum," c. 4, ed. Hartel.

"Lay sick for many centuries in great error."

In such periods of history much depends on the ideals and character of the man or men who stand at the helm of a society that is working its way through the straits and shoals of transition. Was it not fortunate for Europe that a man like Charlemagne arose on the last limits of the old classical world, with heart and brain and hand enough to plan and execute a political basis sufficiently strong to hold for centuries to come the new States of Western Christendom?

It is here that Justinian enters on the stage of history and claims a place higher than that of Charlemagne, second to that of no ruler who has affected for good the interests of his fellowmen. He is not, I admit, a very lovable figure. He stands too well within the limits of the Græco-Roman time to wear the illusive halo of Teutonic romance. But in the history of humankind those names shine longest and brightest which are associated with the most universal and permanent benefits. Is he a benefactor of society who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before? Then what shall we say of one who established for all time the immortal principles of order and justice and

equity, without which all human endeavor is uncertain and usually sinks to the lowest level?[1]

[1] The principal authority for the life and works of Justinian is the contemporary Procopius, the secretary and lieutenant of Belisarius. In his account of the Gothic, Vandal, and Persian wars he exhausts the military history of the empire. His work on the buildings of Justinian and the "Anecdota" or "Secret History" that bears his name are entirely devoted to the emperor, the former in adulation, the latter in virulent condemnation. Agathias, also a contemporary, has left us an unfinished work on the reign of Justinian that deals chiefly with the wars of 552–558. To John Lydus, one of the imperial officers, we owe an account of the civil service under Justinian. Theophanes, a writer of the end of the sixth century, has left some details of the career of the emperor. The "Church History" of Evagrius and the "Breviarium" of the Carthaginian deacon Liberatus are of first-class value for the ecclesiastical events. His own laws (Codex Constitutionum and Novellæ) and his correspondence, *e.g.* with the bishops of Rome, are sources of primary worth, as are also at this point the "Liber Pontificalis" and the correspondence of the popes with Constantinople. In his chapters on Justinian, Gibbon followed closely Le Beau, "Histoire du Bas Empire" (Paris, 1757–84). Among the general historians of Greece in the past century who deal with the events of this reign are to be named Finlay, "A History of Greece" from its conquest by the Romans to the present time (146 B.C. to 1864 A.D.), new and revised edition by H. F. Tozer (Oxford, 1877, 7 vols.); Bury, "A History of the Later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene" (395–800) (2 vols., London, 1887). The German histories of Greece by Hopf (1873), Hertzberg (1876–78), Gregorovius (histories of mediæval Rome and Athens, 1889), and the modern Greek histories of Paparrigopoulos (1887–88) and Lambros (1888) cover the same ground, though they differ considerably in method and appreciations. There is an "Histoire de Justinien" (Paris, 1856), by Isambert, very superficial and imperfect, and a life of the empress by Debidour, "L'Impératrice Théodora" (Paris, 1885), to which may be added Mallet's essay on Theodora in the *English Historical Review* for January, 1887. Several essays of Gfrörer in his "Byzantinische Geschichten" (Graz, 3 vols., 1872–77), notably pp. 315–401, are both instructive and picturesque. For all questions

I.

Justinian was born in 482 or 483, near Sardica, the modern Sophia and capital of the present kingdom of Bulgaria. The most brilliant of his historians says that he came of an obscure race of barbarians.[1] Nevertheless, in an empire every

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of chronology pertaining to the reign of Justinian the reader may consult the classic work of Clinton, "Fasti Romani: The Civil and Literary Chronology of Rome and Constantinople" (to A.D. 641), (Oxford, 2 vols., 1845–50); cf. also Muralt, "Essai de Chronographie Byzantine" (St. Petersburg, 2 vols., 1855–73), and H. Gelzer, "Sextus Julius Africanus" (Leipzig, 1880–85).

An attempt has been made to collect the Greek Christian inscriptions from the fifth to the eighteenth century. "Inscriptions Grecques Chrétiennes" (St. Petersburg, 1876–80), pp. 11–143. Mgr. Duchesne and M. Homolle promise a complete "Corpus." Cf. *Bulletin Critique* (October 5, 1900, p. 556). The coins and medals of the period are best illustrated in Schlumberger's "Sigillographie de l'Empire Byzantin" (Paris, 1884), a work that rounds out and replaces the earlier treatises of De Saulcy, Banduri, Eckel, and Cohen.

[1] It is worth noting that the Slavonic origin of Justinian has lately been called in question by James Bryce, *English Historical Review* (1887), Vol. II., pp. 657–686. It is said to have no other foundation than the biography by a certain Bogomilus or Theophilos, an imaginary teacher of Justinian. This biography is not otherwise mentioned or vouched for than in the Latin life of Justinian by Johannes Marnavich, Canon of Sebenico (d. 1639). Bryce holds that Marnavich gives us only echoes of a Slavonic saga about Justinian. Jiricêk ("Archiv für Slavische Philologie" (1888), Vol. II., pp. 300-304) condemns the whole story as a forgery of Marnavich. Thereby would fall to the ground all that Alemannus, the first editor of the "Anecdota" of Procopius (1623), writes concerning the Slavonic genealogy, name, etc., of Justinian. Cf. Krumbacher, "Geschichte der byzantinischen Literatur" (Munich, 1891), p. 46.

soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and an uncle of Justinian was such a lucky soldier. Justin I. (518–527) may have been quite such another "paysan du Danube" as Lafontaine describes in one of his most perfect fables (XI. 6):

> "Son menton nourrissait une barbe touffue.
> Toute sa personne velue
> Représentait un ours, mais un ours mal léché.
> Sous un sourcil épais il avait l'œil caché,
> Le regard de travers, nez tortu, grosse lèvre:
> Portait sayon de poil de chèvre,
> Et ceinture de joncs marins."

He may have been not unlike the good Ursus in "Quo Vadis," or that uncouth Dacian in "Fabiola." Certain it is that in a long service of fifty years he rose from rank to rank and succeeded, with universal consent, to Anastasius when that hated "Manichæan" died childless. The peasants of Dacia were no longer butchered to make a Roman holiday — the land had long been Romanized, had even furnished the empire with a succession of strong and intelligent rulers, those Illyrian emperors whom Mr. Freeman has so magisterially described. Justin was an uneducated barbarian, and cut his signature painfully through a gold stencil plate, as did his contemporary, the great Ostrogoth Theodoric, king of Italy. Yet he had the wis-

dom of experience, the accumulated treasures of the sordid Anastasius, the counsel of good civil officers, old and tried friends in many an Isaurian, many a Persian, campaign. Above all, he had the devotion of his youthful nephew, Justinian. Possible pretenders to the throne were removed without scruple — a principle that has always been prevalent by the Golden Horn. Before Justin died his nephew had reached the command of all the imperial forces, though never himself a warlike man. In 527, on the death of his uncle, he found himself, at the age of thirty-six, sole master of the Roman Empire.

It was no poor or mean inheritance even then, after the drums and tramplings of a dozen conquests. The West, indeed, was gone — it seemed irretrievably. At Pavia and Ravenna the royal Ostrogoth governed an Italian State greater than history has seen since that time. At Toulouse and Barcelona the Visigoth yet disposed of Spain and Southern Gaul. At Paris and Orléans and Soissons the children of Clovis meditated vaguely an empire of the Franks. The Rhineland and the eternal hills of Helvetia, where so much genuine Roman blood had been spilled, were again a prey to anarchy. Britain, that pearl of the empire, was the scene of tri-

umphant piracy, the new home of a half dozen Low-Dutch sea tribes that had profited by the great State's hour of trial to steal one of her fairest provinces, and were obliterating in blood the faintest traces of her civilizing presence. Even in the Orient, where the empire stood rocklike, fixed amid the seething waters of the Bosphorus, the Hellespont, and the Euxine, it knew no peace. The ambition of the Sassanids of Persia threatened the vast level plains of Mesopotamia, while a new and inexhaustible enemy lifted its savage head along the Danube frontier — a vague complexus of Hunnish and Slavonic tribes, terrible in their numbers and their indefiniteness, thirsting for gold, amenable to no civilization, rejoicing in rapine and murder and universal disorder. Justinian must have often felt, with Henry the Fourth, that the wet sea-boy, "cradled in the rude imperious surge," was happier than the king. Withal, the empire was yet the only Mediterranean State. It yet held Syria and Egypt. Asia Minor was faithful. The Balkan provinces, though much troubled, and poor harassed Greece were imperial lands.[1] The empire alone had navies

[1] The political geography of the empire in the sixth century may be studied in "Hieroclis Synecdemus," edition of Gustav Parthey

and a regular army, drilled, equipped, officered.[1] Alone as yet it had the paraphernalia of a well-appointed and ancient State — coinage, roads, transportation, justice, law, sure sanction, with arts and literature and all that is implied in the fair old Latin word *humanitas*. It stood yet for the thousand years of endeavor and progress that intervened from Herodotus to Justinian. And well it was for humanity that its destinies now passed into the hands of one who was penetrated with the keenest sense of responsibility to God and man. Though he reached the highest prize of life before his prime, it has been said of him that he was never young. The ashes of rebellion and insurrection had been smouldering in the royal city since, with the death of Marcian (457), the old, firm, Theodosian control had come to an end. The frightful political consequences of the great Monophysite heresy that was born with the Council of Chalcedon (451) were dawning on the minds of thoughtful men. The Semitic and Coptic Orient

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(Berlin, 1866). Here are reprinted the "Notitiæ Episcopatuum" or catalogues of ecclesiastical divisions known usually as the "Tactica." Cf. also Banduri, "Imperium Orientale" (Paris, 1711, fol.); "Antiquitates Constantinopolitanæ" (Paris, 1729, fol.).

[1] Gfrörer, "Byzantinische Studien," Vol. II., pp. 401–436; "Das byzantinische Seewesen."

was creating that shibboleth which would serve it for a thousand years against Greek and Roman — a blind and irrational protest against the real oppressions and humiliations it once underwent. Of its own initiative the empire had abandoned, for good or for ill, its historical basis and seat — Old Rome. It had quitted the yellow Tiber for the Golden Horn, to be nearer the scene of Oriental conflict, to face the Sassanid with the sea at its back, to create a suitable forum for the government of the world, where Christian principles might prevail, and where a certain inappeasable nemesis of secular wrong and injustice would not haunt the imperial soul as on the Palatine. But in the change of capital one thing was left behind — perhaps it was irremovable — the soul of Old Rome, with all its stern and sober qualities, its practical cast and temper, its native horror of the shifty mysticism of the Orient and the unreality of the popular forms of Greek philosophy. There is something pathetic in that phrase of Gregory the Great, "The art of arts is the government of souls." It is like an echo of the sixth book of Vergil, "Tu vero, Romane, *imperare* memento."

Perhaps this is the germ of solid truth in the legend that Constantine abandoned the civil au-

thority at Rome to Pope Silvester. He certainly did abandon, to the oldest and most consistent power on earth, — a power long since admired by an Alexander Severus and dreaded by a Decius — that rich inheritance of prestige and authority which lay embedded in the walls and monuments of ancient Rome. Within a century something of this dawned on the politicians of Constantinople and lies at the bottom of the long struggle to help its bishop to the ecclesiastical control of the Orient. In history there are no steps backward, and we need not wonder that Dante, the last consistent, if romantic, prophet of the empire, was wont to shiver with indignation at the thought of the consequences of this act.

But if they lost the genuinely Roman soul of government, they gained a Greek soul. It was an old Greek city they took up — Byzantium. Its very atmosphere and soil were reeking with Hellenism, whose far-flung outpost it had long been. History, climate, commerce, industries, the sinuous ways of the sea, the absence of Roman men and families, the contempt for the pure Orientals, forced the emperors at Constantinople from the beginning into the hands of a genuine local Hellenism that might have shed its old and native religion, but could not shed its soul, its

immortal spirit. Henceforth the world was governed from a Christianized Hellenic centre.[1] This meant that government for the future was to be mingled in an ever increasing measure with metaphysics; that theory and unreality, the dream, the vision, the golden hope, all the fleeting elements of life, were to have a large share in the administration of things civil and ecclesiastical. Government was henceforth —

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

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[1] "The Greek characteristics of the empire under Justinian are calculated to suggest vividly the process of ebb and flow which is always going on in the course of history. Just ten centuries before Greek Athens was the bright centre of European civilization. Then the torch was passed westward from the cities of Hellenism, where it had burned for a while, to shine in Latin Rome. Soon the rivers of the world, to adopt an expression of Juvenal, poured into the Tiber. Once more the brand changed hands; it was transmitted from the temple of Capitoline Jupiter, once more eastward, to a city of the Greek world — a world, however, which now disdained the impious name 'Hellenic' and was called 'Romaic.' By the shores of the Bosphorus, on the acropolis of Græco-Roman Constantinople, the light of civilization lived pale but steady for many hundred years — longer than it had shone by the Ilissus, longer than it had gleamed by the Nile or the Orontes, longer than it had blazed by the Tiber, and the Church of St. Sophia was the visible symbol of as great a historical idea as those which the Parthenon and the Temple of Jupiter had represented, the idea of European Christendom. The empire, at once Greek and Roman, the ultimate results to which ancient history, with Greek history and Roman, had been leading up, was for nine centuries to be the bulwark of Europe against Asia, and to render possible the growth of the nascent civilization of the Teutonic nations of the West by preserving the heritage of the old world." — Bury, "History of the Later Roman Empire," Vol. II., p. 39.

Cato, it is said, chased the Greek philosophers from Rome. They one day mounted the throne in their worst shape, the shape of the sophist, in the person of Marcus Aurelius; but, indeed, they had no proper place in Rome, where government has always tended to keep its head clear and calm, with eyes fixed on the actual interest, the average practical and attainable. Not so in the Greek Orient. With the triumph of the Christian religion the gods of Hellas fell from their rotten pedestals. But they were never the governing element, the *principe générateur* of the Greek life. That was the individual reflective mind, eternally busy with the reasons of things, seeking the why and the how and the wherefore, not for any definite purpose, but because this restless research was its life, its delight; because at bottom it was highly idealistic and despised the outer and visible world as an immense phenomenon, a proper and commensurate subject for the ruinous acidity of its criticism.

It is the metaphysical trend and spirit of these *opiniosissimi homines* of Greece which begat the great heresies of Arius, Macedonius, Nestorius, and Eutyches — all Greeks. They even partially conquered in their defeat, for they compelled, to some extent, a philosophical refutation

of their own vagaries; they helped Plato, and later Aristotle, to their high seats in Christian schools. With sure instinct the earliest Christian historians of heresies set down among them certain phases of Greek philosophy. "*Quid Academiæ et Ecclesiæ!*" cries Tertullian in his book on Prescription, as though he smelled the battle from afar.

In the intense passion of the Arian and christological discussions the highest Greek gift, metaphysics, and the finest Greek training, dialectics, came to the front. In every city of the Greek world the most abstruse and fine-drawn reasoning was indulged in habitually by all classes. The heresy of Arius had surely its obscure origin among those third-century philosophers of Antioch who gave to that school its grammatico-literal and rationalizing trend. He appeared at Nicæa in the company of pagan philosophers, and when defeated carried his cause at once before the sailors and millers and wandering pedlers along the sea front at Alexandria. And for two centuries the shopkeepers and shoemakers of Constantinople and Alexandria would rather chop logic than attend to their customers. For the victories of the mind the burdens of the State were neglected or

forgotten, or rather a metaphysical habit of thought was carried into the council chamber, to prevail therein very often to the detriment of the commonwealth. The great officers of the State were too often doubled with theologians. The emperor himself took on gradually the character of an apostolic power, with God-given authority to impose himself upon the churches, formulate creeds, decide the knottiest points of divinity, make and unmake bishops great and small, and generally to become, in all things, a visible providence of God on earth.[1] This is what the Eastern world acquired by losing its Roman emperors and gaining a succession imbued with the spirit of Hellenic thought, and accustomed to the exercise of despotic power in a city that had no old and stormy republican traditions, being no more than the high golden seat of imperial authority from its foundation. Were it not for the magnificent resistance of Old Rome in her Leos and her Gregorys, the Oriental bishops would have allowed the cause of Christianity to become identified with the Cæsaro-papism of the emperors.

If we add to the loss or absence of desirable

[1] Cf. Rambaud, "L'Empereur Byzantin," *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1891).

Roman qualities on the part of these great governors of imperial society, and the acquisition of undesirable Greek qualities, certain influences of the Orient, we shall, perhaps, better understand the situation in which Justinian found himself. It was noted very early that in contact with the Orient the extremely supple and impressionable Greek genius suffered morally. It lost its old Dorian or Argive independence, and, stooping to conquer, took on the outward marks of servitude while dwelling internally in its own free illimitable world of opinion and criticism. Long wars, commerce, travel, especially prolonged sojourns in corrupting Persia, had habituated the Eastern Greeks to political absolutism. Since Alexander the habits of servile subjection of their own conquered populations of Syria and Egypt were influential in this direction. The Roman emperors from Diocletian on were themselves caught by the externals of the Great King's court, and seem to have transferred much of its ceremonial to their own. The presence in Constantinople of a great multitude of miscellaneous Orientals and the exaggeration of style and rhetoric peculiar to this as to all other times of decadence, added strength to this current servilism.

II.

The great problem that faced Justinian on his accession was the *very character and limits* of the Roman State for the future. Were the encroachments of one hundred years, the extinction of the Imperium in the West, to be finally condoned to those victorious Germans who in the last century had absorbed the political control of Italy, Gaul, Africa, Spain, Sicily? Or should an effort be made to reëstablish again an *orbis terrarum*, the ancient world-wide cycle of imperial authority? Should Carthage, Milan, Ravenna, Trier, Rome itself, be forever renounced; or must one last struggle be made to win back the cradle of the empire and the scene of its first conquests? Every possible argument pointed in an affirmative sense — the *raison d'état*, the religious considerations and influences, the demands of commerce and industry, the incredibly strong passion of sentiment evoked by the memories and glory of Old Rome. In the heart of Justinian burned the feelings of a Cæsar and a Crusader, a great trader and carrier of the Royal City, and a Hellene scandal-stricken at the overflow of barbarism and "Medism" that was fouling all the fair and sweet uses of life. In the

person of Belisarius he found a worthy general, one of the most intelligent and resourceful men who ever led troops into action. He found also for Belisarius a secretary, Procopius, who has left us a brilliant record of the great campaigns by which the ancient lands of the empire were won back. For twenty-five years the world of the Mediterranean resounded with the din of universal war. Around the whole periphery of empire went on the work of preparation, a thousand phases of mortal conflict, a thousand sieges, truces, and bloody battles. Belisarius broke the short-lived and fanatic Vandal power in 531, and Carthage, so dearly bought with Roman blood, was again a Roman city. Justinian lived to see the heroic resistance of the Ostrogoths made vain, after the death of their noble king, by the total subjugation of Italy and its reincorporation with the empire. In the meantime the great corn-granary of the empire, Sicily, was won back, and the constant fear of famine that hung over Constantinople and the army disappeared. Scarcely had he relief in Africa or Italy when the emperor moved his troops to the plains of Mesopotamia or even to the rocky fastnesses of Colchis, the modern Georgia, chastening at once the proud Mede and

the fierce shepherds of those inaccessible hills. With the exception of the Persian campaigns, these wars ended successfully for the Roman State. One last outpouring of Teutons — the long advancing Lombards — wrenched away Northern Italy from the immediate successor of Justinian and interposed a hopeless barrier against any attempts to reconquer Austria, Switzerland, and Bavaria. But Central and Southern Italy were saved. A prætorian prefect was set over Northern Africa; Sardinia and Corsica were once more integrant portions of the great Mediterranean State. A prætor again governed in Sicily as in the days of Cicero. From the inaccessible marshes of Ravenna an exarch or patrician ruled the remnants of the Roman name in the original home of that race. Even in Spain Justinian recovered a footing, and several cities of the coast recognized again the authority that had so long civilized the Iberian peninsula.

Doubtless it was owing to the incredible exigencies of the Persian wars that Central Europe swept finally out of the immediate vision of the emperor. The men, ships, moneys, and efforts of all kinds that it took to carry on these long and costly and unsatisfactory campaigns against the Persian, could well have availed to

reunite the lost lands of the West and to make the Rhine and the Danube again Roman rivers. The interest in the island of Britain grew so faint that it appears in Procopius only as the home of innumerable spirits, a vast cemetery of ghosts ferried over nightly from Gaul by terrified mariners who are chosen in turn and compelled by supernatural force.[1]

The Frank went on absorbing at his leisure the Rhineland, Switzerland, Bavaria, Southern Gaul, and threatened to sweep Spain and Northern Italy into his State.[2] Indeed, out of the fragments that escaped Justinian and Belisarius, the greatest of the Frankish race, the mighty Karl, would one day resurrect the Roman Empire in the West. If Justinian did not recover all the Western Empire, at least he brought to an end the Germanic invasions by exterminating Vandal and Ostrogoth and reëstablishing in the West some formal and visible image of the old Roman power and charm. Henceforth Thuringi-

[1] Nothing could illustrate more forcibly the thoroughness of the decadence of the old Roman power in the West than the presence in Procopius of this curious survival of old Druidic lore. Cf. Edouard Schuré, "Les Grandes Légendes de France" (Paris, 1892), p. 154.

[2] Gasquet, "L'Empire Byzantin et la Monarchie franque" (Paris, 1888); Lecoy de la Marche, "La Fondation de la France au V. et VI. siècles" (Paris, 1893).

ans, Burgundians, Alemans, Visigoths, Suevi, Alans, the whole Golden Horde of tribes that first broke down the bounds of the empire, tend to disappear, submerged in the growing Frankish unity. The one unfortunate race that came last — the Lombards — was destined to be utterly broken up between the three great Western powers of the two succeeding centuries, the children of Pepin Heristal, the Byzantine exarchs of Italy, and the bishops of Rome. Could Justinian have kept the line of the Danube free and secure, the course of mediæval history would surely have been changed. This was the original weak spot of the empire, and had always been recognized as such. Trajan tried to Romanize the lands just across it — the ancient Dacia — but his successor, Marcus Aurelius, had to withdraw. An inexhaustible world of miscellaneous barbarians — an *officina gentium* — was at the back of every frequent rebellion, and their warriors were like the leaves of the summer forest. Here, too, was the fateful margin of empire, along which broke eventually the last surges of every profound social or economic disturbance of the far Orient, flinging across the great river in wild disorder Hun and Slav and Avar and Gepid and Bulgar. The first

encroachments on Roman life and security culminated, after a century of warfare, in the ever memorable campaigns and retreats of Attila. And when the empire of the mighty Hun fell apart at his death, the Germans, Slavs, Bulgars, and other non-Hunnic tribes whom he had governed from his Hungarian village, took up each its own bandit life and divided with the Hunnic tribes the wild joys of annual incursions into those distracted provinces that are now the modern kingdoms of the Balkans and Greece, but were then Illyricum, Mœsia, Thrace, Thessaly, Macedonia, Epirus. The Avars and the Huns, remnants perhaps of the horde of Attila, were the most dreaded in the time of Justinian. But they only alternated with the Slavs, to whom they gave way within a century, so endless was the supply of this new family of barbarism. These latter were tall, strong, blond, with ruddy hair, living in rude hovels and on the coarsest grain, fiercely intolerant of any rule but that of the father of the family, jealous and avaricious, faithless like all barbarians, yet childlike in their admiration for power and grandeur. They harassed yearly the whole immense peninsula of the Balkans. They climbed its peaks, threaded its valleys, swam its rivers, a visitation

of human locusts. The regular armies of Justinian were of no avail, for these multitudes fought only in ambuscade, a style of warfare peculiarly fitting to the Balkans, which are like the "Bad Lands" of Dakota on an immense scale. They shot poisoned arrows at the Romans from invisible perches, and at close quarters were dread opponents by reason of their short and heavy battle-axes. It was in vain that line within line of fortifications were built, that in isolated spots the watch-towers and forts were multiplied and perfected, that every ford and pass and cross-road had its sentry boxes and castles. The enemy had been filtering in from the time of Constantine,[1] and was already no small element of the native population. So, as German had called to German across the Rhine, Slav called to Slav across the Danube; the Romans were caught between the hammer and the anvil, between the barbarian within and his brother from without. Nevertheless, it was not without a struggle that filled four centuries more that Constantinople let go her mountain bulwark. Every river ran red, and every hillside

[1] O. Seeck, "Geschichte des Untergangs der antiken Welt," (Berlin, 1897), Vol. I., Part II., c. 6; "Die Barbaren im Reich," pp. 391–548.

was drenched with blood, in that memorable contest, in which she sometimes saw from the walls of the Royal City the plains of Thrace one smoking ruin, and again all but cut off, root and branch, her Slavonic and Bulgarian enemies.[1]

Doubtless the heart of Justinian was sore pressed at his impotency against the swarming Slavs and Avars. He loved his Illyrian home, and built on the site of his native village a city, Justiniana Prima (near Sophia), which he fondly hoped would be a new Byzantium in the Balkans. With a foreconscious eye he made it a bishopric, even a patriarchate, and ordered for it honors second only to those of the most ancient sees of the Christian world. This act was productive of grave consequences in later times that fall beyond our present ken.[2]

The long wars of Justinian with Persia were otherwise important. Here it was a death strug-

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[1] The influence of Constantinople in the later Slavonic world is incontestable. Besides the "Chronicle of Nestor" (French translation by L. Leger, Paris, 1884), cf. Gaster, "Græco-Sclavonic" (London, 1877); Rambaud, "La Russie Epique" (Paris, 1876); Krek, "Einleitung in die Slavische Literatur-geschichte" (Graz, 1877), pp. 451–473; and the pro-Byzantine work of Lamansky (in Russian), "On the Historical Study of the Græco-Sclavonic World" (St. Petersburg, 1871).

[2] Duchesne, "Les Églises Séparées" (Paris, 1897).

gle between Persia striving to reach the sea and Constantinople struggling to keep her back. These wars lasted more or less continuously from 528 to 562, and sometimes coincided with the greatest expeditions in the West. From time to time a peace was concluded or a truce — the peaces were really only truces. The usual result was the payment of a heavy tribute on the part of the emperor, amounting at times to as much as a million dollars, not to speak of the numerous sums paid by the cities of Mesopotamia and Syria, and the incalculable treasures carried off in each of these campaigns. If the Persian resented new fortifications in the vicinity of the Euphrates, war was declared. If the Saracen sheiks who stood with the Romans fell into a dispute with their brethren who served Persia over a desert sheepwalk, it was settled by a long war between the Romans and the Persians. Endless sieges of fortified cities, heavy ransoms from pillage and burning, extraordinary single combats, marching and countermarching across Syria and Mesopotamia, fill the pages of the historians. The local Jews and Samaritans, yet numerous and powerful, were no small source of weakness to the Romans. So, too, were the ugly heresies of the Monophysites and Nestori-

ans, with all the hatreds and heartburnings they occasioned against Constantinople, the protectress of the orthodox faith of Chalcedon, a general council almost universally misunderstood, and equally hated in Syria and Egypt. In 532, for example, Justinian purchased peace for eleven thousand Roman pounds of gold (about two and a half millions of dollars). He was then in the throes of the Vandal war in Africa and on the point of the expeditions against the Moors and to recover Sicily. When Belisarius was in the very heart of the Gothic war in Italy, Chosroes again broke the peace, solicited by Witigis, the head of the Gothic forces, and joined by many dissatisfied Armenians, who considered themselves oppressed by the Romans — perhaps, too, embittered by the persecution directed against the Monophysites.

In their own way these wars are of value for the history of military engineering. Great and ancient cities fall before the engineers of Persia. Antioch, the Queen of the East, for the second time saw a Persian king within her walls. Chosroes even reached the shores of the Mediterranean, gazed on the great Midland Sea, bathed in its blue waters, and on its shores offered to the sun the sacrifice of a fire-worship-

per. He had strong hopes of reaching and conquering Jerusalem and of bringing all Syria under his yoke, but desisted therefrom. Internal disorders and the plague seem to have held him back. The last phase of these Persian wars was unrolled at the extremity of the Black Sea, among the Lazi, in old Greek Colchis, the land of the Golden Fleece, now Mingrelia and Georgia. The people were Christians and under an uncertain Roman protectorate. But they abutted on an unruly portion of the Persian Empire, and so were a thorn in the side of Chosroes. Moreover, he had long desired a footing on the Black Sea, whence he could create a navy that would place Constantinople at his mercy and permit him to come into easy contact with those Huns and Slavs and Avars who, from the mouths of the Danube and the plains of Bessarabia and Southern Russia, were harassing the Royal City. Hence the great importance of the long and weary struggle for the wild and barren hills of the Caucasian seashore. They were doubly important, because these narrow passes could keep back or let in the trans-Caucasian Scythians and create a new source of ills for a State groaning already under a complication of them. In the end the Persian was shut out,

chiefly because the population was Christian and unsympathetic to him, but not without a war of seven years' duration, filled with romantic episodes and revealing at once all the weaknesses and also the strong points of the Roman military system. The victory, as usual, cost a notable sum of money. Justinian agreed to pay about one hundred thousand dollars yearly for fifty years, of which nearly a million dollars had to be paid down at once. Nevertheless, he kept the Persians from becoming a naval power and from undertaking the anti-Christian propaganda that a century later fell to the yet despised Arabs and Saracens who were serving in both armies, unconscious that on the great dial of time their hour was drawing nigh.

For the thirty-eight and odd years of his reign the emperor was never free from care as to the existence and limits of the State. It was no ordinary merit to have provided for the defence of the common weal in all that time, to have recovered a great part of what his predecessors had lost, to have restored the prestige of the empire over against Frank and Ostrogoth, to have kept Persia in her ancient limits, and to have saved the Royal City from the fate of Old Rome, which had fallen before the first on-

slaught of Alaric. No doubt he had able generals — Belisarius, Bessas, John the Armenian, Dagisthæus, Wilgang, and others. It was an age of mechanical inventions and engineering skill, the result of good studies among the ancient books and also of new needs and experiences.[1] The peculiar character of the barbarian wars and the multitude of old populous cities through the Roman Orient gave opportunity for the development of fortifications. By this means chiefly, it would seem, the emperor hoped to withstand the attacks of his enemies.

III.

The armies of Justinian were recruited on pretty much the same principle as those of his predecessors. Since Diocletian and Constantine, conquered barbarians had become the mercenaries of the empire and received regularly, as wages, the gold which they had formerly

[1] In the "Variæ" of Cassiodorus are found many curious contemporary traces of the survival of the ancient skill in engineering and architecture. Cf. the formula (VII. 6) for the appointment of a Count of the Aqueducts, and (VII. 15) for the appointment of an "Architectus operum publicorum." "Let him consult the works of the ancients, but he will find more in this city [Rome] than in his books." The "Letters of Cassiodorus" are partially translated by Thomas Hodgkin (London, 1886).

extorted by the irregular and uncertain methods of invasion and plunder. Isauria in all its inaccessible strongholds became a *pepinière* of soldiers for the empire just as soon as it had been demonstrated to these untameable hill-folk that Constantinople would no longer tolerate their impudent independence. The Catholic "Little Goths" of Thrace were good for many a recruit.

The disbanded and chiefless Heruli, ousted from Italy by Theodoric, were at the disposition of the emperor. Sometimes the barbarians came in as *fœderati* or as *coloni*, half soldiers, half farmers. Sometimes they rose to the highest offices by bravery and intelligence, like a Dagisthæus, a John, a Wilgang, a Guiscard, five hundred years ahead of that other Guiscard, who was to beard in Constantinople itself, the successor of Justinian. It was a heyday for all the barbarian adventurers of the world. Never since the palmy days of Crassus and Cæsar, of Antony and Germanicus, was there war at once so grievous and widespread, so varied in its fields of battle, and claiming so much endurance, ingenuity, and industry. Then was in demand all that the art of sieges had gained since the Homeric pirates sat down before some lone Greek trader on his

isolated perch in the Ægean. If Shakespeare's Welsh captain could read of the famous sieges of Daras and Edessa, his soul would go up in flame for joy at these wars carried on with all the science of a dozen Cæsars. Trench and counter-trench, wall and parapet, ditch and mine, tower and rampart, battering ram and beam and wedge — a hundred industries were kept going to lay low the huge fortifications of monolith and baked brick that dotted the land of Eastern Syria and Mesopotamia. Indeed, it was by his enormous system of fortifications that the great emperor assured the restored peace of his domains.

It is true, as Montesquieu has said, that "France was never so weak as when every village was fortified." Yet under the circumstances this was the only immediate remedy against countless enemies from without and within, ceaselessly plotting the ruin of the venerable old State. The best national defences are those which we can most easily set up and most strongly defend, not what the theorist or philosopher of war can suggest. From Belgrade to the Black Sea, from the Save to the Danube, citadels with garrisons and colonies were located and provided with weapons of defence and

attack. In Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, Thessaly, over six hundred forts were established for observation and resistance. Many of them, perhaps, were such watch-towers and lonely barracks as we yet see in the Roman Campagna, whither the shepherd and his herd could turn for a momentary refuge from marauders.

All the scum of the northeastern world was floating loosely over the plains of Southern Russia, faintly held back by the Greek cities of the Crimea. The peninsula of Greece was particularly open; the unwarlike character of its thin population was patent since Alaric had burned and pillaged his way across it in all directions early in the fifth century. Since then its woes are best described by dropping a black pall across the annals of one hundred years.

"The centre of earth's noblest ring"

was a howling desert, save for a few cities in which, perhaps, the old Greek blood was propagated, and some spark of the philosophic mind nursed against a better day.[1] The pass of

[1] "If we go to look in modern Greece for pure and unmixed Hellenes, untainted by any drop of barbarian blood, that we assuredly shall not find. . . . The Greek nation, in short, has, like all other nations, been affected, and largely affected, by the law of adoption. . . . The Sclavonic occupation of a large part of Greece in the eighth and ninth centuries is an undoubted fact, and the

Thermopylæ was again fortified and garrisoned. The Isthmus of Corinth was strengthened as a buffer for the wild Peloponnesus, half-heathen as it still was in its remotest valleys and hillsides.

The long wall of Thrace that protected the kitchen-garden suburbs of Constantinople was strengthened — not so well, however, that irregular bands of Huns, Avars, and Slavs did not regularly break through and insult the holy majesty of the empire with their barbarian taunts, that mingled with the flames of costly churches and municipal buildings and with the cries of the dying and the outraged. As we peruse these annals it is hard to keep back a tear and a shudder, and we comprehend the preternatural gravity that hangs about every coin and effigy of Justinian. To him it must have seemed as if the original sanctity of order, the rock basis of society, were tottering to its fall. Alas! he could not see that those flames which lit up the Propontis and the Isles of the Princes,[1] which fell across the site of ancient Troy and the original homes of Dorian and Ionian merchants, were not the awful illumination of a "Night of the

Sclavonic element in the population of Peloponnesus may be traced down to the time of the Ottoman conquest." — Freeman, "Mediæval and Modern Greece," *op. cit.*, pp. 340–341.

[1] Schlumberger, "Les Îles des Princes" (Paris, 1884).

Gods," but the dawn of our modern society.[1] In such pangs and throes does social man usually reach his highest place, his highest calling on this sad footstool of earth!

Though the quasi-extermination of Isauria by

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[1] "The first chief who fenced in the Palatine with a wall did not dream that his hill-fortress would become the head of the world. He did not dream that it would become the head of Italy or even of Latium. But the prince who fenced in the New Rome, the prince who bade Byzantium grow into Constantinople, did design that his younger Rome should fulfil the mission that had passed away from the elder Rome. He designed that it should fulfil it more thoroughly than Milan or Trier or Nikomedia could fulfil it. And his will has been carried out. He called into being a city which, while other cities have risen and fallen, has for fifteen hundred years, in whatever hands, remained the seat of imperial rule; a city which, as long as Europe and Asia, as long as sea and land keep their places, must remain the seat of imperial rule. The other capitals of Europe seem by her side things of yesterday, creations of accident. Some chance a few centuries back made them seats of government till some other chance may cease to make them seats of government. But the city of Constantine abides and must abide. Over and over again has the possession of that city prolonged the duration of powers which must otherwise have crumbled away. In the hands of Roman, Frank, Greek, and Turk her imperial mission has never left her. The eternity of the elder Rome is an eternity of moral influence; the eternity of the younger Rome is the eternity of a city and fortress fixed on a spot which nature itself had destined to be the seat of the empire of two worlds." — Freeman, "The Byzantine Empire" in "Historical Essays," Vol. III., series 1892, p. 255. On the city of Constantinople, besides the classic description of Hammer in his "Geschichte der Osmanen," there are for modern times the books of De Amicis, Grosvenor, and Hutton; for the Middle Ages the "Esquisse topographique" of Dr. Mordtmann (Lille, 1892); for the early Middle Ages "Constantinopolis Christiana" (1729, fol.), and Riant, "Exuviæ Sacræ Christianæ" (Genève, 1877, 2 vols.).

Anastasius gave peace on the mainland of Asia Minor, Justinian was obliged to protect that vast heart of the empire, with all its superimposed and ancient civilizations, by great walls towered and flanked at intervals from the Crimea to Trebizond on the Persian frontier, a stretch of five hundred miles. The Iberian and Caspian gates, those narrow sea margins and mountain throats that control the entry to the Black Sea from the steep ranges of Caucasus, had also to be fortified, or, rather, the strong hand of the emperor must compel the rude mountain chiefs to render to him as well as to themselves this necessary duty. The very sources of the Euphrates, forever a dark and bloody line of battle, had to be secured against the feudal satraps of the Great King. In the Mesopotamian plain Amida, Constantine, Nisibis, holy Edessa, must rise up, clad with impregnable armor and filled with warlike men. Restless, unsympathetic, proud, discontented, abused Armenia — the torture of Rome since the days of Mark Antony and still the plague of statesmen — must be fastened once more, however unwillingly, to the body of the Roman State.

In the whole Orient rose up one hope of victory, one sure refuge, the great Gibraltar of

Daras. One hundred years had Rome toiled at that barrier against Persia. Only the incessant wars in Italy and the Mediterranean prevented Justinian from making it the capital of Roman power in the Orient. As it was, Daras was the chief thorn in the side of Persia, a living monumental insult pushed far into the lands that the Great King looked on as his hereditary domain, and an encouragement to all his own rebels as well as a promise to the thousands of unattached Saracens, the Bedouins of those grassy deserts on whose surface we now look in vain for traces of the greatest fortress that Greek genius ever constructed.

Egypt, too, the land of the wheat-bearing and gold-producing Nile, needed the assurance of fortifications against the hordes of Ethiopia and Nubia, and inner unexplored Africa, against the tribes of the Soudan, who, from time immemorial, under many names, waged war against civilization on its oldest, richest, and narrowest line of development.

Justinian never forgot the arts of diplomacy in the midst of all these warlike cares. He was always willing to pacify by tribute the various broken bands of Huns. This had been always one line of imperial policy, even in the palmy

days of a Theodosius the Great. Much was always hoped from the internal discords of the barbarians, who often dissipated their strength in orgies and self-indulgence. One tribe was played off against the other by arousing avarice. The Goths, for instance, hated the Franks and the Alemans, so they were willing to exterminate seventy-five thousand of the latter, who might have helped them to cast out thoroughly the Roman power. The emperor encouraged the King of Abyssinia against the King of the Homerites in Southern Arabia, and made thereby a useful Christian friend, while he broke up an anti-Christian Jewish power. He took in as a body of auxiliary troops the Heruli of Italy, so brutal and stupid that nobody would have them as neighbors. He gave the Crimea to three thousand shepherd Goths and cultivated the principal men among the Tzani, the Armenians, the Lazi of Colchis. Chosroes could say in 539 that soon the whole world would not contain Justinian, so happy seemed his fortunes about that date. Yet he could also taste the cup of despair, for in 558 he was obliged to witness a small body of wild Huns come up to the very gates of the Royal City, an advance guard of other hordes that were pillaging Thrace and

Greece. The aged Belisarius could find only three hundred reliable soldiers in a city of one million inhabitants; yet with them he scattered these Huns and saved the city.

The old historian Agathias tells us that there should then have been in the army six hundred and fifty-five thousand fighting men, but it had dwindled down to one hundred and fifty thousand. "And of these some were in Italy, others in Africa, others in Spain, others in Colchis, others at Alexandria and in the Thebaid, a few on the Persian frontier."

It is to this decay of the army, caused perhaps by jealousy of its immortal leader and by female intrigue, that the same judicious historian, a contemporary and a man of culture, attributes the growing ills of the Roman State. His thoughtful phrase is worth listening to; soon this current of philosophic observation will cease, and commonplace chronicling take its place in the seventh and eighth centuries of the Byzantine Empire.

"When the emperor conquered all Italy and Lybia and waged successfully those mighty wars, and of the princes who reigned at Constantinople was the first to show himself an absolute sovereign in fact as well as in name — after these things had been acquired by him in his youth and vigor, and when he entered on the last stages of life, he seemed to be weary of

labors, and preferred to create discord among his foes or to mollify them with gifts, and so keep off their hostilities, instead of trusting his own forces and shrinking from no danger. He consequently allowed the troops to decline, because he expected that he would not require their services. And those who were second in authority to himself, on whom it was incumbent to collect the taxes and supply the army with necessary provisions, were affected with the same indifference and either openly kept back the rations altogether or paid them long after they were due; and when the debt was paid at last, persons skilled in the rascally science of arithmetic demanded back from the soldiers what had been given them. It was their privilege to bring various charges against the soldiers and deprive them of their food. Thus the army was neglected and the soldiers, pressed by hunger, left their profession to embrace other modes of life."

IV.

The very religious mind of Justinian could not but be much concerned with the social conditions and problems of his time. His legislation bears the impress of this preoccupation — it is highly moral throughout, and constantly seeks a concord on ethical and religious principles. Thus, to go through his code haphazard, we find him concerned about the building of churches and their good order and tranquillity. He is said to have built twenty-five in Constantinople alone, and to have chosen for them the most favorable sites in public squares, by the sea, in groves, on eminences where often great engineering skill was demanded. The rarest woods and the

costliest marbles were employed, and multitudes of laborers given the means of life. They were usually paid every evening with fresh-coined money as a tribute to religion. He built and endowed many nunneries, hospitals, and monasteries, notably in the Holy Land, where he also provided wells and stations for pilgrims. Bridges, aqueducts, baths, theatres, went up constantly; for building he was a second Hadrian. And all this had a social side — the employment of vast numbers of men, the encouragement of the fine arts, great and little. He is concerned about institutions of charity of every kind, and in their interest makes his own the old and favorable laws of his predecessors. In his day every sorrow was relieved in Constantinople. The aged, the crippled, the blind, the helpless, the orphans, the poor, had each their own peculiar shelter, managed by thousands of good men and women who devoted themselves gratuitously to these tasks.[1] The slave and the debtor had their rights of asylum acknowledged in the

[1] Bulteau, "Essai de l'histoire monastique de l'Orient" (Paris, 1680). The late work of the Abbé Morin, "Les Moines de Constantinople" (Paris, 1897), and the study of Dom Besse, very rich in details, "Les Moines d'Orient antérieurs au Concile de Chalcédoine" (Paris, 1900), permit the student to obtain a complete conspectus of the monastic history of the Orient.

churches and regulated according to the demands of proper police order. The right of freeing the slaves was recognized especially in bishops and priests; to them was given the power to control the "defenders of the city" —a kind of popular tribunes, whose duty it was to supervise the proper administration of justice. He undertook to abolish gambling, claiming, logically enough, that he had the same right to do that as to carry on war and regulate religion. Blasphemy and perjury and the greater social crimes and sins were visited with specially heavy sanctions, though we may doubt if they often passed beyond the written threat.

He legislated humanely for the rescue of abandoned children and for the redemption of those numerous captives whom the barbarians daily swept away from the soil of the empire. No female could longer be compelled to appear in a theatrical performance, even if she were a slave, even if she had signed a contract to do so, being a free woman. The bishop of each city was authorized to carry out this law. An actress might henceforth marry any member of society, even a senator. He was personally interested in the thousands of poor girls who came yearly to the Royal City, and were often the prey of

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designing persons who had travelled through the provinces, "enticing young girls by promising them shoes and clothes."

In the last century it was a custom to offset such creditable details by reference to the terrible pages of the "Anecdota," or "Secret History" of Procopius. And Gibbon has not failed to expend on them some of his most salacious rhetoric and to violate, for their sake, his usual stern principles of doubt and cynicism.[1] Per-

[1] In a few vigorous phrases Edward Freeman has laid bare a structural weakness of Gibbon: "With all his [Gibbon's] wonderful power of grouping and condensation, which is nowhere more strongly shown than in his Byzantine chapters, with all his vivid description and his still more effective art of insinuation, his is certainly not the style of writing to excite respect for the persons or period of which he is treating, or to draw many to a more minute study of them. His matchless faculty of sarcasm and depreciation is too constantly kept at work; he is too fond of anecdotes showing the weak or ludicrous side of any age or person; he is incapable of enthusiastic admiration for any thing or person. Almost any history treated in this manner would leave the contemptible side uppermost in the reader's imagination; we cannot conceive Gibbon tracing the course of the Roman Republic with the affection of Arnold, or defending either democracy or oligarchy with the ardent championship of Grote or Mitford."—"Historical Essays" (1892), 3d series (2d ed.), pp. 238-239. This recalls what Morison said of Gibbon—that "his cheek rarely flushes in enthusiasm for a good cause." Coleridge's well-known judgment in his "Table Talk" may be worthy of mention, viz. "that he did not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline and fall of the empire." In an otherwise sympathetic study Augustine Birrell has recorded an equally severe judgment on the historical method and principles of Gibbon: "The tone he thought fit to adopt toward Christianity was, quite apart

haps I cannot do better than cite the very recent judgment of a special student of Byzantine history: —

"The delicacy or affectation of the present age would refuse to admit the authority and example of Gibbon as a sufficient reason for rehearsing the licentious vagaries attributed to Theodora in the indecent pages of an audacious and libellous pamphlet. If the words and acts which the writer attributes to Theodora were drawn, as probably is the case, from real life, from the green rooms of Antioch or the bagnios of Byzantium, it can only be remarked that the morals of those cities in the sixth century did not differ very much from the morals of Paris, Vienna, Naples, or London at the present day." [1]

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from all particular considerations, a mistaken one. No man is big enough to speak slightingly of the construction his fellow men have put upon the Infinite. And conduct which in a philosopher is ill-judged is in an historian ridiculous. . . . Gibbon's love of the unseemly may also be deprecated. His is not the boisterous impropriety which may sometimes be observed staggering across the pages of Mr. Carlyle, but the more offensive variety which is heard sniggering in the notes." — "Res Judicatæ" (New York, 1897), pp. 79, 80.

[1] Bury, *op. cit.*, Vol. II., p. 61. On Procopius in general, cf. Dahn, "Prokopios von Cæsarea" (Berlin, 1865); Gutschmid, "Die byzantinischen Historiker" in the "Grenzboten" (1863), Vol. I., p. 344; Ranke, "Weltgeschichte" (1883), Vol. IV., 2, pp. 285–312; Bury, "History of the Later Roman Empire" (1889), Vol. I., pp. 355–364. Ranke is of opinion that the "Secret History" contains genuine material from the hand of Procopius, as, for instance, the adultery

Still milder and more favorable is the judgment of Krause as to the morality of the city of Constantinople, even at a later date, when the first fervor of Christianity had cooled, and the city had suffered from the immoral contact of Islam and had become almost the sink of the Orient. From its foundation in 330 to its fall in 1453 Constantinople was always a Christian city, sometimes fiercely and violently so, nevertheless an essentially Christian foundation. The social life, therefore, of the city, and the empire that it gave the tone to, could not but be of a higher grade than the pagan life had to show, whether we look at the condition of woman, the poor, the slave, or the child, those four usual factors that condition the moral life of all ancient society. All the betterments of Christianity were here available for the slave, and they were many and great. Numberless convents opened their doors to women and proclaimed in them the dignity and independence of human nature in the only way possible in antiquity. The diaconal service of the number-

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of Antonina, wife of Belisarius. Only such materials have been interwoven and overlaid with other assertions not due originally to Procopius, but to jealous and disappointed persons, especially those affected by the stern conduct of Justinian in the Niké sedition (532).

less churches was largely in their hands; it was they who cared for the orphan and the poor and the aged. In the schools they conducted, the maidens of the city were taught to read the great classics of the Greek fatherland in a way that did not force them to blush for the first principles of decency. The letters of a Basil and a Chrysostom, the poems of a Gregory of Nazianzum, were written in a language scarcely less pure and elegant than the best masterpieces of Attica.[1]

The frequent sermons of renowned orators in the churches and the daily conversation of men and women in the best rank and station, particular in language and manner as the Greeks always were, offered a superior culture. Though they had lost their rude liberties, they had not lost their fine ear for verbal music, their keen and disputatious minds. The society of Con-

[1] Withal, mediæval society was deeply indebted to the empire for the materials and traditions with which it began its career. Çunningham, "The Economic Debt to Ancient Rome" in "Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects" (Cambridge University Press, 1900), pp. 5–9; cf. also for the mediæval influence of Constantinople on the West, Döllinger, "Einfluss der griechischen Kultur auf die abendländische Welt im Mittelalter," Akad. Vorträge (Munich, 1890), Vol. I., pp. 162–186; Burkhardt, "Renaissance"; Voigt, "Die Wiederbelebung des classischen Alterthums" (2d ed., 1881); and Bikélas, "Les Grecs au Moyen Age," in "La Grèce Byzantine et Moderne" (Paris, 1893), pp. 3–88.

stantinople was at all times famed for the admirably bred women it could show. Pulcheria, Athenais, Eudoxia, were women of the most varied gifts, and they actually governed the governors of the world by the use of these gifts. The letters of St. John Chrysostom to the Deaconess Olympias, the story of his own mother, of the women of the great Cappadocian family of saints and theologians, reveal a fine and original culture penetrated with religion, but also enthusiastic for all that is holy and permanently fair, worthy and sweet in life. Whence, indeed, could come the strong men who so long held the Royal City above the waves of barbarism and disrupting war and internal disorder but from a truly great race of women? When Constantinople was founded, a place was made for the consecrated virgins of the Christian Church. And forever after they held that place of honor so worthily that the tongue of slander has scarcely wagged against them. For over eleven centuries the city stood in the seething waters of secular iniquity, human weakness, Oriental depravity, Moslem immorality, and the miscellaneous filth and sinfulness of the corrupt East. Yet she never ceased to fill these religious houses of men and women, especially the latter,

and never ceased to behold in them models of the highest spiritual life on earth. We know how to praise the Theophanos, the Marias, and the Anna Komnenas of the Greek Middle Ages. But who shall say how many souls of noble women went their way silently along the ancient cloisters by the Bosphorus, wanting indeed in fame, but not wanting in a multitudinous rich service to every need of humanity? The Greek sinned tragically against the duty of Christian unity, but he never lost the original Christian respect for the way of sacrifice and perfection.

V.

The ancient life about the Mediterranean was governed by principles and manners unknown or unappreciated by us.[1] The warm sun and the abundant waters of inexpressibly delicate hues, the rich and varied vegetation, the cool and calming winds, render many of these lands the most delightful of the world. Life there has always been an out-of-door life; all the higher forms of social amusement have been affected by the climate and the geography. It was so in Old Rome, it is so in all the lands of Italy, Spain,

[1] Lenormant, "La Grande Grèce" (Paris, 1881–84), 3 vols.

and Southern France to this day. The peasant dances on the public square; the strolling player with his bear or his marionette sets up his tent near-by. The harvest festival, the church fête, the relics of old pagan superstitions baptized into harmlessness by innumerable centuries of toleration — all these are lived out in the open air under a cloudless sky, amid balmy breezes laden with the scents of olive and vine, fig and orange, and the most aromatic shrubberies. As these ancient peoples moved up in the forms of government their political life was all out of doors — the speaking, the voting, the mighty contests of eloquence. And when the Greek cities lost to Rome their national isonomy, they could still hire some famous sophist or rhetorician, like Dio Chrysostom, to keep up on the "agora" some faint echo or image of their adored old life.[1]

So it was that when Constantinople was built, the life of the city soon centred in its great hip-

[1] The municipal and domestic life of the Constantinople of Justinian is illustrated somewhat freely in Marrast, "La Vie Byzantine au VI. Siècle" (Paris, 1881). For the following centuries, cf. Krause, "Die Byzantiner des Mittelalters" (Halle, 1869); Schlumberger, "La Sigillographie Byzantine" (Paris, 1884). The work of Amédée Thierry on St. John Chrysostom contains admirable sketches of early Byzantine life, that are to be supplemented now by the indispensable volume of Aimé Puech, "St. Jean Chrysostome et les Mœurs de son Siècle" (Paris, 1890).

podrome. Since Homer described the races by the much-resounding sea, the peoples of the Mediterranean have been inexplicably fond of horse racing, chariot and hurdle racing. If George Moore had lived among them, he would have produced a superior Esther Waters. General Lew Wallace has left a classic page or two descriptive of the races at Antioch that will perhaps live while our tongue is spoken. But no one has yet caught the spirit of that great hippodrome by the Golden Horn. It came fresh from Old Rome, with all the prestige of imperial splendor and fondness. In that mighty circus whose ruins yet appall us at Rome an imperial people had ruled, had felt almost as vastly as a god, had raged, thundered, compelled, made to die and to live, had experienced an oceanic fulness of life, a glory of self-adulation such as might befit the highest and whitest Alp or the solemn depths of the Hercynian forest. And so, when at Constantinople the emperor sat bediademmed in his chosen seat, the autocrator, the pantocrator, the Basileus, the golden King of Kings, it seemed as if his were indeed an "eternal countenance, sacrosanct, holy, inviolable." In him that awful mob saw itself mirrored. Each one, according to his own passion

or aspiration, saw the reach and the limit of his own possibilities.

Nothing affected more profoundly the society of Constantinople than the hippodrome or circus. The great multitude of men and women connected with this "peculiar institution" were divided from time immemorial into factions — once red, white, blue, green, from the color of the ribbons attached to the axles of the chariot wheels or to the ears of the horses. These were the symbols borrowed from Old Rome, and in the time of Justinian they had dwindled to two, the Blues and the Greens. The sympathy of the million inhabitants of the city was divided between them, but with the inconstancy of the mob. In the time of the great emperor the Greens had become identified with opposition to the Council of Chalcedon, had become the Monophysite factor of the city. They had, moreover, attracted the hatred of the Empress Theodora. The Blues were the favorites of the imperial family. The contentions of both were endless and very dangerous. They held open and contemptuous discourse with the emperor during the races, and clamored wildly for justice on their respective enemies. The stormiest scenes of the Pnyx, the fiercest contentions in the

forum, were child's play to the rocking passions of the great mob of Blues and Greens on some high day of festival. These colors eventually became the symbols of all discontent and rebellion. In 532 their violence reached its height in the sedition of Niké, whereby thirty thousand souls perished in the circus and on the streets, and a great and splendid part of the city was consumed by flames, including the great Church of the Heavenly Wisdom, or St. Sophia. Perhaps this uprising was the end of the genuine city life of the ancients, some remnants of whose turbulent freedom had always lived on in Old Rome and then in Constantinople. With the awful butchery of those days the aristocracy of the city was broken under the iron heel of the cold-faced man who dwelt in the Brazen Palace. Neither priest nor noble ever again wielded the power they once held before this event, which may in some sense be said to mark the true beginning of Byzantine imperialism, being itself the last symbolic act of popular freedom. It is significant that the last vestiges of the free political life of Hellas were quenched in the city of Byzas by thousands of ugly and brutal Heruli whom a lucky Slav had attached to himself as so many Great Danes or Molossi!

The fiscal policy of Justinian has been criticised as the weakest point of his government. In his time the Roman Empire consisted of sixty-four provinces and some nine hundred and thirty-five cities. It had every advantage of soil, climate, and easy transportation. Egypt and Syria should have sufficed to support the imperial majesty with ease and dignity. The former alone contributed yearly to the support of Constantinople two hundred and sixty thousand quarters of wheat. The emperor's predecessor, Anastasius, dying, left a treasure of some sixty-five million dollars. It is true that terrible plagues and earthquakes devastated the population and reduced its spirit and courage to a minimum. But they were still more disheartened by the excessive and odious taxes. An income tax on the poorest and most toilsome in the cities, known as the "gold of affliction," earned him a universal hatred. The peasants had to provide vast supplies of corn, and transport it at their own expense to the imperial granaries, an intolerable burden that was increased by frequent requisitions of an extraordinary kind. The precious metals decreased in quantity, partly through the enormous sums paid out annually in shameful and onerous tributes,

partly through pillage and the stoppage of production, owing to endless war. Weapons, buildings, fortifications, alms, the movement of great armies and great stores of provisions, consumed the enormous taxes. Heavy internal duties were laid, not only on arms, but on many objects of industry and manufacture, thus rendering any profitable export impossible. The manufactures of purple and silk were State monopolies. The value of copper money was arbitrarily raised one-seventh. The revenue was farmed out in many cases, and the venality of the collectors was incredible. Honors and dignities were put up for sale. The office of the magistrate became a trade, out of which the purchaser was justified in reimbursing himself for the cost. The rich were compelled to make their wills in the imperial favor if they wished to save anything for their families; the property of Jews and heretics was mercilessly confiscated. With one voice the people execrated a certain John of Cappadocia, the imperial banker and minister of finance. For a while the emperor bowed to the storm of indignation, but he could not do without the clear head and hard heart and stern principles of this man, and so recalled him to office. His example of avarice

and cruelty was, of course, imitated all along the line of imperial officers and agents. On the other hand, economies that were unjust or unpopular or insufficient were introduced — the civil list of pensions was cut down, the city was no longer lit up at night, the public carriage of the mails was abandoned, the salaries of physicians reduced or extinguished, the quinquennial donative to the soldiers withdrawn. Though the unfortunate subjects of Justinian suffered untold woes in Greece and Thrace and Syria from invasions and the constant movement of large bodies of soldiery, their taxes were never remitted, hence a multitude of abandoned farms and estates. In a word, Justinian "lived with the reputation of hidden treasures and bequeathed to posterity the payment of his debts." His reign is responsible for the economic exhaustion of the Roman Orient, that was prolonged long enough to permit of the triumph of Islam in the next century — one of the most solemn proofs of the intimate connection of social conditions with religious change and revolution.

Justinian had one passion, the imperial passion par excellence, the passion of architecture.[1] He

[1] The art and architecture of ancient Constantinople have never ceased to fascinate a multitude of writers since Ducange. Indeed,

delighted in great works of engineering, in prodigies of mechanical invention. We have seen that he built many churches, and rich ones, in the Royal City. He eclipsed them all by his building of St. Sophia, little thinking that he was raising it for the wretched worship of the successors of an Arab camel driver. For him Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletum raised in the air this new thing in architecture, bold, light, rich, vast, solemn, and open. Ten thousand men worked six years at it. They were paid every day at sunset with new-minted pieces of silver. And when it was done, the emperor, standing amid its virgin and shining

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the series begins much earlier. Procopius added to his fame as a writer, if not to his character for honesty, by his "De Edificiis" (Bonn ed., 1838). His contemporary, the Guardsman Paul (Silentiarius), described in minute detail the glories of Sancta Sophia, and a mass of curious information that drifted down the centuries lies stored up in the book of the antiquarian Codinus, "De Edificiis" (Migne PG., Vols. 157 and 158). The monumental works of Salzenberg and Labarte have found worthy followers and critics in Pulgher, Paspatis, Unger, Bayet, Ferguson, Müntz, Springer, Kondakoff, and Kraus. Cf. Choisy, "L'Art de bâtir chez les Byzantins" (Paris, 1884); Bayet, "L'Art Byzantin" (Paris, 1883); and Mrs. J. B. Bury in "History of the Lower Roman Empire," Vol. II., pp. 40–54. For the very abundant literature of this subject, cf. Kraus, "Geschichte der christlichen Kunst" (Berlin, 1898–99, 2 vols.). Its profound influence on the symbolism of the Middle Ages may be traced partly through "The Painter's Book of Mount Athos" in Didron's "Manuel d'Iconographie Grecque et Chrétienne" (Paris, 1845). Cf. Edward Freshfield on "Byzantine Churches" in *Archæologia*, Vol. 44, pp. 451–462.

splendors, could cry out, "Glory to God! . . . I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!" It still stands, after twelve hundred years of service, a stately monument to the grandeur of his mind and the vastness of his ideas. He also built in the city the great Chalké, or Brazen Palace, so called from a bronze-ceiled hall, and across the strait the gardens of the Heræum on the Asiatic shores of the Propontis. Cities rose everywhere at his command, and no ignoble ones. We have seen what a circle of forts and walls he built about the empire, what expensive enterprises he carried on in the Holy Land. He built and endowed many monasteries and churches elsewhere in the empire. And if he collected sternly, he knew how to spend with magnificence. The churches of Rome and Ravenna were adorned by his generosity — one may yet read in the Liber Pontificalis, drawn up by a Roman sacristan, the list of church plate given by the emperor to the Church of St. Peter. He convoked and celebrated a General Council, which was always a heavy expense to the empire, for the transportation and support of the prelates. We do not read that he did much for schools. He is accused of closing those at Athens. But they were pagan schools, and modern critics like

Gregorovius and others doubt whether they were closed by any formal edict. They fell away by reason of the general misery and the emptiness and inadequacy of their teaching, unfitted for a world that was destined to know no more the serenity of the old Hellenic contemplation, whose weakness it had exchanged for the saving severity of Christian discipline. It is certain that he opened law schools at Berytus, Constantinople, and Rome. He made wise provisions for the teaching and conduct of the young lawyers on whom the civil service of the State was to depend. Justinian was no philosopher; he was a theologian and a grave Christian thinker. Perhaps he felt little interest in the propagation of Greek culture. He was a religious, orthodox man, troubled about his soul, and concerned with much prayer and inner searching of his spirit. The sweet figments of old Greek poets, like the pure mild rationalism of Confucius, were no food for the ruler of many millions in a decaying and ruinous state, no concern of an Isapostolos, the earthly and civil Vicegerent of the Crucified. He could read in the writings of Cyril of Alexandria, scarcely dead a generation before him, of the follies and the criminal heart of a Julian the

Apostate, his predecessor. He saw all around him the hopeless congenital weakness of pagan philosophy to bear the appalling evils of the time. Only the Son of Man could save this last stage of the old Græco-Roman society. To Him, therefore, and the Holy Spirit of Celestial Wisdom be all public honor rendered!

VI.

Had Justinian done nothing but restore to the empire the members torn from it by the convulsions of a century, his name would be forever famous among the great rulers of that ancient State. But he did more — he recast the laws of Rome and made them serviceable for all time — those ancient laws in which, as Sir Henry Maine and Rudolph von Ihering have shown, are deposited the oldest experiences and the most archaic institutions of the great Aryan family to which all Western peoples belong. By this act he passed into a higher order of men than even the autocrators of Old or New Rome; he became a benefactor of humanity — one of its solemn pontiffs, peer of Solon and Lycurgus, of Aristotle and Plato, of Ulpian and Papinian — nay, a greater than they, for their laws have

either perished from society or survive by the act of Justinian. It is not easy to put in a nutshell a subject of such infinite charm and importance. Gibbon thought it worthy of the most immortal chapter in his book, and pens innumerable have labored at describing this great work as men describe the Pyramids or the Alps, with minds distracted by admiration and the stupor that all true greatness inflicts upon us.

The Laws of Rome! It was a long and varied process by which they grew, the steady exercise of that terrible Majestas Populi Romani. *Leges* and *plebiscita*, *senatus-consulta* and *responsa prudentum*, *i.e.* the laws of the forum, the Senate, and the renowned opinions of learned jurists — they had grown century by century, until their number was legion and their individual original wisdom was crossed by their successive contradictions and repetitions. For seven hundred and fifty years before Christ had the City been growing. In that time every human interest had come up for consideration. The functions of war and peace, of conquest and division of spoils and administration, of trade and industry, commerce and luxury, production and exchange and distribution — every interest

arising from the soil, or from the family, or from human agreements, or from the attempts of social authority to assure peace by justice and equity — all these had been the object of Roman legislation. Originally local and jealous, so local that it looked askance at the men of Veii and Præneste, scarce a day's walk away, it expanded mightily and took in what was good in all the legislations of the past, all the solid deposit of business, common sense, and commercial practice as it was floating around in what came to be known as the Law of Nations. The common Roman might see in expansion only a chance for trade and power; the great thinkers of the State conceived the purpose of this expansion of the city to be, as the Younger Pliny put it, "*ut humanitatem homini daret*," *i.e.* the spread of the light of civilization and its benefits, by the red right hand and the dripping sword if need be. Could we read the minutes of the meetings of the Roman Senate on the annexation of Northern Africa after the Jugurthan war, we should be reminded, I dare say, of a certain late session of our own august body of legislators, so true is it that history repeats itself.

When the republic lapsed into an empire, so gently that the first emperor dared only call

himself the foremost citizen, the lawmaking power was the first to pass away from the people. Henceforth there are no *leges* — the world is governed by the will of the imperator, and he acts through constitutions and rescripts, *i.e.* general and particular decisions, which are registered in the imperial chancery and become the actual law of the land. Besides, there was a peculiar annual legislation of the prætor, or city magistrate, and another body of law arising from the opinions of licensed lawyers — ratiocinated decisions that originally won the force of law by their reasonableness, and in time were collected in books and held almost as sacred as *lex* or constitution. What all this reached to, after five centuries of imperial government of the world, one may well imagine.

As the will of the emperor was the real source of law since Cæsar's death, so the first attempt at a reform or a codification of the law must begin with the imperial constitutions. Two hundred years and more before Justinian, in Old Rome, this need had been felt, and the Gregorian and Hermogenian codes had been prepared for official use. But they were soon antiquated, and a new one, the famous Theodosian Codex, was issued in 438 by the Emperor

Theodosius II. But it was rare, bulky, costly, and therefore not always at hand. Moreover, numerous grave constitutions had been added since 438, precisely a time of transition, when the lawmaking genius is called on most earnestly to adapt the rule to the facts. Justinian established, February 13, 528, a commission of ten men — *decemviri* — to execute a new code. Tribonian and Theophilus were the principal lawyers, and they were charged to see that only up-to-date constitutions were incorporated, minus all that was obsolete or superfluous or repetition or preamble. They might erase, add, or alter words in the older constitutions they accepted, if it was necessary for their use as future law. He wanted three things, brevity, compactness, and clearness, and in less than fourteen months he received them in the document to which he gave the name of *Codex Justinianeus*, and which was published April 7, 529.

The next step was harder — it was a question of collecting and sifting the *responsa prudentum*, or answers given by recognized and licensed lawyers, and which had always enjoyed a high degree of consideration before the magistrates of Rome. They were the real philosophers of the law, but philosophers after the Roman

heart, — terse, grave, direct, — condensing a paragraph of diffuseness into one strong, luminous line that seemed to shed truth and peace along its whole length. These answers had been given for over a thousand years, and were then scattered about in numberless treatises — it is said over two thousand, to speak only of those enjoying actual authority. They had been the bane of the Roman bar for many a day. Since they were all good law, and apparently equal, the practice of law had degenerated into citations — whoever had the most dead men to speak for him was the victor. This was intolerable; it came at last to the famous Law of Citations, that fixed the five greatest names, and among them, as senior or chief, the immortal Papinian, that high priest, king, and prophet of all lawyers, past, present, and to come.

At this huge mass of ancient law, therefore, a new commission was directed, under the authority of Tribonian. From this Golden Dust-heap they were to extract, to *enucleate*, what was good and useful as law or interpretation or illustration. Out of all the materials they should erect a fair and holy temple of justice, divided into fifty books, and these properly subdivided and paragraphed and numbered.

It meant that the decisions of thirteen hundred years had to be gone over, and, according to present utility, a choice struck and the balance rejected. Seventeen specialists did it in three years. The work was called the "Digest," or "Pandects." There are in it something less than ten thousand *sententiæ*, or brief opinions of ancient lawyers, harmonized, castigated, clarified — at least Justinian and his lawyers thought so. Could Cujas or Donelli have been at their side, what reproachful looks they would have cast! For the Middle Ages hunted out endless contradictions in the huge mass of these "opinions" that only external authority had united. Thereby the ancestors of our present lawyers lived fair and lovely lives, with rich benefices and fine gowns of silk or brocade, and the noblest palaces in the town, and ample esteem from Church and State. How they must have smiled when they heard Boccaccio or Pietro Dante commenting on the poet's famous line,

"D'entro alle leggi trassi il troppo e il vano."

It is calculated that by the edition of the Digest a law library of one hundred and six books was reduced to five and a third, a com-

parison that only faintly reflects the relief that its publication gave. Finally the emperor caused the preparation in four books of a manual of the principles of Roman Law, which he called the "Institutions." It became a part of the codified law, being largely a reproduction and adaptation of a similar work of the second century that was owing to the great jurist Gaius.[1]

This work of Justinian has met with some reproaches from our modern critics; perhaps they are deserved. It has been accused of too much theorizing, too much ratiocination, too much blending of the schoolmaster with the legislator to the detriment of the latter. But what man of heart will blame the emperor for permitting the pagan Tribonian to preserve the color and tone of second and third century Stoicism, for the occasional brief reflections on the origin and nature of human liberty and human dignity? They are delicious oases in a desert of rigid rules and sententious decisions. In this new Roman Law it is the spirit and the content of the Law of Nations that predominate. The old, hard, selfish Romanism is

[1] The vicissitudes of the law of Justinian in the Latin Middle Ages have been described fully in the classic work of Savigny, and by a host of later writers. For its history in the Orient, cf. Mortreuil, "Histoire du droit Byzantin" (Paris, 1843–46, 3 vols.).

eliminated. From the Golden Horn the Genius of Order lifts up an illuminating torch to shine afar over the Euxine of the Barbarians and the Hellespont of the Greeks — nay, across the Mediterranean and Ægean, even beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and to follow forevermore with its sunlike radiance every path of human endeavor, every channel of human contention, every relation of man to man and of practical government to its subjects.

This Roman Law, after all, was the salt and the light of the Middle Ages. For love of it, even before Justinian, the Ataulfs and the Wallias, standing at the parting of the ways, had renounced becoming a Gothia and were willing to be incorporated in a Romania. They adopted it at once, begging the Catholic bishops of their new kingdoms to accommodate it to their present needs, their racial genius, and their immemorial customs. So arose the invaluable *Leges Barbarorum* of Frank and Burgundian and Visigoth and Vandal. Only, the Catholic Church would have no separatist barbarian law, even of that kind. All her ecclesiastics lived by the genuine and common Roman Law, the Law of Justinian: *Ecclesia vivit lege Romana.* Indeed, she was its second saviour, and thereby

the saviour of good government, for in the West it gradually went over very largely into her Canon Law. It was the basis and glory of her oldest university, Bologna, and was the usual path to honor and fame and power. There are those who regret its excessive vitality, since it bears along with it the stamp of its origin, the absolute will of one ruler, which makes it at all times the favorite code of centralized power. The Code Napoléon is built on it, as are most of the great modern codes of Europe. Even Mohammedan law as it arose, in Egypt and Syria especially, accepted and applied the existing law of Justinian that had been working more than a century in these unhappy lands when, for their folly and stupidity, the night of Islam settled down on them.

It is the Christian, however, who rejoices most at this act of Justinian. Those Roman laws that Tertullian denounced were now baptized.[1] A spirit of humanity henceforth breathed from them. The rights of the moral code were

[1] "Postremo legum obstruitur auctoritas adversus eam (sc. veritatem). . . . Si lex tua erravit, puto, ab homine concepta est; neque enim de cœlo ruit." — Tertullian, "Apologeticum," c. iv, 20. The entire opusculum is the protest of a great Roman lawyer against the inhuman and anomalous iniquities of the Roman Law as applied to the Christians.

incorporated into the legal code; religion was not separate from conduct. The new law showed itself most practical in this, that it recognized Christianity as triumphant, as the popular religion, and in many ways made a large place for it, recognized its teachers and chiefs as the principal supporters of the State and of public order. The political life of the Middle Ages is all in the Law of Justinian, especially in the Code of his Constitutions, and for this alone it is the most remarkable of books after the inspired writings and the ancient councils.

It is not wonderful that Dante, at once the greatest of architectonic poets and last prophet of the empire, crying out over its grave, should speak more than once of Justinian and his laws. In the famous lines of the "Purgatorio" (VI. 89) his whole soul flames out in irrepressible anger:—

> "Ah! servile Italy, grief's hostelry!
> A ship without a pilot in great tempest!
> No lady thou of provinces, but brothel!
> * * * * * *
> What boots it that for thee Justinian
> The bridle mend, if empty be the saddle?"

In the superb sixth canto of the "Paradiso" he personifies in Justinian the imperial authority that to him is the basis of the State:—

> "Cæsar I was and am Justinian."

Into the mouth of this shadowy shepherd of men he puts that glorious romantic account of the growth of the Roman name and power:—

"What it achieved from Var unto the Rhine,
Isère beheld and Saône, beheld the Seine
And every valley whence the Rhône is filled;
What it achieved when it had left Ravenna,
And leaped the Rubicon, was such a flight
That neither tongue nor pen could follow it."

The true career of Justinian appears to the mediæval poet of Italy and Catholicism as that of a "living justice" inspired by God, as the career of a man who upheld the "standard sacrosanct" of order and equity, and thereby

"placed the world in so great peace
That unto Janus was his temple closed."

Elsewhere (Canzone XVIII. v. 37) he gives voice to the deepest sentiment of the Middle Ages, when he hails in Italy the serene and glorious custodian of law and order, the true heiress of the genius and calling of the Imperium that are indelibly stamped on the "Pandects" and "Code":—

"O patria, degna di trionfal fama,
De' magnanimi madre,
* * * * * *
Segui le luci di Giustiniano,
E le focose tue malgiuste leggi
Con discrezion correggi,
Sicché le laudi 'l mondo e 'l divin regno."

VII.

In the preceding pages little has been said of Justinian from an ecclesiastical point of view, partly because it is the civil or profane side of his life that here attracts us, partly because of the vast and absorbing interest of the questions and problems that are exhibited when we lift the innermost veil of ecclesiastical history. It was the fate of Justinian to enter upon the last scene of a passionate conflict whose unity had not been broken for a century. The motives of the last protagonists were not always pure or praiseworthy. Local jealousies, festering old sores of a political or economic-social nature, velleities of Coptic and Syrian independence, violent contempt and hatred for the Royal City and its Greek bureaucracy that these paid back with interest, prevented the theological questions of the day from being viewed by all in the dispassionate light of simple faith and old tradition. The wrongs of Nestorius were still a rallying cry in Syria, and the injustice wreaked on Dioscorus still roused the fellaheen of Egypt. Obscene spirits, as usual, abounded, and fished fortune out of the troubled waters along which moved painfully the bark of Peter. Old sects, schisms, and

heresies, almost forgotten by the churchmen of the day, still lived on in remote corners of the Orient, to strike hands on occasion with the Nestorian or Monophysite against the common enemy by the Golden Horn.[1] Here theology and tax-gathering were cultivated with equal ardor until the broken peasant by the Nile or the Orontes knew not what he hated most — the latest fiscal oppression or the noble Tomus of the great Leo that the local Monophysite clergy had so distorted as to make it pass for a blast from Antichrist.

Every emperor, from the time of the second Theodosius, had longed to close these gaping wounds, and had even attempted the same with more or less success. In the wild and universal conflict the independence of the ecclesiastical

[1] For the history of the government of the Greek churches in and since the time of Justinian the work of Cardinal Pitra is invaluable, "Juris Ecclesiastici Græci Historia et Monumenta" (Rome, 1864–68, 2 vols.); cf. the "Oriens Christianus" of Le Quien (Paris, 1740, 3 vols., fol.), and the precious compilation of Leo Allatius, "De Ecclesiæ Occidentalis et Orientalis perpetua consensione" (Cologne, 1649). Of great value to the historian are the materials collected by Miklosisch and Müller, "Acta et Diplomata monasteriorum Orientis" (1871–90, 3 vols.), and by Cardinal Hergenröther, "Monumenta Græca ad Photium ejusque historiam pertinentia" (Ratisbon, 1869). Usually fair and well-informed is Neale, "History of the Holy Eastern Church" (London, 1847–50, 4 vols.), of which the first two contain a general introduction, the latter a history of the Patriarchate of Alexandria.

power was pushed aside as secondary to the restoration of outward order and concord. It was an age of great personal and corporate ambitions, on the part of the Oriental clergy in particular. The rapid successions to episcopal sees, brought about by heresy and schism, roused an unholy cupidity in the souls of men otherwise inoffensive to Church or State. Only from Rome do we hear regularly the genuine principles of the relations of the two powers, and only there is any effective resistance preached and carried out against the evil Cæsaro-papism that lurked in every imperial heart since Constantine.[1] Jus-

[1] Much has been written in the last three centuries on the relations of Church and State at Constantinople. Cf. Riffel, "Geschichtliche Darstellung der Verhandlungen zwischen Kirche und Staat" (Mainz, 1836), Vol. I.; Niehues, "Geschichte der Verhandlungen zwischen Kaiserthum und Papsthum im Mittelalter" (Münster, 1877–90, 2 vols.). The monograph of A. Gasquet, "L'Autorité impériale en matière religieuse à Byzance" (Paris, 1879), and his "Études Byzantines" (*ibid.*, 1888), are of superior worth. Admirable in every way is Charles Diehl's "Étude sur l'administration byzantine en Italie" (Paris, 1888), especially c. vi., pp. 368–417, on the relations of the Roman Church with the Emperor of Constantinople. They may be read most usefully in connection with the notes of the Abbé Duchesne to his edition of the "Liber Pontificalis." Cf. Ternovsky, "Die griechische Kirche und die Periode der allgemeinen Kirchenversammlungen" (Kiew, 1883); Gelzer, "Die politische und kirchliche Stellung von Byzanz" (Leipzig, 1879); Krüger, "Monophysitische Streitigkeiten im Zusammenhang mit der Reichspolitik" (Jena, 1884). These latter works are colored by the peculiar convictions of their learned authors, as is also Pichler, "Geschichte der kirchlichen Trennung zwischen Orient

tinian was no exception. First among the emperors he attains the character of a theologian by his edicts and decrees in the long conflict that arose with the condemnation of Origenism and ended in the painful business of the Three Chapters. Here he recalled the worst day of Arianism, when Constantius at Milan laughed to scorn the canons of the Church and bade the bishops remember that he was their Canon Law. Justinian had been brought up religiously; the little manual of conduct that the good deacon Agapetus prepared for him is yet preserved, and has always been highly esteemed as the parent of those numerous *Instructiones Principum*, *Monitiones*, and the like that we meet with in the Middle Ages. He was profuse, by word and act, in his devotion to the Apostolic See of Peter; he acknowledged the supremacy of its authority that had stood a rude and long test

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und Occident" (Munich, 1864). The Catholic point of view is magisterially expounded in the first volume of the classic work of Cardinal Hergenröther, "Photius" (Regensburg, 1867–69, 3 vols.). It also contains the best résumé of Byzantine church history before Photius. Of this work Krumbacher, the historian of Byzantine literature, says (p. 232): "Hauptschrift über Photius ist und bleibt wohl noch langer Zeit das durch Gelehrsamkeit und Objectivität ausgezeichnete Werk des Kardinals J. Hergenröther." In Pitzipios, "L'Église Orientale" (Paris, 1888), there is a popular description from a Catholic viewpoint of the politico-ecclesiastical rôle of the city and clergy of Constantinople from its foundation.

in the Acacian schism just closed, and the "Liber Pontificalis" relates with complacency his gifts to the Roman churches. He received Pope Agapetus with all honor, but his treatment of the unhappy Vigilius has drawn down on him the merited reprobation of all.[1] Perhaps he felt less esteem for the person of the latter, whom he had known intimately as a companion of Agapetus; perhaps, too, his own final lapse into the heresy of an extreme Monophysite sect was a just sanction for the violence done to a sinning but repentant successor of Peter. He confirmed the ambition of the patriarchs of Constantinople and secured finally for them the second rank, at least in honor. Under him the third canon of the Council of Constantinople (381), and the twenty-eighth canon of the Council of Chalcedon (451), that Rome had energetically rejected, were tacitly accepted. In the long struggle the honor and the liberties of Alexandria and Antioch had gone down in spite of the papal efforts to save them. The consequences of this were seen within a century, in the rapid, unhindered spread of Islam over

[1] Cf. "Liber Pontificalis" (ed. Duchesne), *s.v.* "Vigilius"; Duchesne, "Revue des Questions Historiques" (April, 1895); Thomas Hodgkin, "Italy and Her Invaders" (Oxford, 1896, 2d ed.), Vol. IV., c. xxiii.; "The Sorrows of Vigilius," pp. 571–594.

Egypt and Syria, and its assimilation of Persia, whereby the fall of Constantinople was made certain. He ruled the churches at pleasure and with a rod of iron, divided ecclesiastical provinces, deposed and exiled the highest patriarchs, and not only humiliated St. Peter in the person of Vigilius, but compelled his successors to ask for imperial confirmation and to send large sums of money to secure it. It was well for the churches that no second Justinian followed him. But his despotic temper and his precedents were not soon forgotten. Perhaps it may be urged for him that he met habitually only a weak and sycophantic curial clergy, and that the ancient bonds of empire were all but dissolved in the Orient. He is still remembered in the Greek Church for his hymns, one of which is still in frequent use.[1]

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[1] "Only-begotten Son and Word of God, Immortal, Who didst vouchsafe for our salvation to take flesh of the holy Mother of God and Ever-Virgin Mary, and didst without mutation become man and wast crucified, Christ our God, and by death didst overcome death, being One of the Holy Trinity and glorified together with the Father and the Holy Ghost, save us." — Julian, "Dictionary of Hymnology" (London, 1892), p. 460. Cf. Edmond Bouvy, "Les Origines de la Poésie Chrétienne," in "Lettres Chrétiennes" (1882), Vol. IV., and for the hymn, "Christ and Paranikas," "Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum" (Leipzig, 1871), p. 52; Stevenson, "Du rhythme dans l'hymnographie grecque" (*Correspondant*, October, 1876), and the epoch-making

Indeed, he is, perhaps, the oldest hymnographer of the Greeks. But when all has been said, it remains true that his was the timely, welcome, and long reign of an orthodox emperor, that he broke the impact of Monophysitism, that he was generous beyond measure to the churches, and to the poor extremely charitable. The Christian episcopate of the East looked on him as a father and a providence, and in the storms of the century he was never too far below his high calling. The Western churches loved to remember him as he is depicted in mosaic in San Vitale at Ravenna, clad in imperial purple, surrounded by his officers of state and offering gifts to the bishop of that see.[1]

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essay of Cardinal Pitra, "Hymnographie de l'Église Grecque" (Rome, 1867).

[1] The admirable writings of Charles Diehl on the Byzantine régime in the sixth and seventh centuries are especially worthy of commendation, notably his "Justinien" (Paris, 1902). Justinian holds a place of honor among the writers of Christian hymns; cf. W. Christ and M. Paranikas, "Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum" (Leipzig, 1871). For his policy in matters of religion, cf. the dissertations of F. Diekamp, "Die Origenistischen Streitigkeiten im VI. Jahrhundert" (Münster, 1899), and *Hist. Jahrbuch* (1900), Vol. XXI., pp. 743–757; A. Knecht, "Die Religionspolitik Kaiser Justinians I." (Würzburg, 1896), and the article "Origenistic Controversies" in Smith and Wace, "Dictionary of Christian Biography," Vol. IV. The golden booklet "On the Duties of a Christian Ruler," dedicated to the emperor in 532, by his teacher, the deacon Agapetus, may be read in Migne, PG.,

To the bishops of the West, standing amid the ruins of Roman civilization, his person and reign appeared like those of another Constantine. He was, indeed, a beacon light, set fair and firm where the old world of Greece and Rome came to an end, and along its last stretches the stormy ocean of mediæval life already beat threateningly.

lxxxvi., 1163–86. It opens worthily the long and important series of mediæval *Monita* and *Instructiones* for princes, that contain so much Christian pedagogical material, and are usually neglected in all histories of mediæval pedagogy.

THE RELIGION OF ISLAM.

The dogma of Islam is simple — one all-powerful God whose prophet is Mohammed, and who will reward the good and punish the wicked. But Allah is remote from the world, toward which he is indeed merciful through his prophets, but between which and him there exists no relation of fatherhood and sonship. Islam recognizes a revelation closed in Mohammed, but no absolute necessity of redemption, hence no Incarnation of Christ, who is to the Mohammedan only one of the admirable human prophets whom God sent at divers times and whose line ends in the son of Abdallah. It denies the Trinity and travesties the Christian conception of that august mystery. While it admits intermediary spirits, inspiration, the last judgment, and the resurrection of the body, it clothes all these teachings in a gross, sensual, and repugnant form, which robs them of that divine charm that they possess in the Christian presentment of them. The Koran is the Bible of Islam, or rather its fetich, and upon and about it the doctors have built in

the course of time a very Babel of expositions and human traditions, which in daily life affect the morality of Mohammedans no less than the teachings of their Sacred Book itself.

Abul Kasem Ibn Abdallah, usually styled Mohammed or Mahomet (the praised), was born about 570 A.D. at Mecca, in the Hijaz or western part of Arabia, not far from the Red Sea, amid the bare granite hills and sandy wastes of that loneliest and most monotonous of regions. From the middle of the fifth century Mecca had been the centre of a little religious state, whose chief object of worship was the Kaaba, or holy black stone, supposed to have been given by an angel to Ishmael, the father of the Arabs, and close to which was the sacred well Zemzem, which sprang up in the desert for Hagar and her son during their wanderings. The inhabitants of the town lived by commerce, for the Kaaba had already become the national sanctuary of many of the Arab tribes, and at the yearly fairs during the four months of the Sacred Truce its streets were filled with the Bedouin, whose usual home was on the pathless wastes, beneath the cloudless skies of a land phenomenally rainless. Religion and commerce, friendship and poetry, drew the children of the desert yearly to

Mecca. They met there the caravans returning from Palestine, Syria, and Persia, and there they joined in the famous poetical tournaments, of which some remnant is left in the elegant Moallakats or "suspended" poems, said to have been so named because written in letters of gold on parchment or silk and hung up on the curtains of the Kaaba. They were a fierce, natural, sensual race, self-reliant and daring, trusting to the camel and the horse, overflowing with the love of life and pleasure, but ever conscious that the sum of both was an evanescent quantity — hence the streak of gravity and melancholy which runs through their ancient poetic remains. Their lives ran on between the simple pursuits of a nomadic pastoral life and a constant series of razzias and vendettas, arising often from the most trivial cause, but which became sacred legacies through the intense domestic attachments of a people who had yet no higher notion of the State than a congeries of families. Withal, there were sprouting strong germs of national consciousness in the similarity of tastes and pursuits, the unmixed strain of blood, the songs of the poets and the ancient genealogies, the souvenirs of common losses and common victories. They defied from time immemorial the yoke of the stranger.

Persia, Rome, and Byzantium had never been able to obtain more than a precarious footing on their confines. They believed in a confused way in one God, but they prayed to the stars, to their amulets, to genii and ogres and demons. It needed only an enthusiast from their own race to compact the scattered elements of greatness which these clear, hard, passionate, untutored men offered to the founder of a religion or a state. This was the work of Mohammed, and in it he was singularly favored by internal and external circumstances.

The morality of the Moslem may be reduced to the five great points and to the practice of certain natural virtues. The five commandments are the confession of Allah and his prophet Mohammed, prayer by prostration toward Mecca five times a day, fasting from sunrise to sunset during the month of Ramadan, at least one pilgrimage to Mecca, and the bestowal of two and one-half per cent. of one's property in alms. Add the duty of sacred war, the frequent ablutions, and the observance of Friday (without cessation of labor) as a holy day and we have the substance of the precepts of the Moslem morality. Honesty, benevolence, modesty, fraternity, and charity are recommended,

especially among the Moslems. Deceit, lying, and slander are severely reproved, while gambling and the use of wine and other intoxicating liquors are forbidden. Their external morality is essentially Talmudic, interwoven with a multitude of minute essential ceremonies. They acknowledge to woman a soul, the hope of immortality, and certain civil rights, but polygamy, divorce, slavery, and a jealous seclusion make her life that of an inferior and degraded being.

Sin is the contravention of legal enactment; the Mussulman does not comprehend the Christian idea that there is an inherent right and wrong in human actions, that God is a moral being. To him He is an absolute Oriental monarch, who has hung irrevocably the fate of each man about his neck and toward whom the chief, almost the only, feeling is an exaggerated and sickly quietism, Islam, which means submission or resignation. Fatalism, the almost utter absence of correct notions concerning the spiritual life, the degrading example of the private life of the prophet who is for the Moslem the most stainless of men, the absolute exclusiveness and intolerance of their religion, the impracticable amalgamation of the civil and the

spiritual, the pseudo-theocratic basis of social life — all these elements are working to keep Mohammedanism a stationary religion, except among races of very inferior culture. It is yet powerful in Asia and Africa, where it controls the souls of two hundred millions, but with its political reverses, it has lost the secret of its success, and the four hundred millions of progressive and energetic Christendom no longer fear the crescent, as in days of old, when it waved simultaneously in Spain and Greece, in Italy, Austria, and Hungary, and was only kept at bay by a line of venerable pontiffs, who found in the sole religion of Christ the means of arresting the triumphant course of Oriental fanaticism and sensuality.

Mohammed grew up poor, under the care of near relatives. He was a posthumous son, and his mother, a sickly, nervous woman, died while he was yet a child. He herded sheep and gathered wild berries for a living. Moslem writers relate many legendary and miraculous tales of this period, but they are evidently later inventions meant to glorify the youth of the prophet and to accredit his revelations. In time he entered the service of a rich widow, Kadidja, and after several commercial journeys in her

interest, espoused her in his twenty-fifth year. It was the turning-point of his fortunes, for, though of the distinguished family of the Koraish, he had inherited almost nothing. With Kadidja he obtained not only social prominence and wealth, but a woman of spirit and intelligence, who plays no small part in his career. About 610 A.D. certain strange dreams and visions began to haunt him. He was naturally of a high-strung, excitable temperament, and according to some authorities, an epileptic. Certainly he manifested in this period of his life unmistakable symptoms of hysteria or of catalepsy. Long swoons, during which he remained unconscious, were not uncommon. His mind ran much on religious questions, and he was wont to retire yearly for a considerable time to a mountain near Mecca for prayer and meditation. On one of these occasions he seemed to see the angel Gabriel, who held before him a silken scroll, on which he read that "man walketh in delusion when he deems that he suffices for himself; to the Lord they must all return." From this time, for two or three years, he was much troubled, but Kadidja comforted and guided him, with the result that all waverings passed away and he arose convinced of his mis-

sion. At least it would seem that he was honest in the early part of his career, whatever we may think of his later accommodation and tergiversation. To these years belong the older parts of the Koran and many of the purer and better elements of the revelation which he went on piecing together from day to day. It was in this period also that he fell in with the Hanifs, or Arabian ascetics, who seemed to have been half Christian, and to have practised many of the virtues of those Christian solitaries who peopled the deserts of the border-land between Syria and Arabia, and who exercised from the beginning a profound influence on the neighboring Saracens or Bedouin. Heretical priests, Jewish teachers, and Arabian monks seem to have had no small share in the formation of his spiritual character, and the influences of Christianity are all the more probable because of his condition as a merchant and his voyages into Palestine and Syria.

Whatever be the complex origin of his beliefs, he made converts slowly. His wife, his cousin Ali, his father-in-law Abu-bekr, an old slave Zaid, and a few others were all who came around him at first. His preaching was distasteful to the Meccans, and the Koraish would have done him bodily harm if they did not fear

his uncle, Abu Talib, the head of the family. Several of his followers suffered much from the townsmen, who were incensed at a preaching that decried their idols and threatened to hurt trade and business. They were sheltered by the Christian Abyssinians. Mohammed entered on a kind of compromise at this juncture, but soon regretted it, whereupon the Meccans decided on his death. But he escaped by the aid of his family, especially of Ali, his most devoted cousin, and took refuge in Yahtrib (Medina), where he had already made a number of convèrts, who had agreed to sustain him in spite of the opposition and the interdict of the Koraish of Mecca. This is the famous Hegira, or flight of Mohammed, in the month of June, 622, from which date the Moslems have since counted the flow of time. Jewish proselytism, Messianic hopes, reminiscences of Christian virtue, had long been rife in Medina, and they now met in the head of a melancholy religious dreamer, together with scraps of apocryphal gospels and ignorant heretical expositions of Christianity. It was a marvellous period. All over the Orient a hundred heresies were pullulating, and in the unhealthy spiritual activity of the time many could not see the great differ-

ence between the simple dogma, the rational cultus, the earnest, moral ideal of Mohammed and many an heretical travesty of the Christian teaching. At Medina Mohammed built the first plain mosque, instituted the Moslem clergy, and laid the foundations of the theocracy which has since done service as a government in a great part of the Orient. His skill and success as a judge won the hearts of those of Medina, and he soon enjoyed the confidence of the entire community. From 622 to 630 he waged war with the Meccans, intercepted their caravans, overthrew their armies, and finally besieged and took the holy city in January of the latter year.

The conquest of the national sanctuary reacted powerfully upon Mohammed and Islam. At heart he was an Arab and a Meccan. He loved the glory and renown of his race. The Koraish, once his enemies, came over to him and took control of the movement. What was once an individual, internal, spiritual enterprise became a carnal, external pursuit of glory, power, and booty. The idols were destroyed, it is true, but transformed into minor spirits — *djinn*, *div*, *peri*, and the like; the holy stone of the Kaaba remained intact; Mecca was the na-

tional and holy capital; most of the ancient ceremonies were retained. It cost the Arabs no change of heart, for there had never been more at stake than the business chances of the city, and that was settled by the victory of Mohammed and the acceptance of his formulas, for which they otherwise found justification in their ancient traditions of monotheism. They passionately loved booty and the foray, and the revelations of Mohammed and the successes of eight years opened up an endless vista of war and pillage — even the conquest of those dim, outlying worlds of Persia and Byzantium. The state of Medina had conquered the state of Mecca, only to bring to the latter the homage of victory. From every quarter came in adhesions to the political revolution in response to the missionaries sent out by Mohammed, and before his death, in June, 632, he had the satisfaction of seeing all the masses of Arabian society accept the inevitable, and enter the new Semitic alliance. The Christian tribes were too weak to resist, but the Jews and the Magians made a bolder front, and for a while were respected.

Prominent among the means of spreading the doctrine of Islam was the Koran, which means

reading or recitation, *i.e.* the revelations made by the Holy Spirit or Gabriel to the prophet. It consists of one hundred and sixteen *suras* or chapter-like divisions, each of which contains from three to nearly three hundred verses. The whole is scarcely as large as the New Testament and contains an extremely varied matter — ceremonial and civil laws, answers and reproofs, disquisitions on the attributes of God, attacks on idolaters, the Jews, and Christians, narratives of prophets and saints, travesties of Christian teaching, echoes and even technical terms from the Talmud, histories from the New Testament Apocrypha, and a chaotic mass of instruction without any order, logical or chronological. It is full of the grossest errors and betrays the absence of all literary culture in its compilers. It is doubtful whether Mohammed ever wrote anything — doubtful whether there were any Arabic books in the strict sense before his time. The Koran appears to many critics to be the first written work in the tongue, though the latter was long since a polished language. Its contents range all the way from short, oracular statements, that seem as though torn from the speaker under violent pressure, to cool, deliberate legislation. Much of it is surely the work of

reflection, compiled with deliberate intent to deceive, according as the circumstances made revelations useful or handy. Its gradual origin is tangible in the number of abrogated laws that it contains. In its present form it dates from the Chalif Othman, about the middle of the seventh century, who had a new recension made of the original compilation, executed by Zaid, the former amanuensis of Mohammed, at the command of Omar. At that time the suras were preserved only on bits of flat stones, on pieces of leather, ribs of palm leaves, and in the memory of the companions of the prophet. Yet it is believed that we have the Koran substantially as it was current shortly after the prophet's death. The Moslems believe that it is eternal and uncreated, immanent in God as His divine word, and that it came down from heaven in a series of descents. According to the Hanbalite sect, it lay from all eternity upon a shining white table of stone as broad as from east to west and as long as from earth to heaven, while an angel with drawn sword stood guard over it. The Mohammedan looks upon its style as something inimitably perfect and a sufficient guarantee of its divine inspiration. It is certain that it possesses considerable beauty, much wild force of

passion, high imagery, and vigorous rhetoric. But all European Orientalists do not see such sustained perfection in its rhymed phrase. According to Noeldeke, there is much verbiage in it, loose connection of thought, repetition of the same words and phrases; in fact, the book shows that the prophet was no master of style, although such a statement is worse than polytheism to the ears of a pious Turk or Arab.

The doctrine of Islam was spread by the sword. The idolaters, the heathen, were exterminated; the Jews and Christians, as "the people of the Book," were permitted to live, but in the most humiliating subjection and surrounded with odious restrictions. For a long time the intercourse of the latter with the Greek Empire was absolutely forbidden, and the lot of the Oriental churches in the seventh and eighth centuries was the saddest imaginable. There have been wars innumerable among Christians in the name of religion — persecution, too, and oppression — but they are against the sweet, mild law of Jesus; whereas, according to the teachings of Mohammed, the sacred war ought to be chronic. Islam is a national Arabic travesty of some of the best elements of Judaism and Christianity, elevated to the dignity of a universal religion.

It is a poor, weak, grotesque worship, such as might arise in the brain of a cataleptic visionary and in the midst of a half-savage people. Like all national religions, it identifies the State and the Church. Its pilgrimage to Mecca, prohibition of wine, the veneration of the Kaaba, and similar essential points, are no more than universalized Arabism. And it was the sense of political greatness, of national destiny, together with possible demoniac aid, that made its first followers so fanatically brave that everything yielded before their awful onslaught. No doubt the religious element was not wanting. The joys of paradise, the fatalist belief, the personal enthusiasm for the prophet, worked wonderfully on the desert tribes and helped to make them the scourge of Christendom.

The Christians of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt were sadly divided when Islam arose. The christological heresies of two centuries had filled every rank of society with division and embitterment. Long-concealed national impulses began to throb in the breasts of peoples never willingly subject to Roman rule. Persecuted heretics opened the gates of Egypt and Syria as, two centuries earlier, the Donatists delivered up Africa to the Vandals. Religious oppression and

the civil despotism of Constantinople reaped the same reward on the same day, and whole nations laboriously won for Christ were for centuries lost to religion and culture. Both Rome and Persia were exhausted after more than three centuries of irregular warfare, and military valor had declined in both States. In the rapid spread of the teachings of the prophet we must see also a providential chastisement of the discord, injustice, tyranny, and immorality which fill the pages of Oriental Church history in the sixth and seventh centuries. Endless heresies had so disfigured the Christian faith in the regions in which Islam first emerged that many might be pardoned for not seeing in it anything worse than the ordinary forms of heretical Christianity. We must also remember that Islam may be meant to serve as a stepping-stone, a transition, for those races whose low mental culture does not permit them at once to appreciate so intellectual a religion as the Christian. It has served as a bulwark against the Mongol hordes to prevent any such human flood as that which Attila let loose in the fifth century. The Arab kingdom of Spain deserves well of letters and the sciences for its services in the eighth and ninth centuries, though the origin and the spirit of this literary

culture are not to be sought in the depressing, intolerant Koran, but in the literature of Greece, preserved for them by Christian hands. Mediæval scholasticism owes no small debt to the men who kept alive the study of Aristotle, and their dangerous philosophical heresies were the spurs which urged on men like Aquinas and Bonaventura to plan and execute a successful reconciliation of the philosophy of the Stagirite with Christ and the Church — a problem that seemed an impossibility to a Tertullian. The polemics against the Moslem from St. John Damascene and Theodore Abukara down to Raymond Lullus sharpened the Christian intellect and kept alive abstract and philosophical studies where they might have died out for want of practical utility. It is to this practical need that we owe the famous work of St. Thomas, "Contra Gentes."

In another direction, too, the Moslem was destined to influence Western Christendom. Under the best caliphs and in the palmy days of Arab rule, the sciences flourished in an eminent degree. We find in their literature many grammarians and lexicographers of note, poets in abundance and of a high order, translators of many important works from Persian and San-

scrit, Greek and Syriac, among which occur more than one ancient Christian text. They pursued the studies of astronomy and mathematics with great eagerness, and in their passion for alchemy were the forerunners of modern chemistry. The literatures of Greece, Persia, and India found sympathetic admirers at Bagdad and Cordova. History and geography flourished, and there is scarcely a century without some excellent chroniclers, geographers, and cosmographers, at a time, too, when the latter class of studies was greatly neglected in the Christian West, which can only show for the same period the small geography of the Irishman Dicuil. The commerce of the Middle Ages was to a great extent in their hands. They traded in times of peace with Constantinople, where they had great privileges. Their ships went to India and even into the China seas. Their caravans went by land from Tangier to Jerusalem and from Damascus to the Great Wall of China. They penetrated deep into Northern Africa and sought ivory and black slaves on the eastern coast of that continent. The silks of China and the spices, camphor, steel, and precious woods of India were poured into their markets, while in turn they exported the finest glass, dates,

refined sugar, mirrors, and blades of steel; fabrics of silk and gauze and brocade; figured muslins and striped satin stuffs. Tools, carpets, jewellery, and trinkets were among the staple articles of manufacture. The papyrus, and later the paper, used by the Western Christians were the product of the Moslems, and it was no small annoyance to the imperial and pontifical chanceries to have to use writing materials that bore the water mark of Allah and the prophet. All the trades and industries reached a high degree of prosperity, and in every city the retail commerce was represented by shoemakers, saddlers, dyers, fruiterers, grocers, armorers, booksellers, druggists, perfumers, and a host of similar small merchants.

The Crusades let down the barriers between the Orient and the Occident, and thus the accumulated treasures of the former — literary, artistic, and social — became at once the common property of mankind. The intellectual wealth and the general refinement of the Oriental peoples could not be withheld from the West, but the struggle for political supremacy grew all the fiercer. From Godfrey of Bouillon to Mark Antonio Colonna is a distance of five centuries, but it needed all that time to curb the courage and determination of the hosts of Islam. It is

the popes to whom belong the chief honor of this long and glorious conflict. It was they who saw that a religion of the sword must be fought with the sword and who led on the forces of Christendom with never-failing courage and prudence. Charles Martel and Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion and Don Juan of Austria, were the lay leaders of this astounding conflict. But in the spiritual background we see the figures of the popes of the seventh century already concerned with the growth of Islam. Gregory IV., in the middle of the ninth, rebuilds Ostia as a protection against the "nation of the Hagarenes, hated by God, unspeakable," just as clearly conscious of the gravity of the situation as Urban II., Gregory IX., Pius II., or Pius V. If the modern world has escaped the gloomy and cruel bondage of the Koran; if liberty and not despotism, progress and not stagnation, are the marks of our society; if the spiritual and the temporal have not been hopelessly confused; if woman has maintained the dignity and the large freedom to which Christianity has called her; if polygamy, slavery, mutual fanatical hatred and armed proselytism, are not rooted in our midst; if we enjoy the splendid masterpieces of art and the charms of divinest music; if we

have not become the slaves of Bedouin and Ottoman — we owe it above all to the Father of Christendom, who, by whatever name he went, — Gregory, Urban, or Pius, — made it his special duty to crush whenever and wherever he could the ambitious and stirring successors of the prophet.

CATHOLICISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

What do we understand by Civilization? It is usually taken to mean the refinement of man in his social capacity. Whatever uplifts, cleanses, purifies, inspires man as a member of the common human family is held by all men to be civilizing. The word, if not the idea, comes to us from the masterful Roman people. They believed that their *civilitas*, or civilization, the sum total and the spirit of social progress attained in their city by their laws and language, their religion and philosophy of life, was unsurpassed, was the last and highest effort of mankind.

In this they erred; and we need no better proof than the remnants of their life that have come down to us in one way or another. But they erred in noble company, for before them the Egyptian, the Assyrian, and the Persian had shared the same conviction, as they have left the same historical proofs of their self-illusion in many a great monument, many a proud inscription. Even the Greek, whose civilization is so intimately related to that of the Romans, and

through them to us, was unable to protect and propagate directly the spirit and the institutions of his own admirable refinement. In all purely human work there is a response of death, a certain futility and emptiness, as a reminder by Nature of man's transitory character and functions.

Nevertheless, while the forms, the outer dress, as it were, of civilization, change from one epoch of time to another, there is forever common to all mankind an irrepressible trend, like a rising flame or a flowing current, that impels us to create and share common interests and common enjoyments, that calls forth common efforts for causes that are common and therefore higher than any or all of us. In the common gains or attainments we bring to the front the best and noblest that is in each one of us. In the common struggle we learn to admire and love the natural forces, gifts, opportunities, and institutions which have been the means of creating what each race, or people, or epoch calls its civilization. So the flag of one's fatherland arouses the holiest of natural passions, for it compresses into one cry, as it were, the whole life of a great and ancient people through many stirring centuries. So the tattered colors of the regiment whip the blood of the soldier into a rapid flow, for they

recall the vastness and complexity of the common efforts that culminated in the victories whose inscribed names are soaked with the blood of the bravest and best.

Civilization is indeed a constant strife, and he alone comprehends it well who looks on it from the view-point of conflict. Not one genuine gain of civilization but counts its martyrs; not one step upward in the history of mankind but is taken amid the protests and opposition of those whose individual or particular interests are assailed, or seem to be. Mankind itself, even collectively, is not exempt from the blunders and follies, the errors and weaknesses of the individual. A Socrates can sacrifice to Esculapius, and a Montezuma can preside over hecatombs of human victims. It is precisely this atmosphere and character of conflict that lend to the period we are about to deal with its greatest charm.

I.

In the history of mankind, there is no more instructive, no more crucial, time than what we call the Middle Ages. Then the ancient civilization of Europe was overrun by the barbarism of the North and the East, and owed its preservation and resurrection, not to its own power and fasci-

nation, not to the pity or needs of rude and fierce conquerors, but to the influence and authority of the Catholic Church. Roughly speaking, we may say that the Middle Ages are that period of one thousand years that opens with the overthrow of the imperial power of Rome in Central and Southern Europe about the year 500 A.D. and closes with the discovery of America and the invention of printing, just before the year 1500. In that time, there is, in greater or lesser degree, one form of government, the feudal system, based on permanent warfare, upheld by a monopoly of the land, and the weakness of the central authority in every State. One race, the Teutonic, imposes its will on all the fair lands that were once the provinces of Rome — Spain, Gaul, Britain, Helvetia, the Rhineland, Italy herself. Throughout Europe the warrior rules, and the public life is marked by all the virtues and vices of the camp or burg. With few exceptions, the civil power is held by an aristocracy, more or less open from below, more or less restrained by king or emperor, but always violent and proud. The habits and manners of daily life are yet largely those of the forest and the marsh and the sea whence the invaders came. It was many a long day before the English thane forgot that he was

the son of Low Dutch pirates, or the Norman earl ceased to feel himself the descendant of men who had made a dozen kings to quake and emperors to do them homage. The Hidalgos of Spain, the Ritters of Germany, are long conscious that they hold their places by reason of the old Gothic and Suevic or Alemannic conquests. At the basis of this society there is always the antithesis of might and right, the strong and the weak, the brutal and ignorant against the refined and educated, the selfish and individual greed or need against the purposes and utilities of progressive society. When we look out over these ten centuries of human history, they come before us like the meeting of the turbulent sea with the waters of some majestic river, the Ganges or the Mississippi. On one side is the contribution of an orderly and regulated force, on the other the lawless impact of an elemental strength. The result is eddies and currents, islands and bars, reefs and shoals. A new and strange life develops along this margin of conflict between order and anarchy. All is shifting and changing, and yet, beneath all the new phenomena, goes on forever the original struggle between the river that personifies civilization and the sea that personifies the utter absence of the same.

So it was in the civil and secular world of the Middle Ages. There were indeed periods of advancement, stretches of sunshine in a gloomy and troubled climate, individuals and institutions of exceptional goodness. If the underlying barbarism of the civil life had its vices, it had also its virtues, that both pagan and Christian have agreed in praising. It had overrun Europe like a flood, but it brought with it a rich alluvial deposit of courage and ambition, the elasticity and ardor of youth, fresh and untainted hearts, an eagerness to know and to do, an astounding energy that was painful to the sybaritic society that suffered the domination of barbarism.

For an event of so great magnitude, it is wonderful how little we know of the circumstances of the fall of the Roman authority in the West. The civilization that up to the end was heir to all the art and philosophy of Greece, all the power and majesty of Rome, suffered shipwreck almost without a historian. Odds and ends of annals and chronicles, stray remarks apropos of other things — these are all that are left to us of those memorable decades of the fifth century, when Rome saw her gates desecrated by one barbarian horde after another. Yet enough remains to show that it was the

Catholic Church which stood between her and utter extirpation, so great was the contempt and hatred of Goth and Vandal and Hun for the city that had been long the oppressor of the nations. Here a bishop turns away the wandering hordes from his town, there another encourages to vigorous resistance that is successful; here a holy virgin saves Paris from destruction, there an Italian bishop brings home a long procession of captives. Everywhere in this dark century that saw the old classic life enter on its decline, the Catholic bishop appears as the defender of the municipality and the people against every oppression. He also possesses a moral authority equally great with Roman and barbarian. Alone he is trusted by both powers, for he is the only social force left that is really unaffected by the collapse of the old world and the arrival of a new one. The bishop is the ambassador of emperor and people, as on that dread day in the middle of the century, when Leo the Great went out to Attila, on his way to Rome, and persuaded the great Hun to turn back with his half million savages and spare the Eternal City. As sorrow upon sorrow fell on the doomed cities and populations, the civil power gave way completely, and the ministers of religion were compelled to take

up a work foreign to their calling, and save such wreckage as they might of the administration, art, and literature of their common fatherland. They became the premiers of the barbarian kings, the codifiers of their laws, their factotums in all things, their intimate friends and counsellors. There is not a state in Europe, and all of them go back to this time, that does not recognize among its real founders, the Catholic bishop before whom the original conquerors bowed. There is Clovis before Remigius, Theodoric before Epiphanius and Cassiodorus, the Burgundian king before Avitus, and so many others that it is needless to detail their names or deeds. I recall the facts only to show that the very bases of our Christian society, the very foundations of mediæval Christendom, were laid by a long line of brave and prophetic bishops and priests, who saw at once in the barbarian conquerors future children of the Church and apostles of Christianity. On the very threshold, therefore, of the Middle Ages, the Catholic Church appears as the truest friend both of the old order that was going out, and the new one that was being ushered in amid the unspeakable horrors that always accompany the downfall of an ancient and highly wrought civilization.

II.

All civilization begins with the soil. What have been the relations of the Catholic Church to the soil throughout the Middle Ages? Everywhere man is a child of the soil. Mysteriously he issues from it. He lives on it and by it. He goes down one day to his appointed place in the mighty bosom of Mother Earth. No matter how complicated society may become, it is impossible that conditions should arise in which man can be otherwise than dependent upon the earth that God gave him for a sufficient and suitable sojourning place. Institutions, laws, customs, and manners that sin against the God-given relations of man and the soil bear in them always the sure promise of death. Half, nay, nearly all the great events of history are directly traceable to the struggles for the soil, whether from within or without the State. The plebeians and the patricians of Rome create immortal principles of private law by reason of this very conflict; the Roman State itself goes on the rocks because it neglected good lessons learned in its infancy. The contests of warlike shepherds in China precipitate masses of barbarian Goths and Huns

and Vandals on the Roman Empire and dislocate the social fabric that the genius and fortune and experience of a thousand years had built up. For another thousand years of feudal life the land is the only source and sign of wealth. The Middle Ages, economically, are that period of Western history when a few reaped the products of the earth, when the many bore the burden of the sowing, but at the reaping went empty-handed away.

The Catholic Church is too much the Mother Church of the poor and lowly and humble, too much the Spouse of the carpenter's Son, that great Friend of all who labor and are heavy burdened, not to hear forever in her heart the tender yet puissant cry, "I have pity on the multitude." The life of the soil is really in the labor that makes it bear fruit. Until man appeared the world was indeed a bright garden, but growing wild and untrimmed, all its powers sleeping as though under a spell within its bosom. This labor the Catholic Church has always sanctified and held up as a necessary and a blessed thing. Her Founder was accounted the son of a common laboring man, Himself a toiler at the bench. Her first missionaries were working-men — fishermen, pub-

licans, a physician, a tent-maker. She, first and alone, uplifted on her banner the symbols of labor and declared them worthy and holy. All her early documents bear the praise of labor. All her earliest legislation enforces labor as a duty for all. But the duty of labor brings with it a corresponding right to the fruit and reward of labor, and here she came at once into contact with the existing conditions of society.

I shall say nothing of the relations of the Church to the soil under the pagan Roman Empire. Those three centuries were not unlike the three decades of the hidden life of Jesus, an epoch of divine education for her public life. But as soon as she is free we find her concerned about the treatment of the working-man in the great ranches or villas of the Roman nobles. No more underground prisons, no more stamping with hot irons the face that has been cleansed in the baptism of Christ, no more compelling of girls to go on the obscene vaudeville stage of antiquity, no more maiming or abusing of the slave. She opens vast refuges in every city for the poor and homeless driven off their estates by the growing monopoly in land. Every church door is a distributing

place for the bread of the ensuing week. One quarter of the funds of every church goes to the relief of her poor. Before the empire fell one of her priests arose and wrote an immortal page that stands forever to show that it was the abuse of taxation that brought it low and not the right hand of the barbarian, which in more humane days she had always beaten down. Economically, the old Roman Empire was always pagan, even in the hands of Christian men. Its principles and methods of administration never changed. It was an omnipotent, omniscient bureaucracy, that learned nothing and forgot nothing, until one grim day the Cross went down before the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia and the Leather Apron was hoisted above the waters of the Golden Horn. But in all those trying ages, every bishop's house was a court of appeal for the overburdened peasant, and the despotic lord or cunning middleman was very likely to hear in a summary way from Constantinople, or from the barbarian kings turned Christian. A bishop sat on the bench with the judges. He visited the prisons, his church had the right of asylum for poor debtors or oppressed men generally. He was recognized by the State as a natural-born

spokesman of the people in city and country. He was the last link between the old Roman society and the new world arising on its ruins. In his person, for he was nearly always the ablest man in the city, were gathered all the best traditions of law and procedure, of traditions and good customs. In the wreckage of the State he had saved, as it were, the papers, the family records, the registers, and the like, that in an hour of peace would enable order to be brought out of chaos by younger hands. Let any modern economist or lawyer read the letters of Gregory the Great and he will be astonished to see how this great Roman nobleman, who traced his ancestry back to the Cæsars, and who had been himself governor of Rome at the end of the sixth century, treats the relations of the peasant and the soil. Without interfering with the theories of the day that did not concern him, he upholds in a long series of documents the just rights of his tenants on the four hundred farms that the Roman Church then owned in Sicily. He chides his agents for rackrenting and orders the excess to be given back. He provides for an adjustment of losses between the Church and the tenants. He writes to the emperor about false measure-

ments and exactions. Were all the noble principles he promulgates to be put into modern English, it would be seen that this ancient Bishop of Rome had asserted thirteen hundred years ago, at the beginning of our modern world, the principles that are yet basic in any society of men that pretends to stand and work well, without convulsions or revolutions. Now, Gregory was only the head of the system; he was not the inventor of those principles. He recalls them to his Italian bishops as being the purest spirit of the gospel. If we want to know what they are we have only to read the magnificent encyclical of Leo XIII. on the condition of the working-men. In it these principles are clothed in language scarcely different from that of his ancient predecessor.

These ancient bishops of the decadent empire and the incipient States of Europe compelled the great land-owners to build numerous little chapels on their estates. Thus arose around the homes of religion the little villages of France and Italy and Germany. It is no mere chance that causes the Catholic Church spire in these lands to rise from ten thousand hamlets. The hamlets grew up beneath its beneficent shadow. In those little chapels were told to

the noble and serf the truths of the gospel that gradually broke down the mediæval servage. Before those little rural altars the gospel was first divided into sections as we read it to-day on Sundays. Then again yearly the bishops in synod taught the parish priests how to comment on it, how to apply it without fear of cringing. To-day it seems a small task to speak the truth before all, but one day, long ago, it required an abnormal moral courage for the son of a peasant to stand up before the owner of the great warlike castle on yonder peak and bid him cease from vexing, bid him live with one wife, bid him stop the rioting and dissipation by which he spent in one night the earnings of the estate for a year. Behind that poor semi-illiterate hind, dressed in the garments of a priest, there stood the bishop, and behind the bishop rose the powerful figure of the Church incarnate in the supreme Bishop at Rome. Countless times the thunderbolt flew from thence, straight and true, that laid low the awful pride and the satanic tenacity of some great Frank or some fierce Lombard lord. It was indeed the Catholic bishop who saved the peasants of Europe from the fifth to the eighth century. For three hundred years he was the

last court of appeal; he was the gospel walking among men; he was the only international force with power to execute its decrees. His cathedral was always in the heart of the city, and in its great doorway he sat regularly to judge justly and without price. His priests were usually the lawyers and notaries of the people. And on certain old Romanesque or Byzantine portals you may yet see in marble that lovely scene of the episcopal weekly tribunal. Around his house and in front of his church stretched the public square. He was the protection, therefore, of the little tradesman, the peasant, the pedler with his wares. To him came the pilgrim, the stranger, the wandering penitent. To him the ambassadors going east and west, the king on his annual round, the great nobles charged with the administration of justice or the collection of revenue. And when, after Pentecost, for example, or at Michaelmas, he gathered in annual synod his clergy from the villages and ranches and villas and castles, and stood at his throne, mitre on head and staff in hand, it did seem to all the assembled multitude, and it was in its own way true, that the Sun of Justice was shining among men, that every wrong would be redressed and

every sorrow smoothed over, so far as it lay in the public power to do so. It is not for nothing that the Catholic episcopate won its incredible authority over the people. Such historical phenomena have always an adequate cause. Right here it was three long centuries of intelligent and sympathetic protection of the people, at a time when the feudal law was a-forming and the benefit of Roman law was in abeyance.

All this time the old conditions of the Roman provinces of Europe were being deeply modified. Industry had been extinguished and commerce paralyzed by the first inroads of the barbarians. The east fell away from the west, whose jealous kings tolerated little intercourse with Constantinople. The loveliest lands of France and Italy went without culture, and soon forests grew where palaces had lifted their proud fronts. The wild beasts wandered among the baths and porticoes and temples of the ancients, and the very names of towns that were once echoed beyond the Ganges were forgotten. Then arose another mighty force of the Catholic Church, the monks of St. Benedict. Long while only laymen, subject to the local bishop and controlled by him, they grew very numerous in time. Their rule was an admirable thing for

the social needs of the day. It inculcated equally the labor of the field and the labor of the brain, and so during this period and long after, all Europe was overrun by the children of that good man whose mortal remains repose above the rushing Anio amid the sublime scenery of Subiaco. The Roman Bishop took them under his especial protection, and together they formed a religious power that worked for good in every direction without any thought of self-advancement or any conflict of an unavoidable character. They chose usually for a home the waste and desert spots of Europe. Soon the forest was again thinned out and crops were again planted. Priest and brother, the educated man and the common laborer, went down into the field together, and worked all day in silence side by side. They built the ditches, they bridged the streams, they laid the necessary roads; they increased the area of arable land in every decade, and thereby drove out the noxious wild beasts; draining and irrigation on a large scale were carried on by them. Walls and fences and granges arose on every little estate that they had created out of nothing. The peasant, half barbarian, learned from them the traditions of old Roman agriculture, for

these men were often the best born and best educated men of the time. They leased to the peasant at a ridiculous rent and in real permanency the soil that they had themselves created. His children found employment in their kitchens and barns. One day the parents would lead their brightest boy to the abbey altar, where his little fist would be wound up in the altar cloth as a sign that they gave him to St. Benedict. Thus he would enter the order as a novice, to die My Lord Abbot of ten thousand acres, or Archbishop of Cologne, or perhaps Pope of Rome. *There* is one true source of modern democracy — that ever open door of the Church by which throughout the Middle Ages the highest honor and emolument were ever open to the lowliest and poorest.

In those old days there were few or no cities. With the exception, perhaps, of Northern Italy, the old municipalities of the great Roman provinces, with all their traditions of order and justice, had been submerged. The collective life was everywhere a tender growth nourished by the Church. Its beginnings were often after the following fashion: —

Over against the castle or burg of the local lord she set the little church or the small mon-

astery. These, too, became proprietors, and on their estates the peasantry could see other principles of government than those of the rapacious feudal lord. It was an old saying in the Middle Ages that it was a good thing to dwell beneath the crozier. As a fact, the greenest fields and the richest slopes, the best vineyards, the best kept forests and fisheries, were those of bishop or abbot. Here religion forbade waste and riot, and education brought to their cultivation much knowledge handed down from the ancients. Though without wives and children, these great ecclesiastical lords, always elective, held a kind of a dead-hand over their estates. Thus were secured perpetuity of tenure, continuous culture of the fields, equality of rents, new tracts of reclaimed lands, mildness of administration, and a minimum of expense in the conduct of vast properties. The classical studies broadened their views and humanized bishop and priest and monk. The meditation on the gospel, the example of countless holy monks and hermits, the daily service of God at the majestic altars of some basilica or Romanesque church softened their hearts. Those men and women whom the bishop or the abbot daily blessed, who brought in their woes with

their tithes, were his tenants, perhaps for many generations; thus there arose a certain fraternal intimacy between the most powerful men in the State and the humblest serf who delved on the hillside or tended sheep along the uplands. Whole sections of Europe were in this way reclaimed, or for the first time cultivated. Prussia, Southern Germany, most of the Rhineland, the greater part of Switzerland, great tracts of Southern Italy and Sicily, of Norway and Sweden, are the immediate creation of these churchmen. If we would have some idea of the duties of a mediæval bishop we should have to compare him with the president of some great railroad and double that with many of the duties of the mayor of a city and add thereto the responsibilities of teacher and preacher.

III.

The States of the Middle Ages were almost purely agricultural. Yet even in such States problems of production and distribution arose. The population increased, wants multiplied, war and travel and awakening knowledge roused curiosity and desire. The bishop's house first, and then the monastery, was the great nucleus

of social life in the Middle Ages. Around the cathedral that the bishop built, perhaps in some lonely spot, if he was a missionary, or on the site of the old public buildings, if he dwelt in a once Roman town, gathered all kinds of workmen — tillers of the field, the weavers of cloth, the builders of houses, the decorators of the cathedral, the workers in linen and embroidery. Here were to be found the stone mason, the blacksmith, the joiner, the carpenter, the gold and silversmith, every artificer, indeed, for the little community. We see at once that all the germs of a city life are here. Indeed, this is the origin of a multitude of European cities. The day will come when fierce conflict will arise between the bishops and the serfs emancipated and enriched, the latter claiming corporate recognition and a municipal constitution, freedom from imposts, and the like; the former pointing to the fact that all they had was a benefit of the Church. There are some kinds of justice so complicated that time alone can grant them. And so in the end the bishop lost his control and the cities won legal recognition. Similarly, the monasteries were centres of consumption and distribution. The revival of the cloth trade in England in the twelfth century owes very much to the consump-

tion of black and gray cloth by the monks and the nuns, and, indeed, was long in their hands. The preservation and protection of the culture of the grape, the viniculture of the Middle Ages, was almost entirely dependent on the immense multitude of churches, chapels, and altars. The minor arts, like delicate work in silver and gold, in ivory and wood, embroideries and tapestries, were kept alive by the constant need of new church furniture.

In those days men lived much alone in castles or widely scattered hamlets. The annual fair with its products from all parts of the world was held under church auspices, about the monastery or in front of the cathedral. The wares of east and west were there hawked about; the traveller and the pilgrim hurried thither; the legal needs of the peasants — wills, marriages, contracts — were attended to; distant relatives met one another; all the refining duties of hospitality were exercised. And above it all arose the holy and benignant figure of Mother Church. The fair was opened with all the solemnities of the liturgy, and the fair itself was known as "The Mass" of St. Michael, *e.g.*, or of Our Lady. Indeed, the great book-fair of Leipzig is still called "The Mass of the Books."

Thus, throughout those remote times both the cathedral and monastery preserved the germs of civil life, that without them would have utterly perished, given the general ignorance and barbarism of the lay life. It is to them that we owe directly the preservation of all the social arts and professions. How many reflect when they enter an apothecary shop that it is the outcome of the "infirmary" of the monastery where the simples and drugs were kept that were needed for the use of the inmates or the serfs, and later on the peasants of the abbey. The monks copied out the old medical manuscripts, treasured up and applied much homely domestic traditions of a better day, and, to say the least, were as useful in handing down Greek medical practice as the Arabs were in transmitting its theory. Every monastery had its brother devoted to the sick, whose practical skill was often very great. While in Italy, both north and south, there surely lingered no little scientific medicine of the past, in the west of Europe the monks were, to a very great extent, the generous physicians of the rude and uncultured populations; memories of those days still hang about the cloisters of Italy, and those who have lived there long remember how often a rude dentistry

is gratuitously practised by some good Capuchin, how often the fever-stricken boy of the Campagna throws himself at the entrance of the first cloister, how the women of the hamlet get from the nuns of the neighborhood the simple remedies they need. When we pass by some brilliantly lighted window and see exposed Chartreuse, Benedictine, and the like, we may remember that these sweetened liqueurs are antique recipes of mediæval monks, originally meant for uses of health. Convents still exist out of the Middle Ages, like the Certosa at Florence and the Carmelites of the same old town, that were, and perhaps are yet, practically the dispensaries of the city. Indeed, one might add a page to the famous lecture of Wendell Phillips on the "Lost Arts," were he to recount the benefits conferred on the medical sciences by the devotion of the mediæval clergy to the plain people. Only the other day, in reading Ian MacLaren's touching stories in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," I was led to reflect how much silent heroism of the same kind was practised in the mediæval times, when a village doctor was unheard of, and the only available skill lay down in the valley or up on the tall crag where the men of God spent their innocent and benefi-

cent days. Thus, whatever path of history or facts we tread backward for thirteen or fourteen centuries, we shall always find that the only stanch and loyal friend of the poor man was the Catholic priest; that all the useful and indispensable arts and professions of social life were gathered up by him out of the great wreck of Græco-Roman life, or created anew amid the turbulence and lawlessness of barbarism; that law and medicine found in him a humble but a useful bridge by which they were rescued from the flood of oblivion and ruin; that the homely utilities of the soil, of food and drink, of clothing, the more complicated processes of production and distribution, were very largely dependent on him in all parts of Europe. At the top notch of his estate he was bishop or abbot, at the bottom poor parish priest or monk, — but ever he was a friend of the people, and he earned their gratitude by an anonymous devotion, a nameless self-sacrifice, that covered one thousand years of the infancy of our modern states and was really their period of gestation and nursing.

IV.

While the Church was developing among the youthful nations of Europe the notion of the

common weal, the higher good of the commonwealth, she was also creating another entirely new institution, the Christian Law of Nations, or what is known to-day as International Law. The old Roman law did indeed recognize, gradually, a certain universal province of general rights, but it was only in the domain of private law, of the relations between one individual and another, such as contracts and obligations, wills and judgments, and the like; of a public law applicable to all peoples, higher than all and eminently fair to all, it had not the slightest inkling, and has left us no trace. Rome acknowledged no equal before the bar of mankind. The only civilization that ever withstood her, the old Persian, she pursued and harried to the death. Perhaps in that dread hour, when the grim fanatic Arab arose in his stirrup above the prostrate bodies of Roman and Persian, it dawned upon both that they would better have arbitrated their pretensions, but it was too late. On the dial of time no power can turn back the solemn finger of history. It was otherwise with the Catholic Church in the West. She was the mother and nurse of a whole brood of young and ardent peoples, full of high and vague impulses, naturally jealous of one another, but

also mutually respectful of the great holy power that they felt was lifting them steadily toward the light. In their infancy their first missionaries had been sent by Rome, and bore aloft their authority from the central see of Christendom. In time one agent of Rome, after another appeared to allay the fires of domestic hatred and revenge, to put bounds to ambition, to compel the execution of treaties, to protect the injured who were without redress. Often these men were of any nationality; whatever shrewd head offered itself, whatever experience of mankind was at hand, Rome accepted. Every kingdom and great family in Europe received and welcomed these men. Every decade of the Middle Ages is filled with their good deeds. They represent a central authority, entirely moral and resting on personal conviction of its sanctity. They appeal to the common law of the gospel and the general customs of Christian life and experience. They brought to their tasks a suavity of manner and a persistency of method that the lay world admired instinctively. The opposition they could not break down they turned. Peace was their object as war was the purpose of the feudal world. In time they created an unwritten code that governed the

world, the life-giving centre of which was the Person of Jesus Christ in His gospel enlightening and soliciting mankind to follow Him, the Prince of Peace, to beat the sword into the ploughshare. At a later date, Hugo Grotius, Puffendorf, and other learned lawyers organized in detail this mediæval institution; but it existed in practice long before them, and had long borrowed all its certainty of action from the Catholic Church. Only forty years ago, on the eve of the Vatican Council, David Urquhart wrote his famous "Letter of a Protestant to Pius IX.," begging him to declare again and formulate the old Pontifical Law of Nations, that nothing else would arrest the bloody, inhuman practices of the slave trade, the opium trade, and all the other infamous arts by which the strong white races were waging a hellish war against the weaker colored ones. Only very lately there met at The Hague in international conference the representatives of nearly all the civil powers of the earth to promote universal peace, but the representative of Leo XIII., though invited by Russia and ardently desired by the Queen of Holland, was not allowed to enter. What good can ever come of such proceedings? They are fantastic and visionary,

to say the least. It is the play of Hamlet with the noble Dane left out. A universal peace is a mockery so long as religious convictions do not dominate the ancient and natural impulses of selfishness, public and private, the cruel leonine policy of the world from Sargon to Napoleon.

V.

It is a commonplace saying that there is no social progress possible without the recognition of authority in the State, and a respectful submission to its due and licit exercise. But of what avail is all this if there be no habitual discipline in the minds and hearts of men? It is the creation of this docile temper, this *trained submission to just law and custom*, that is one of the great glories of the Catholic Church. The modern world, in as far as it possesses this benefit, inherits it from her. A century of wild and incoherent efforts to base social obedience on any other lines than those she preaches has resulted in anarchy, or a practical appeal to her to help control the masses from whose hearts the balancing ideas of God, future retribution, sin, immortality, were driven by every ingenious means that could be devised. Neither Plato nor

Aristotle, neither Zeno nor Cicero nor Seneca, were able to establish a code of principles that would command the willing and affectionate acceptance of all men amid all the changing circumstances of life. Only Jesus Christ could do that. Hence His gospel is not only the noblest revelation of God to man, but also a political document of the highest rank, as the centuries to come will most certainly demonstrate. Throughout the Middle Ages the Catholic Church was the sole recognized interpreter of this gospel. Her decisions were law. Her comments were final. She did not call on men to obey a human will; it was the divine figure and will of Jesus that she held up before men. It was not by preaching herself or her achievements that she compelled the unwilling submission of the most violent men the world has seen, men in whose blood the barbarian strain was still hot and arrogant. Let any one read the great "Papal Letters" of the Middle Ages, the letters of Gregory I. to King Ethelbert, of Gregory VII. to Henry IV. of Germany, of Alexander III. to Henry II. of England, of Innocent III. to all the potentates of Europe, and the magnificent letters of the nonagenarian Gregory IX. to Frederick II., and he will be as-

tounded at the richness and abundance of pure gospel teaching, at the cogency of the texts, at the vigor and apostolic candor of their application. Judges and prophets, bishops and apostles,—these men speak as man never spoke before. And when their utterances were heralded in a few weeks all over Europe by the swiftest processes then known to man, the innocent looked up and rejoiced, the oppressed breathed easier, those who hungered and thirsted for justice had their desire fulfilled. The tyrant shook on his throne and all the ministers of religion felt that an invincible force had been infused into them. The moral battle had been won; let gross might do its worst. Kings of every nation quailed before those dread spiritual arrows; minor potentates stifled their evil passions for very fear of Rome; the unholy and impure let go the estates that they had robbed, either from the weak or from the Church; the usurer lifted his hand from the throat of his victim; the orphans' rights were vindicated and the widows' portion restituted. The holy law of monogamous marriage, of one man to one woman, was successfully defended; kingdoms were risked, and one day lost, for the sake of a principle. To all the sacredness of life was declared again and again

— "Thou shalt not kill" — neither thy neighbor in unjust violence, nor thyself as God's own, nor the child in the womb. In a century of savage anarchy she declared the famous Truce of God that practically prevented warfare for more than half the year. Her altars were always places of refuge against hasty and unjust vengeance. She forbade any one to mount the steps of those altars whose hand was stained with the blood of his fellow-man. In that long night of storm and conflict she was everywhere the White Angel of Peace, everywhere, like the Valkyries, a presence hovering over the multitudinous scene of battle, but not like them an urger of death — rather the vicarious voice of God, His gentle spouse, bidding the hell of angry selfishness subside — appealing, in season and out of season, to the conscience of mankind, its natural probity, above all to the love and the will of the Crucified One.

And so her own law grew, — men called it in time the Canon Law, — *i.e.* the law made up of the rules and regulations established by the authority of the Church. She disdained no human help and she loaned her strength to many a humane and good measure. But the substance of it all is the gospel; the spirit of it

is one of peace, of friendly composition and arbitration where possible; its very punishments have — what was unknown to the laws of mankind before her — a medicinal or healing character. Hitherto men were punished as a revenge of society for transgressing its collective will. Now men are punished that they may enter into themselves and be enlightened, and seeing, be made to walk as straight as they see; that is, be corrected.

Think of this legislation gradually spreading over all Europe from Sicily to Iceland, accepted as a quasi-divine code by all, and one sees at once what a stern but enduring discipline was imposed on men's hearts. Obedience was hard, but it was useful. It was humiliating, but it cleansed and comforted. It was painful, but it made men Godlike, since it was exercised to imitate and please Him who had first given the most splendid example of obedience. The Lombard Gastaldo at Friuli, and the Duke at Spoleto, the Frank Comes at Tours or Limoges, the Exarch at Ravenna, the Herzog in the Marches, all looked on and wondered and trembled at the popular submission to one weak man's will. For the first time moral dignity prevailed, and the authoritative sentence of the

successor of the Fisherman had more weight than the laws of a dozen kings. This was a great step, for it lifted the administration of justice out of and beyond the sphere of the personal and temporary into a high and serene atmosphere. It made the face of the judge to shine with a light reflected from heaven. It gave a kind of immortality to every utterance. It was like a new stringer laid on the fair and holy walls of the temple of justice. The decisions of one pope were sacred to his successor, and the wicked had the assurance that there was no reopening of their career before a tribunal that had judged them by the law of God.

Such an authority, sacred and intangible by reason of long and useful services to European society, could deal with all civil authorities on the highest level. It had nothing to gain from flattery and nothing to fear from their ill-will. It had known the gloom of the Catacombs, the turbulent and selfish fondness of the first Christian emperors, the whims and vagaries of the barbarous nations turned Christian. It is no exaggeration to say that the civil authority of the Middle Ages is the disciple of the Church. It learned from her the nature, scope, and spirit of authority. It got through her the most

monumental expression of that authority, the immortal law of Rome. It got from her a higher and more useful concept of punishment. It learned from her a hundred uses of authority that were unknown before. It learned how to temper severity with mildness; how to restrain the ardor of justice by equity and prudence; how to insist on the written evidence and to preserve the records; how to surround justice with the due solemnity, and to grant to all concerned those proper delays that are needed to prevent the triumph of wrong through error, ignorance, or chance. Many of these things are, indeed, the legacies of the Roman law of procedure. But we must remember that centuries before the Roman law was taught in the schools of Europe it was the law that the Church and her clergy governed by, and by which they governed themselves in their synods and trials. Its procedure was made her own from the beginning and through her entered the chanceries and justice-halls of all Europe.

Whatever was the actual belief of Shakespeare, his genius was certainly Catholic in the largest sense. He has always the true philosophic note when he touches her institutions. And so his bishops are the embodiment of law and

order. The principles of justice, the equity of war and peace, the nice points that affect the king's conscience, are decided by them. In "Henry V.," the king invokes the judgment of the bishops as to the moral character of his contemplated expedition against France.

> "My learned lord, we pray thee to proceed,
> And justly and religiously unfold
> Why the law Salique that they have in France
> Or should or should not bar us in our claim.
> * * * * * * *
> And we will hear, note and believe in heart
> That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
> As pure as sin in baptism." — Act I., Scene 1.

The whole trend of public opinion in the Middle Ages was so overwhelmingly in this sense that it would have seemed an anachronism to have made the bishops of England assume an attitude different from what they had always held in ages gone by. So, too, in the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation that theoretically dominated the political situation in Europe, the chancellor of the empire was always the Archbishop of Trier, and as such was the emperor's spiritual adviser in all that pertained to justice or equity in public affairs or enterprises. In other words, the great States of Europe grew from infancy to manhood under

the solemn and public tutelage of the Catholic Church. What is good and lasting in their government they owe to her; what is faulty and imperfect to their own inordinate ambitions.

The greatest public act that could fall to a churchman to perform in the Middle Ages was the anointing and coronation of a king. It is among the solemn acts reserved to a bishop, and as such is found in the Roman Pontifical. In one of the great prayers said over the new king, the Catholic Church has herself given the character, measure, and spirit of the civil duties of a regent of the people. It is almost a summary of her own career throughout the shifting and difficult circumstances of mediæval life.

VI.

Such a power as the Catholic Church, deeply rooted in history and in the hearts of all the nations of Europe, had necessarily a more than ordinary influence on the *social life of the people* and the institutions in which it manifested itself. I cannot do more than touch summarily on some important points. Those institutions that affect woman are fundamental in every society. With

an instinct both true and keen, the Catholic Church, at the break-up of the old Greek and Roman world, set herself to protect the weaker sex. It was now a world in which the example of the strong and the rich was all contagious. Bravely and persistently she resisted the attempts of the aristocracy from emperor and king downward to introduce polygamy. As the great nobles grew independent they grew restless under the restraint imposed upon ordinary men and asserted for themselves immunity from the law of the gospel. But they found in the popes and the Catholic clergy, generally, a wall of brass that they essayed in vain to overthrow. The history of her marriage legislation, of her dealing with divorce, is one of the proudest pages in the life of the mediæval Church. In every nation of Europe the battle had to be fought over and over again, and always with the same result, "Thou shalt not." We have yet, for example, the admirable letters written by Innocent III. to Ingelberge, the repudiated wife of Philip Augustus. They furnish a sufficient commentary on the long catalogue of royal matrimonial causes that were ever before the Roman court through the Middle Ages. The impediments that she

placed to certain marriages had each its own justification in history, in the relations with the civil power, or in that sure instinct of what was for the welfare of the people that I have already referred to. Thus the impediment of close relationship acted very efficaciously in preventing the accumulation of land and power in the hands of a few families, not to speak of other useful consequences. It must be remembered that, as to those impediments that she created by positive enactment or by hallowing custom, she must be judged from the view-point of the times and the circumstances. Apropos of the transmission of wealth, had the mediæval clergy been a married clergy, the wealth of Europe would have passed to their children, their great benefices would have been hereditary, and instead of an humble class of men rising by their own efforts to the highest rank, we should have seen the great prizes of the ecclesiastical life handed down by the laws of human affection, with the invariable decay of every ecclesiastical virtue and the spiritual ruin of the European population.

If the Church built high the barrier about woman in some directions, in others she left her a freedom unknown to the ancients and opened

to her a career of extraordinary utility. No one might coerce her into marriage; the cloister was ever open. Only those who know how uncertain the perpetual turbulence of the Middle Ages made the condition of woman, how sad the life of the widow, the orphan, the desolate maiden, can appreciate the benefit that these holy refuges were to women in this stormy period. Woman governed freely such institutions, and when they arose to prominence, her position was only less enviable than that of a queen. As abbess of a great mediæval monastery, she disposed of many and vast estates and revenues, and enjoyed in her own person the highest distinctions of Church and State. In marriage the freedom of her consent was especially safeguarded; her position and rights were the same as those of the husband, and if she was inferior in what pertained to the disposition of property, it must not be forgotten that mediæval life was in many respects different from our own, that man alone could bear the burdens of life as it was then lived. The bishop's court in the Middle Ages was another benefit to woman. Usually it was the court for wills and testaments, and well it was, for the bishop was naturally the father of the helpless and the lowly.

Of two other conditions of life I shall say but one word — the poor and the slave. So long as a monastery existed, no poor man could go hungry, and the duty of giving to the hungry and the poor was looked on everywhere as the holiest of all. War, pestilence, famine, worked their ravages, it is true, but in ordinary life the hungry and starving poor were rare in mediæval Europe. Nor was this accomplished by statute law, nor with painful humiliation, but in love, for Jesus' sake, because He, too, had been a poor man; because the poor man bore the likeness and image of the Creator even as his richer brother; because, after all, the rich man was only the steward of his wealth and not its absolute owner. As for slavery, the Church did not formally abolish it, but it was incompatible with her doctrine and life. It gradually lapsed into servage; the serf was attached to the soil, a great blessing for him. He was often the Church's own man, and so he gradually merged into the free peasant, very largely through the agency of local churches, only too anxious to preserve on their lands the same families, with their knowledge of the soil and their loyalty to the owners.

As to money itself and its functions, the

mediæval Church knew not our wonderful development of industry and commerce. It was an agricultural world, and money did not seem productive in itself. Usury was the supremest hardship for the poor, as it is yet felt in purely agricultural lands like Russia and India. It was forbidden under the severest penalties, and out of sympathy with the multitudes that would otherwise have suffered incredibly in a time when their little bit of land, their crops, and their implements were all that nine out of ten poor men could ever hope to own. As to the uses of wealth itself, the ideas of the Middle Ages were thoroughly humane, even grandiose. Surplus wealth was not man's, but God's. The owner was the steward, the administrator, and he was bound, after providing for the suitable support of his own, according to their estate in life, to bestow it in other good works. Moreover, thereby he could atone while yet alive for his shortcomings; he could further the relief of the poor, the weak, and friendless; he could be a helper of God in the government of this world; he could root out the ugliest of all social cancers, the cancer of ignorance; he could elevate to God's glory a noble temple; he could provide the sweet boon of education for those who would

never know its uses had not some generous soul been moved by such ideas. So common were these views that it was seldom a man or woman died without making some provision for the poor, for religion, for education. These moneys in turn flowed back into the community, and a perpetual exchange of good offices went on between the individual and the institution his generosity either created or sustained. So much money was given to education in Germany just before the Reformation that Martin Luther used to say it was almost impossible for a child to go ignorant under the papacy. So education, architecture, the fine arts, the social needs, were forever provided for by the overflowing treasury of popular gift, and the Catholic people in turn escaped the danger of idealizing their wealth and hoarding it too jealously against a future that they had no means of controlling. Thus, for instance, arose countless grammar schools in Scotland and England that were so numerous before the Reformation that the poorest boy could get a classical education in his own town and thereby enter the clergy. In Germany, France, and Italy, a similar education was to be had with almost the same ease, and that meant in those days the open door to office, preferment,

and wealth. Countless associations were endowed for the care of the poor, the burial of the dead, the dowering of poor girls, and the relief of every form of misery. If men made money largely, they spent it generously and intelligently. There was, perhaps, no time in the history of mankind, not even our own last few years, when men devoted to public uses so large a portion of their wealth. Not the least cause of it was the Catholic doctrine of the utility of good works for the welfare of the soul. Old churches were repaired; new ones were built all over Europe. Indeed, both Dr. Janssen and Dom Gasquet have shown, not only that the generosity of the fifteenth century was as great proportionately as that of any other age of the Church, but that it was extremely popular in kind, *i.e.* that down to the eve of the Reformation the people generally accepted the mediæval view of the uses of money, notably for the common good. Shakespeare, who is so often the perfect echo of mediæval thought and temper, puts into the mouth of the good Griffith as the best praise of the fallen Woolsey that he had built two noble schools for the education of youth, — a grammar school and a university college: —

Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he reared in you
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other unfinished yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."
— "Henry VIII.," Act IV., Scene 1.

VII.

In the early Middle Ages the *sense of the common weal* was very imperfect. The Wandering Nations had developed the kingship through long and permanent conflicts, first among themselves, and then with Rome. But we see on all sides among them the rudest and most original independence. Here the great unity and centralization of the Church were as models to the State, that little by little arose to a similar concept. We have only to follow, for instance, the history of France from the days of Gregory of Tours to the foundation of the Capetian monarchy, to see how the churchmen contributed to the unification and solidarity of that great State. So, too, in England, the separate little kingdoms are brought ever closer together under the influence of Canterbury, its bishops, its synods, and the general unity of ecclesiastical life that was

there constantly visible since the time of St. Augustine. The mixed synods and councils of the early Middle Ages in England, Germany, France, Spain, were also a training school for the lay governors of society. They learned from the better educated ecclesiastics how to conduct popular assemblies with something more than the rude simplicity of their German forefathers by the Rhine or the Elbe.

They learned, as we have seen, the use of written records, the patient sustaining of contradiction, the yielding to the majority, the power of eloquence and learning. But they learned something holier still — to look on public life from a moral point of view, to consider their offices as a trust from God, to become familiar with the idea that all power was from God and not from their great spears and their strong arms. Little by little generations of rulers were formed who owned enlightened consciences and listened to them, instead of the wild passions that were once their sole guides. Far deeper and more immediate than the influences of Rome and Greece on the modern state are the Christian influences. These are original and organic, the former academic and secondary. Later, indeed, the

common missionary enterprises, the opposition to Islam, the Crusades, bound all Christendom together in links of common sacrifice and ideals that could nevermore be forgotten.

I have already called attention to the signal services rendered by the Church in all that pertains to the administration of justice, the corner-stone of human society. In the preservation of the Roman procedure, the new views of the nature and uses of punishment as a "medicinalis operatio," in the obstacle that the right of asylum set against unjust vindictive haste, in the introduction of written evidence, she saved some admirable old elements and added some new ones to the civil life of European peoples.

The sanctity of oaths was insisted on by her, and the utmost horror of perjury inculcated. In the great mediæval veneration for the relics of the saints and martyrs and confessors she found a fresh means of compelling veracity and obedience on the part of the wicked and tyrannical. Many a wild baron or marauding noble cowered when he was asked to swear or promise by the relics of St. Cuthbert or St. Columbanus, St. Genevieve or St. Martin, and gave back ill-gotten gains that a king could not have taken from him.

VIII.

If we would understand well the Middle Ages, we must ever keep in view that in those times public life was dominated by two great functional ideas — the sense of *personality* and the sense of *responsibility*. Throughout those centuries, it was the universal persuasion that the final end of society was the perfection of each individual soul, or rather, its individual salvation. Not the comforts of life, nor an increasing refinement and complexity of earthly pleasures, not the scouring of earth and sea to minister to one hour's enjoyment, were the ideals of the best men and women of those times. Neither did they seek in the organic development of the collective unit, the earthly society, their last and sufficient end. To them it seemed that human society was organized, not as an end in itself, but as a means to enable men to know, love, and serve the Master on this earth and be happy with Him in the next. Whatever furthered these views of life was good, and all things were bad or indifferent in the measure that they fell away from or were useless for this end. This is why the great men of the Middle Ages are not its warriors, not its legislators, not even its great priests and bishops, but

its saints. In a closer personal union with God men found the highest uses and meanings of life. It was a temperament essentially spiritual, mystic, that forever urged men and women to neglect, even despise, what was temporary or earthly, to aspire to a world beyond the low horizon of threescore-ten and the grave. Holiness, a godlike purity of mind and heart, thorough detachment from the mortal and attachment to the immortal and the divine, was the keynote of this thousand years.

During this time it is in saintly men like Patrick, Columbanus, Benedict, Boniface, Norbert, Bernard, Thomas of Aquino, Dominic, and Francis of Assisi; in saintly women like Bridget, Radegunda, Cunegonda, Elizabeth, Catharine of Sienna, that we must look for the fine flower of Christian growth. Since the Renaissance, with its reassertion of the basic principles of paganism, it has been ever more fashionable to tax the Middle Ages with an impossible mysticism, with an unjust contempt for the beauty and comfort of the human body, with a false view of man's relations to the earth on which he lives and subsists, and the society to which he necessarily belongs. It is not my purpose just now to defend the mediæval view, other than to say that

they read the gospel simply and candidly, and took this meaning from the teachings of Jesus: that they were to seek first the kingdom of God and the justice thereof; that they were to imitate the earthly life of Jesus Christ; that His precepts and counsels were preferable to all suggestions of nature or experience; that He came on earth to reveal a new and higher life, in which men should be as free of the flesh and its limitations and perversions as God's grace could make them. They read in the gospel the praise and example of virginity, the assurance that the figure of this world passes away like stubble in a furnace, that for every idle word an account should be rendered, that the duties of religion and of charity, the devotion of self for others, were obligatory on those who would be perfect Christians. They were not always skilled logicians, at least not until Aristotle got a chair in the Christian schools, and they lived more by the heart than by the manual of the statesman or the formulas of the chemist. Therefore, to be brief, the Middle Ages are more a period of noble personalities than of popularized science, a time of strong, trenchant individualism, when each man and each woman leave a mark on the life about them. There are those who believe that there

is more magnetism, more genuine inspiration, in such a world and life than in a period of golden but general elevation, when all is mediocre by the mere fact that no one rises much above the general level. Just so, there are those who believe that the rude hard life of the early history of our country developed more superior character than the cosmopolitan perfection we now enjoy; that the strenuous days of the pioneers brought out more virtue than the finished municipal organism of the present; that the true use of history consists in the great characters it reveals and uplifts; that one view of the solitary white peaks of the Rockies is worth a week's journey across the fat plains of the Red River or Manitoba.

Just because the view of life popular in the Middle Ages pivoted on personality, it was replete to the saturation point with a *sense of responsibility.* How this affected the relations of man with God I have just indicated. It was the true source of sanctity, and its prevalence is shown by the great multitude of holy men and women who meet us on every page of mediæval history and in every stage of its evolution. In man's dealings with society, it affected profoundly his concept of public office. According to Christian teaching all power comes from God

and is held for the benefit of one's fellow-mortals. It is not a personal inheritance, a thing transmissible or to be disposed of by private will. Power over others is vicarious, the act of an agent, and as such its use is to be accounted for. The Church had not to go far to impress that idea on the clergy. It was brought out in letters of gold in the pastoral epistles of St. Paul, who only develops the idea set forth in the gospel. It was otherwise with the civil power. The lucky soldier who rose to wear the imperial purple had no education save that of the camp. The fierce Frank or Burgundian noble who had waded through blood to the high seat of Merovingian kingship thought only to enjoy the fruit of his courage and good fortune. But they met a priest at the foot of the throne who warned them that the power was not theirs, but a trust from God; they heard a voice from the altar on holydays depicting the true kingship, that of David, of Solomon, of Constantine, of Gratian. They met at the council-table venerable bishops and abbots who discussed all methods from a view-point of divine revelation — notably of Christian history and the spirit of Jesus Christ. There was anger enough at this perpetual schooling, wild outbursts of passion that they could

have no peace with these obstinate priests, fierce excesses of cruelty and periods of reaction. But the Catholic clergy succeeded in stilling the furnaces of passion that were the barbarian royal hearts, and in creating a public opinion in favor of an ideal Christian ruler. And when once a great ruler like Charlemagne had risen to incarnate so many Christian public virtues of a master of men, his memory was held in benediction by all, and his shadow fell across all the centuries to come, blotting out the irregular and bloody past, and forecasting the great royal saints of a later day — a Henry of Germany, an Elizabeth of Thuringia, an Edward of England, a Stephen of Hungary, a Louis of France, a Wenceslaus of Bohemia. In time, this practical education of mediæval rulers became academic, and we have a long catalogue of "instructions" for kings, "warnings" for kings, beginning with the golden booklet of the deacon Agapetus to his master the great Emperor Justinian, and coming down over seven hundred years to the fine treatise attributed to St. Thomas Aquinas, "On the Government of Princes." You will see little reference to such in the ordinary histories of pedagogy. Yet they have had profound influence in forming royal youth at a time when

the happiness of peoples depended much on the personality of their rulers. Public office was therefore a quasi-priestly thing in the Middle Ages, a trust, a deposit, and the proper administration of it a knightly thing, something to affect the conscience almost like the honor of the soldier or the good name of woman.

No doubt there was plenty of human weakness, plenty of hideous contradiction of those ideals. But the ideals themselves were held up and even realized. Thereby no European people could fall into utter servitude morally and mentally like the subjects of imperial Rome or the millions of bureaucratic China. In the resplendent gospel of Jesus Christ, in the self-identical and constant teachings of His Church, in the great and shining examples of His saints, there was a source of self-judgment and self-uplifting that could never be quite dried up, and which, from time to time, the Angel of Reform came down and touched with salutary effect.

IX.

There is a story told of Ataulf, the general of the Goths and the successor of Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, at the beginning of this period, that he had long meditated the extinction of the

whole Roman power, and the substitution of Gothic life and habits throughout Europe. He was held back from this act by the reflection that without the laws of Rome he could not think of governing the world. Barbarian as he was, he had seized the first principle of good government, the creation of laws at once stable and equitable, tried by experience and adapted to the circumstances of the age and civilization. In the course of a thousand years Rome had built up such a system — *the Roman law.* Tradition, experience, equity, philosophy, religion, had contributed each its share, and the eminently practical and sober genius of the Roman people had welded the whole into a fabric that yet stands, the admiration of all thinking men.

When the Middle Ages opened, with the military cunning and strength of Rome departed and a dozen barbarian nations camped triumphantly over the Europe that Rome had subdued and civilized, this law of Rome, the basis of her great Peace and Order, the "Pax Romana" that she had established, was in the greatest danger of perishing. Indeed, it would have perished, save for the Catholic Church. By saving the law of Rome as her own law, she saved to all future society the idea and example, the spirit

and the principles, of social authority in the State, such as it had been evolved at Rome in the long conflict of peoples and races that kept steadily widening from the Tiber to the extremities of the habitable world. The homely republican virtues of Old Rome, the humane and discriminating soul of Greek philosophy, the vast ambitions of the Orient, the tradition of a golden age of equality and simplicity, the profound knowledge of the average human mind and its norms of action, a religious respect for distributive justice, a great sense of the utility and loveliness of peace and harmony — all these are so many visible traits or elements of the Roman law that render it applicable in all times to all mankind — what St. Augustine used to call "human reason itself set down in writing."

This law the Catholic Church through Europe elected to live by herself, at a time when every barbarian had the rude law of his own forest or mountains. Wherever a Catholic bishop governed, or a priest went as a missionary, he bore with him the fulness of the law of Rome. It clung to his person when the civil centres were laid desolate, Rome, Milan, London and York, Saragossa, Paris, Trier, Cologne. The law of

contracts, the law of last wills and testaments, the laws that govern the life of the citizen in the walled town and the peasant in the open field, the general principles and the practical case-law that Rome had been creating from the Rhine to the Euphrates and from the Grampians to Mount Atlas, were now in the custody of the same hands that bore aloft the gospel through the forests of Germany, or uplifted the Christian sacrifice over the smoking ruins of the proudest cities of ancient Europe.

It is owing to the Catholic Church that we now enjoy a regular procedure in the administration of law. Our legal procedure is substantially that of the Roman law. The barbarian peoples long detested the regular slow order of Roman justice. They despised the written proof, the summoning of witnesses, the delays, exceptions, and appeals that secure the innocent or helpless from oppression, and compel even the most reluctant to acknowledge the justice of condemnation. In all these centuries the Church applied this procedure to her own clerics in every land, and embodied it in the Canon Law that was the same the world over, as Roman law had been the same the world over. The justice of the barbarian was summary, violent, and productive of endless

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vendettas. The terrible German Faustrecht, the Vehmgerichte of the Middle Ages, like the work of our lynching committees, were a last relic of what was once universal. After the fall of the Roman power, there was no one but the Catholic Church to represent the social authority as such over against the wild and savage feelings of a multitude of barbarians, intoxicated with the glory of conquest and the riches of the degenerate but luxurious world of Gaul and Italy. When Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, was distributing the booty after a great battle, he set aside for himself a tall and precious vase. Thereupon a great Frank stepped out of the ranks, and with his spear shattered the vase in pieces. "O King, thou shalt have thy share," he cried, "and no more!" Clovis swallowed his wrath. The next year while reviewing his army, he passed before his bold contradictor, and noticing some negligence about his dress, bade him correct it. As the latter stooped to tie the string of his shoe, the king lifted his own huge spear and drove it through the neck of the soldier. Thus a victorious king administered justice, and it is typical of what went on for centuries through Europe.

It was the bishops of the Church who induced

the barbarians to temper their own laws and customs with the law of Rome. And whatever laws we study — those of France, or Germany, or Spain, or England, or Ireland — we shall find that when we come to the line where they emerge from barbarism or paganism, the transition is effected by Catholic bishops and priests. Throughout the Middle Ages all law was looked on as coming from God, as holy, and therefore in a way subject to the approval and custody of the Church. It was the crown of the moral order, the basis of right conduct, and hence the royal chanceries of Europe were always governed by an ecclesiastic, whose duty it was to enlighten the king's conscience, and to see that neither the gospel nor the spirit of it were infringed.

The hasty, vindictive quality of barbarian justice was long tempered by the Right of Asylum, which the churches and great monasteries afforded. The greatest criminals could find shelter there, as in the Cities of Refuge of Israel, if not against punishment, at least against punishment without trial or defence.

On the judge's bench one could often see the Catholic bishop, sometimes administering the law of the State by order of the king, sometimes the counsellor of a soldier or noble ignorant of

law and procedure, sometimes the defender of a town or city overburdened with taxes or tributes, sometimes the lawyer of the oppressed and the innocent. He is the real man of law, the real representative of order and justice, and for many long centuries the whole fabric of society depended on the succession of good and devoted men in the hierarchy of the Church throughout Europe. They kept alive the sanctity of oaths, without which there is no sure justice. The latter is based on the fear of God, and only the Catholic Church could emphasize that idea in those ages of bloodshed and violence. It was well that such men feared something — the anger of God, the wrath of the saints over whose relics they swore, the pains of hell — otherwise there would have been no bounds to the arbitrary excesses of a feudal aristocracy that despised all beneath it, and was ready to cut down with the sword any attempt to dominate it. Let any one read the private lives of some Merovingian and Caroling kings, or the annals that tell the story of Italy in the tenth century and again in the fourteenth, and he will see to what depths of impious blasphemy the mediæval man could sink when he once lost his fear of the Catholic Church.

It was the Catholic clergy who taught these barbarians how to administer society, who wrote out the formulas of government, the charters, the diplomas, the numerous documents needed to carry on the smallest community where there is any respect for property, office, personal rights and duties. From the registry of fields and houses to the correspondence between king and king, between emperor and pope, all the writing of the Middle Ages was long in the hands of the clergy. Thereby they saved to the commonwealths of Europe in their infancy no little remnant of old Roman habits of government, traditions of economy, order, equity, that they had taken over from the hands of the laymen of Rome during the fifth century, when the empire was breaking up every year, like a ship upon cruel rocks in a night of storm and despair.

In these centuries the frequent synods and councils of the bishops and priests were to the world of Europe what our Parliament and Congress are to-day. The brain and the heart of Europe was then the Catholic clergy. In their frequent meetings the barbarian could see how to conduct a public assembly, the distinction of rank and office, the uses of written records and

documents, the individual self-assertion, and the vote by majorities, the appeals to experience, to history, to past meetings, to the law of God in the Old and New Testament. He could see the stern and even justice dealt out by the ecclesiastics to their own delinquent members — deposition, degradation, exile. He could see how these churchmen, when gathered together, feared no earthly power, and asserted the rights of the poor and the lowly against every oppression, however high placed. He could see how they feared no condition of men, and reproved popular vices as well as royal lust and avarice. He could see how every order and estate in the Church had its right to representation in these synods and councils. The day will come in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries when civil parliaments will arise — the first germs of the great legislative bodies of our day — but their cradle will always remain the mediæval meeting in which churchmen, and often the laymen with them, laid the first beams of constitutional government.

X.

When we say that the Catholic Church was the principal almost the only *educator of the*

Middle Ages, we assert a fact that to all historians is as evident as sunlight. To begin with, all the schools were hers. Such schools as were saved here and there in Southern France and Northern Italy out of the wreck of the Roman State and Empire were saved by her. Her bishops, indeed, from the fifth to the eighth century were more bent on the defence of the weak and the poor than on aught else, on the conquest of the barbarian character, the quenching of its fires of avarice, luxury, lawlessness. Nevertheless, many were patrons of learning, like St. Avitus of Vienne, from whose writings Milton did not disdain to borrow more than one beauty of his "Paradise Lost"; St. Cæsarius of Arles, a patron of learning whose relative, St. Cæsaria, was one of the first to impose on the nuns of her community the copying and illumination of manuscripts; St. Nicetius of Trier, St. Gregory of Tours, and many other similar men. But, generally, all such men considered that they were in a conflagration, in a storm; the principal education was that of their wild and ferocious masters. Let any one read the pages of Gregory of Tours in his Ecclesiastical History of the Franks, or the charming volume of Augustine Thierry on the Merovingian kings and their

courts, and he will understand what a great and hard task lay before these Gallo-Roman bishops, who stood for law and order and civilization, as well as religion, against victorious barbarians whose veneer of refinement only hid the hottest fires of human passion.

The schools which every Catholic bishop from the beginning necessarily conducted, in order to keep up an enlightened clergy, were never abandoned. The archdeacon, in this savage time, looked after them. They are numerous in Gaul, in Italy, in Spain. The classics are studied in them, the history of the Christian Church, the laws of the Church and the State. Schoolmasters arose, like Boethius, Cassiodorus, and later the saintly Bede, Isidore of Seville, and Alcuin, not to speak of the multitude of Irish masters. The manuals and teaching of these men lasted in many places fully one thousand years. It was not the highest standard of learning, but it was all that could be hoped for, and much more than the great majority wanted in a period of blood and iron, when society was a-forming again, and men could seriously ask themselves whether one hour of bestial enjoyment was not worth a century of study. Side by side with the numerous episcopal schools went the little

schools of the new monasteries, where the novices of the Benedictines, the children of their peasants, those of the nobles who had any idealism, could and did learn the principles and elements of reading, writing, arithmetic, eloquence, music, geometry, and geography. The art of handwriting was kept up, and the skill of the ancients in decorating manuscripts was saved. Out of it, as out of a chrysalis, shall one day come a Raphael and a Michael Angelo. The bishops profited by the good dispositions of Charlemagne and other upright kings, like Alfred of England, to inculcate a love of learning and to keep alive their schools and the supply of masters — no easy thing in the darkest days of the Middle Ages, when culture was timid and stay-at-home. Much refinement was kept alive within the peaceful precincts of the nunneries all over Europe. The noble pages of Count Montalembert on the Anglo-Saxon nuns ought to be read by all. The art of embroidery, of lace-working, of delicate handiwork in cloth and leather, the skill in illuminating and the covering of books, the domestic art of cooking, the arts that flourish in the immediate shadow of the altar, and those nameless graces of adornment that woman bears everywhere with her as

an atmosphere — all flourished in these homes of virtue, calm and reserved amid the din of war, themselves an element of education in Christian eyes, since they upheld the great basic principles of our religion — self-restraint and self-denial.

We shall leave to the Arabs of Spain the merit and the credit honestly due them for their refinement and their civilization at a time when Christendom was surely inferior in many ways. But the Christendom of the ninth and tenth centuries was necessarily armed to the teeth against these very Spanish Arabs, in whose blood the new tinge of Greek culture, caught from learned Jews and Oriental Christianity, was too weak surely to withstand the hot current of the desert that surged successfully within them. Christianity has what no other religion has — a divine power of reform, which is nothing else than an uplifting of the common heart to its Divine Founder, a cry of Peccavi, and an honest resolution to live again by His spirit and His principles. It cannot, therefore, sink beneath a certain level, cannot become utterly sensual, utterly barbarous and pagan.

The Middle Ages had two schools, wherein the individual heart could always, at any and

every moment, rise to the highest level — the worship of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the loving veneration of His Blessed Mother. The former was a perpetual spring of noble conceptions of life, a spur of godliness, an incentive to repentance, a live coal on every altar, whose perfume penetrated all who approached, and attracted and consumed with the holiest of loves the very susceptible hearts of mediæval men and women not yet "blasés" with the deceptions of materialism, yet living in and by faith, yet believing in God, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. All the architecture and fine arts of the Middle Ages are there. They are thank-offerings, creations of love, and as such, stamped with an individual something, a personal note that disappears when faith grows cold. In the "Lauda Sion Salvatorem," of St. Thomas, we hear the most majestic expression of the influence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament on the daily spiritual life of mediæval Europe, just as the Duomo of Orvieto reflects His action upon the hearts of the artists of Italy, and the feast of Corpus Christi enshrines forever His plastic transforming power in the widening and deepening of the Christian liturgy.

As to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Middle

Ages were solicited on all sides by the mystery and the beauty of this type. Only once did it enter the mind of man to imagine in one and the same woman the serenity of the noblest matron, the pathos of the most loving mŏtherhood, and the white splendor of stainless maidenhood! Only once did the heavens bend so close to the earth, and leave a human heart glorified as a pledge of their love, as an earnest of their value and their reality, as a souvenir of long-forgotten days of primal innocence and joy! With an unerring Greek sense of order and beauty, the earliest Christian artists seized on this new, transforming, moulding idea. They saw in it something sacramental, something that was at once a symbol and a force. Jesus had proclaimed that God was love, and His religion therefore a service of love. In the Maiden Mary that idea of love was tangible, immediate, eloquent, in our poor human way.

True, there was the supreme beauty of the Godhead, of Jesus Christ! But that was an original, flawless, essential beauty. It shone all too remotely, too sternly and solemnly; the earthly element was there, indeed, but suffering, shot through with hideous streaks of sorrow and debasement.

But here in this type of the Mother and Child that divine love which is the root and the crown of Christianity, its sap and support, is brought within human reach. We can handle its strong fires, as it were, without being scorched or wasted by them.[1] Between the puissant Maker,

[1] "Rugged and unlovely, indeed, was all that the outward aspect of religion at first presented to the world; it was the contrast presented by the dim and dreary Catacombs underground to the pure and brilliant Italian sky and the monuments of Roman wealth and magnificence above. But in that poor and mean society, which cared so little for the things of sense and sight, there were nourished and growing up — for, indeed, it was the Church of the God of all glory and all beauty, the chosen home of the Eternal Creating Spirit — thoughts of a perfect beauty above this world; of a light and a glory which the sun could never see; of types, in character and in form, of grace, of sweetness, of nobleness, of tenderness, of perfection, which could find no home in time — which were the eternal and the unseen on which human life bordered, and which was to it, indeed, 'no foreign land.' There these Romans unlearned their old hardness and gained a new language and new faculties. Hardly and with difficulty, and with scanty success, did they at first strive to express what glowed with such magnificence to their inward eye, and kindled their souls within them. Their efforts were rude — rude in art, often hardly less rude in language. But that divine and manifold idea before them, they knew that it was a reality; it should not escape them, though it still baffled them — they would not let it go. And so, step by step, age after age, as it continued to haunt their minds, it gradually grew into greater distinctness and expression. From the rough attempts in the Catacombs or the later mosaics, in all their roughness so instinct with the majesty and tenderness and severe sweetness of the thoughts which inspired them — from the emblems and types and figures, the trees and rivers of Paradise, the dove of peace, the palms of triumph, the Good Shepherd, the heart no longer 'desiring,' but at last *tasting* 'the waterbrooks,' from the faint and hesitating adumbrations of the most awful of human countenances — from all

the omniscient Judge, and our littleness there is interposed a thoroughly human figure of sympathy, pity, and tenderness all made up, herself the most lovely creation of the divine hands, and yet the most human of our kind.

XI.

I make only passing reference to the *great universities* of the Middle Ages. Every one knows that from Paris to Glasgow, from Bologna to Aberdeen, they are papal creations, living and thriving on the universal character and privileges they drew from the papal recognition. Only a universal world-power like the papacy could create schools of universal knowledge, and lend to their degrees a universal value. I hasten to bring out some less familiar views of the influences of Catholicism as an educational force. There are many kinds of education, and not all of it is gotten from books or under the shadow of the pedagogue's severe visage.

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these feeble but earnest attempts to body forth what the soul was full of, Christian art passed, with persistent undismayed advance, through the struggles of the Middle Ages to the inexpressible delicacy and beauty of Giotto and Fra Angelico, to the Last Supper of Leonardo, to the highest that the human mind ever imagined of tenderness and unearthly majesty, in the Mother and the Divine Son of the Madonna di San Sisto." — Dean Church in "Gifts of Civilization" (1892), pp. 208–9.

It is true that the education given by the Catholic Church was very largely for ecclesiastics. Still, there was a great deal more of lay education than is usually admitted, especially in France and Italy. From the renaissance of the Roman law in the twelfth century, laymen had the most distinguished careers open to them, and as time went on they practically monopolized the great wealth that always follows the complication and intricacies of the law. However, the churchmen used their education, on the whole, for the popular good. *Every cathedral in Europe was a seat of good government.* There traditions of justice and equity were administered with an eye to the new needs of the times. There was learning with charity, affection for the multitudes with inherited practice of self-sacrifice. Often the only power to resist the excesses of feudalism and to insist on the common rights of man was the bishop. In his immortal tale of the "Promessi Sposi," Alessandro Manzoni has drawn with a master-hand the portrait of a great bishop in conflict with a feudal master. That this bishop was really Federigo Borromeo, a near relative of St. Charles Borromeo, does not detract from the truth or interest of the portrayal. Every monastery was

a home of the peaceful arts, domestic and agricultural. The great educational virtues of order, economy, regularity, division of labor, foresight, and the like, were taught in each together with other useful virtues, like patience, humility, submission — those elements of the poor man's philosophy that are as useful to-day when a Tolstoi preaches them, as they were when Christ gave the example that alone makes them practicable, and as they will be when the hot fevers of our changing conditions have burned out, and we settle down again to one of those long cycles of social immobility that have their function in the vast round of human life, as sleep has in the daily life of the individual. By its very nature, the details of the popular education of the Middle Ages escape us. There are no written annals for the poor and the lowly. Yet all over Europe there went on daily a profitable education of the masses as to their true origin and end, the nature value and uses of life, the nature and sanctity of duty, calling, estate. Every church was a forum of Christian politics, where the people were formed easily and regularly by thousands of devoted parish priests, whose names are written in the Book of Life, who walked this earth blamelessly, and who were

the true schoolmasters of European mankind in the days of its infancy and first helpless youth. Let any one read "Ekkehard," the noble historical romance of Victor Scheffel, and the still nobler poem of Weber, "Dreizehnlinden," and he will see, done by two hands of genius, the process that is otherwise written in all the chronicles and laws of Europe, in all its institutions, and the great facts of its history as far as they affect the interests of the people. The countless churches, chapels, oratories, were like so many open museums and galleries, where the eye gained a sense of color and outline, the mind a wider range of historical information, and the heart many a consolation. They were the books of the people, fitted to their aptitudes, located where they were needed, forever open to the reaper in the field, the tired traveller on his way, the women and children of the village or hamlet. They were so many silent pulpits, out of which the loving Jesus looked down and taught men from His cross, from His tabernacle, the true education of equality, fraternity, patience — all healing virtues of His great heart.

From Otranto to Drontheim, from the Hebrides and Greenland to the Black Sea, there went on this effective preaching, this largest possible edu-

cation for real life. In it whole peoples were the pupils, and the Catholic Church was the mistress. When it was done, out of semi-savages she had made polite and industrious nations; out of ignorant and brutal warriors she had made Christian knights and soldiers; out of enemies of the fine arts and their rude destroyers she had made a new world of most cunning artificers and craftsmen; out of the scum and slime of humanity that the Roman beat down with his sword and the Greek drew back from with horror, she had made gentlemen like Bayard and ladies like Blanche of France and Isabel of Castile.

In the history of mankind this was never seen before, and will, perhaps, never be seen again. How was the wonder accomplished that the Slav, dreamy and mystical, should feel and act like the fierce and violent Teuton; that the highly individual and romantic Keltic soul should suffer the yoke of Roman order and discipline? How came it about that all over Europe there was a common understanding as to the principles of life, of mutual human relations, of the dealings of one society with another? How could it be that the word of an aged man at Rome should be borne with the

swiftness of the wind to every little church, to every castled crag, to every forgotten hamlet and remote valley of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and be listened to with reverence and submission? How was this absolute conquest, for conquest it was, of the human heart accomplished? Very largely by the Liturgy of the Catholic Church. It was a conquest of prayer, the public prayer of the Catholic Church. This organized worship of God lies at the basis of all European civilization, and it is the just boast of Catholicism, that such as it is, it is her work. When we take up a Roman Missal, we take up the book that more than any other transformed the world of barbarism. In it lie the ordinary public worship of the Catholic Church, the service of the Mass, the gospels broken up into short paragraphs, the marrow of the life-wisdom of the Old Testament, the deposit of world-experience that her great bishops and priests had gained, profound but true comments of the Church herself, hymns of astonishing beauty, tenderness, and rapture, prayers that are like ladders of light from the heart of man to the feet of his Maker. It is this public prayer that ensouled every church, from the wooden chapels

of Ireland or Norway to the high embossed roof of Westminster or Cologne. This prayer first inflamed the heart of the priest, and put into his mouth a tongue of irresistible conviction, and, therefore, of unction and eloquence. After all, it was nothing but the Scripture of the Old and the New Testament; but it was the Scripture announced, spoken, sung, preached; the Scripture appealing to the public heart with every art that man was capable of using to make it triumph. There was never a more profound historical error than to imagine that the Middle Ages were ignorant of the Scriptures. Let any one who yet labors under the delusion read the epoch-making book of two learned writers, Schwarz and Laib, on the Poor Man's Bible in the Middle Ages.

So there grew up the concept of solidarity, of a Christian people bound together by ties holier and deeper than race, or tongue, or nationality, or human culture could create — a sense of mutual responsibility, a public conscience, and a public will. *What is known as public opinion* is in reality a mediæval product, for then first the world saw all mankind, of Europe at least, possessed of common views and conscious of their moral value and necessity.

In so far as public opinion is an educational

force, it is the result of those frequent appeals that the clergy of the Middle Ages made to a higher law and a higher order of ideas than human ingenuity or force could command — it is the result of a thousand conflicts like those about royal marriages and divorces that at once rise to a supernatural level, of as many dead-locks like that between Henry IV. of Germany and Gregory VII., where the independence, the very existence, of the spiritual power was at stake. The only weapons of the Church were moral ones, popular faith in her office and her rights, universal popular respect for her tangible and visible services, popular affection for her as the mystical Bride of Christ, a popular conviction that she alone stood between armed rapacity and the incipient liberties of the people.

XII.

There is a very subtle and remarkable educational influence of the Catholic Church that is not often appreciated at its full value — I mean her share in the preservation and formation of the *great modern vernaculars*, such as English, German, Irish, the Slavonic tongues. Even languages like French, Italian, and Spanish,

the Romance tongues, formed from the every-day or rustic Latin of the soldiers and the traders of Rome, her peasants and slaves, owe a great deal to the affection and solicitude of the Church. In all these tongues there was always a certain amount of instruction provided for the people. The missionaries had to learn them, to explain the great truths in them, and to deal day by day with the fierce German, the turbulent Slav, the high-spirited Kelt. It has always been the policy of the Catholic Church to respect the natural and traditional in every people so far as they have not gotten utterly corrupted. From Cædmon down, the earliest monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature are nearly all ecclesiastical, and all of it has been saved by ecclesiastics. The earliest extensive written monument of the German tongues is the famous Heliand or paraphrase of the gospel, all imbued with the high warlike spirit of the ancient Teutons. All that we have of the old Gothic tongue, the basis of German philology, has come down to us through the translation of the Bible by the good Bishop Ulfilas out of the Vulgate into Gothic, or from the solicitude of St. Columbanus and his Irish companions to convert the Arian Goths of Lombardy. These languages

were once rude and coarse; they got a high content, the thought of Greece and Rome, through the Catholic churchman. They took on higher and newer grammatical forms in the same way. Spiritual ideas entered them, and a whole world of images and linguistic helps came from a knowledge of the Scriptures that were daily expounded in them. Through the Old Testament the history of the world entered these tongues as explained by Catholic priests. Their pagan coarseness and vulgarity were toned down or utterly destroyed. St. Patrick and his bishops and poets, we are told, examined the Brehon Law of the Irish and blessed it, except what was against the gospel or the natural law. Then he bade the poet Dubtach put a thread of verse about it, that is, cast it into metrical form. The first Irish missionaries in Germany, like St. Gall and St. Kilian, spoke to the people both in Latin and in German, and it is believed that the first German dictionary was their work, for the needs of preaching and intercourse. Some shadow of the majesty of Rome thus fell upon the modern tongues from the beginning, some infusion of the subtleness and delicacy of the Greek mind fell to their lot. The mental toil and victory

and glory of a thousand years were thus saved, at least in part. The Catholic Church was the bridge over which these great and desirable goods came down in a long night of confusion and disorder. The great epics of France and Germany, the Chansons de Geste, were saved in the monasteries or with the connivance of monks, to whom the wandering singers were very dear in spite of their satire and free tongues. The "Chanson de Roland," the "Lied of the Nibelungs," the "Lied of Gudrun," the great Sagas and Edda of the Northland, owe their preservation and no little of their content, color, and form, to the interest of monks and churchmen in the saving of old stories, old fables, and old genealogies, especially after the first period of national conversion had gone by. We have yet in Irish a lovely tale, the "Colloquy of Ossian with St. Patrick," in which the average sympathy of the Old Irish cleric for the relics of the past and his just sense of their spirit and meaning are brought out very vividly and picturesquely.

It is in the Romance languages that the noble institution of chivalry that Léon Gautier has so perfectly described found its best expression; that the roots of all modern poetry

that will live are now known to lie; that the introspective and meditative phases of the literary spirit first showed themselves on a large scale; that the intensely personal note of Christianity comes out quite free and natural, unattended by that distracting perfection of form that the classic Latin and Greek could not help offering; that purely personal virtues like courage, honor, loyalty in man, fidelity, tenderness, gentleness, moral beauty in woman, are brought out as the highest natural goods of life, in contradiction to the Greek and Roman who looked on the great political virtues and the commonwealth, the State itself, as the only fit ideals of humanity. Thereby, to say the least, they excluded the weaker sex from its due share in all life and from public recognition of those excellencies by which alone it could hope to shine and excel. One day the labor of ages blossomed in a perfect and centennial flower, the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, that has ten thousand roots in the daily life, the common doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, and remains forever an unapproachable document of the mediæval genius, indeed, but also the immortal proof of how thoroughly the Catholic Church had educated

the popular mind and heart in all that was good, true, and worthy of imitation, in antiquity as well as in the history that then as now men were making from day to day. He was conscious himself that heaven and earth had built up the poem in his great heart. Perhaps he was also conscious that God was making of him another Homer, another Vergil, out of whose glorious lines all future ages should, even despite themselves, drink a divine ichor — the spirit of Jesus Christ as exemplified in Catholicism.

XIII.

Under the ægis of this extraordinary power of the Church, there grew up a *common mental culture*, based on religion and penetrated with its spirit. There was one language of scholarship and refinement — the Latin — that often rose to a height not unworthy of its original splendor. Something common and universal marked all the arts, and the workman of Italy or Germany might exercise his craft with ease and profit in England or Spain. Within the Catholic fold the freedom of association was unlimited, not only for religious purposes, but for all economic and artistic ones as well. Human energy es-

sayed every channel of endeavor, and in some, notably in architecture, has never soared so high in the centuries that followed.

One result of this solidarity of thought and purpose was the creation of what we call the *Western mind and spirit*, a complex ideal view of life that differs from the past views of Greek and Roman, as it is in many respects opposed to the life-philosophy of the Eastern world. Human liberty and equality, hopefulness in progress, a spirit of advance, of self-reliance — an optimism, in other words — are among its connoting marks. All this is older and deeper than anything of the last three or four centuries. It was in the Catholic Italian Columbus, venturing out upon the unknown ocean, and his Portuguese predecessors, in the Conquistadori, in the endless attempts to penetrate China and the East from Marco Polo and the Franciscan missionaries down, in the Crusaders, in the long and successful resistance of Hungary, Poland, and Austria to the advance of Islam. Here, indeed, the Western world owes a debt of gratitude to those who arrested the teachings and the spirit of the camel-driver of Mecca. No one saw better than the bishops of Rome that the world might not stand still; that the eternal antithesis

of the East and West was on again; that the fierce impact of Islam breaking against the walls of Constantinople was nothing in comparison with its boglike encroachments at every point of contact with Europe. It is a pathetic tale — their tears, implorings, and objurgations. Something they accomplished. But if the Oriental problem is still quivering with life; if Western civilization, that is in all essentials Catholic civilization, has to go again at the mighty task — but this time from the setting sun instead of from Jerusalem and St. Jean d'Acre — it is because one day, shortly after the fall of Constantinople in 1452, the powers of Europe left the Bishop of Rome at Ancona call on them in vain to go out with the little pontifical fleet and retake from the unspeakable Turk the city of Constantinople. Pius II., not the kings of Europe, was the real statesman, as every succeeding decade shows. However, the popes estopped the fatalism and dry rot of Islam from the possession of the Danube; they loaned indirectly to the Grand Dukes of Muscovy the strength out of which they one day carved the office of Czar; their influence was felt in all the Balkan peninsula; their city was the one spot where an intelligent and disinterested observation of events by the

Golden Horn went on. Better, after all, a thousand times, a Europe torn by domestic religious dissension, than a Europe, perhaps an America, caught in the deadly anaconda-folds of Islam, that never yet failed to smother all mental and civil progress, and has thereby declared itself the most immoral of all religious forces known to history!

XIV.

Other phases there are of Catholicism as a plastic formative power in the life of the peoples of Europe, as the creator of their distinctive institutions; they may come up for brief notice at another time. Thus, the institution of chivalry, with its mystic idealization of woman; the ever-increasing authority and influence of woman herself; the honor of saintly character, essentially, like woman, unwarlike; the function of the pilgrim, the monk, the papal envoy, as disseminators of general views and principles; the publication of great papal documents, with their lengthy arguments; the multitude of friars drawing their office and authority from a central source and upholding its prestige at every village cross; the history of the Church as related from ten thousand pulpits; the genuine

influence of the great festivals, general and local; the public penances; the frequent striking renunciation of high office and worldly comforts; the frequent reformation of manners; the increasing use of objects of piety, of the fine arts, as a spur or a lever for devotion — all these and other agencies were everywhere and at once at work, and helped to give the mediæval life that intense charm of motion, color, and variety that every student of history must always find in it.

THE CHRISTIANS OF ST. THOMAS.

According to very venerable legends the gospel was preached in Southern India by the Apostle St. Thomas. The ancient Acts of St. Thomas relate in minute detail his journeys in farther India, and the critics Cunningham, Gutschmid, and Sallet have recognized in several of the royal names mentioned in these semi-Gnostic legends those of actual Indian rulers contemporary with the apostle. It is certain that previous to 535 A.D. the Christian traveller Cosmos Indicopleustes found Christian communities in three places in India — Ceylon, Meliapore, and Kaljani (north of Bombay). There is nothing, therefore, extraordinary in the claim of the Malabar Christians that they were first converted by St. Thomas. For centuries they have shown his great sepulchre on Mount St. Thomas, in the suburbs of Madras, though it is claimed by many that his body was eventually translated to Edessa, in Mesopotamia. He is said to have founded seven churches on the Malabar coast, and to have penetrated as far as

Madras, where he converted Sagan, the king of the country. A column used to be shown at Quilon, on the Malabar coast, said to have been erected by St. Thomas. He died by the hand of a Brahmin, who pierced him with a lance as he was praying on the mountain which bears his name. Philostorgius relates that a certain Arian bishop, Theophilus, was sent about 340 A.D. to the "innermost parts of India," and a local tradition of long standing on the Malabar coast places at this epoch (345 A.D.) the mission to India of the famous Mar Thomas Cama, or Cana, who is described by some as an Armenian merchant, by others as a Canaanite, or as a native of Jerusalem. It was precisely the period when Sapor II. persecuted most cruelly the Christians of Persia.

The Christian communities of India are in any case of very ancient origin. Before the end of the second century Christianity was spread over the neighboring Persia or the ancient Parthia. At the same time the Christians had at Edessa a powerful and intelligent propaganda, which could not overlook the extreme Orient. The trade caravans going and coming, the Hellenic influences yet working since the death of Alexander, the ubiquitous Jewries, made the in-

troduction of Christianity into farther India a natural and easy undertaking. Whoever was the first apostle of the Malabar Christians, the churches of Syria and Persia carried on the work. They call themselves yet Suriani or Syrians. The Syriac tongue is their liturgical language; they use the Syriac version of the Scriptures; they follow the Syro-Chaldaic rite; and they adopted the heresy of Nestorius from the fugitive Syrians and Persians of the fifth and following centuries. Besides the continuous tradition, local monuments confirm the antiquity of the Christian religion in India; crosses, symbolic images of the Trinity, inscriptions in Pahlavi, whose contents are as old as the fifth century, bear witness to a once flourishing state of Christianity. Being outside of the Roman Empire, our ordinary authorities know little of them. Yet the mediæval Christians never forgot their existence. We learn from the Saxon Chronicle and other sources how Alfred the Great sent presents to them about the end of the ninth century, and how Swithelm, Bishop of Sherburne, bearer of the royal alms, brought back to the king Oriental pearls and aromatic liquors. The early Italian missionaries of the fourteenth century were surprised to find Christian

communities in the Malabar cities regarded as socially equal to the Brahmins and holding high positions in the State.

Marco Polo heard of them at the end of the thirteenth century, and mentions the little church of St. Thomé, yet in existence in the town of the same name near Madras. Since the year 1500 the Portuguese have cultivated most intimate relations with this peculiar people. These early European discoverers were astonished to find Christian settlements at the end of the world, with pilgrimages, pious hymns, and, above all, an ecclesiastical architecture quite different from the pagoda style of the Indian temples. Their little churches, scattered here and there in the mountainous interior, have steep roofs, unknown elsewhere in India, ogee arches, buttresses, choirs ornamented with wooden sculptures, altars, and the like. They are frequently built of the indestructible teak wood, and remind one of the ancient wooden churches of Ireland, England, and Norway. It is clear that the models of these churches were not Indian, but Syro-Byzantine structures — just such buildings as those to which we owe the earliest dawnings of Gothic architecture. The Christians of St. Thomas possessed only the sac-

raments of baptism, eucharist, and orders when they were discovered by the Portuguese. That of penance was unknown to them, but they venerated the relics of the saints, and had pilgrimages, especially to the grave of St. Thomas, the holiest spot in the remote Orient. They kept the Scriptures in the churches only, blessed holy water by dissolving in it some earth from the sepulchre of their apostle, made the sign of the cross from left to right, laid great stress on the blessings of their priests or Cassanars, and used no vestments save a long linen garment at the celebration of Mass, for which they employed cocoa wine and bread mixed with oil and salt. They had an intense veneration for the holy cross, which even yet plays a great part in their domestic and social lives, but did not venerate other images.

Their priests were ignorant, simoniacal, and fanatically national and local in their views. During the sixteenth century many efforts were made to bring these interesting people into the Roman fold, to make them abandon their Nestorian heresy and adopt the rites and language of the Western Church. A seeming success was obtained in 1599 at the Synod of Diamper, and the seventy-five parishes and two thousand

churches were finally incorporated with the Catholic communion. Since then their Catholic bishops are of the Latin rite, though the clergy is native. In the course of the seventeenth century national feeling, dislike of the Portuguese habits and jurisdiction, the intrigues of Oriental schismatics and Dutch traders, aroused much bitterness in these venerable little communities. The Carmelites took charge of the mission about 1663, and did much to restore harmony and union with Rome, though they could not heal the great schism which had taken place ten years earlier, and which lasts to this day among the Jacobite Christians of the territory. The unhappy conflicts between the popes and the Portuguese hierarchy of India in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the grave troubles arising from the discussion of the Malabar customs in the eighteenth, were not calculated to edify the Christians of St. Thomas, always more or less restless under a foreign and Western yoke. But the large freedom enjoyed by the Catholic missionaries since the British conquest of India has produced its results, and the influence of the Roman Church is spreading once more among these most ancient of Christian communities. The diocese of Cranganore, estab-

lished in 1605 for their spiritual direction, was suppressed in 1838 by Gregory XVI. This was one of the many griefs which brought about the schism of Goa. Since then they have been governed by vicars apostolic, not without interference on the part of the Goan clergy. In 1887 Leo XIII. established two new vicariates for the Syro-Malabar Catholic population, which is now about 210,000, with nearly 400 native clergy and 340 churches and chapels. The vicars apostolic are bishops of the Latin rite, but each is bound to have a vicar general of the Syro-Malabar rite. There were lately 160,000 adhering to the Monophysite heresy, which they adopted in the seventeenth century in lieu of Nestorianism, and some 30,000 who cling to the Mellusian schism caused by the Vatican Council.

The Christians of St. Thomas have preserved their unity and independence by a severe church discipline. The weapon of excommunication is seldom used in vain. They retain the most tender of ancient Christian customs — the Agape or love-feast. On great feasts and solemn occasions a simple banquet is eaten in the church by all the people, and the missionaries delight in describing the piety and recollection then

exhibited. They perform public penance, as in the earlier days of the Church, give abundantly of their means to religion, practise evangelical charity, and, at least in the interior, maintain a great purity of manners. The young girls are always dowered either by the community or the church. Their government is that of a tributary republic, or rather a theocratic democracy. Formerly they constituted a high caste. The jewellers, metal-workers, and carpenters appealed to them as their natural protectors. They alone shared with the Brahmins and Jews the privilege of travelling on elephants. They live by agriculture and fishery. Many are dealers in cocoa, spices, and the like. The Zamorin or ruler of the country esteems them highly for their bravery, intelligence, and sprightly character. The very ancient Peramal dynasty of Malabar caused the privileges of the Christians of St. Thomas to be engraved on six bronze tablets, which were shown at the famous synod of Diamper. Later they were lost by fault of the Portuguese, only to be rediscovered in 1807 after the capture of Cochin. They are now kept at Cottayam, but copies of them are in the University Library of Cambridge.

The sad but charming story of the Malabar

Christians is told in many books. The original documents may be found in Assemani's "Bibliotheca Orientalis," while the details of their later history are well related by the Carmelite Fathers Vincenzo Maria and Paulinus of St. Barthélemy, as well as by La Croze and Germann, from a hostile view-point. Carl Ritter has collected a multitude of details in his great geographical work on Asia, and the missionary reviews and bulletins of our own century contain much that is of interest concerning a Christian people whose unbroken lineage dates back to the time of Constantine the Great and the Council of Nice, if not to the apostolic age, when the sound of the fishermen's voices went out into every land.

THE MEDIÆVAL TEACHER.[1]

THE Younger Pliny tells us that only an artist may criticise the works of art, but all mankind may pass judgment on the lives of men who are friends of humanity. Such lives, however short, never melt into the general void, but shed forever a sweet aroma within the circle of their rememberers. And when such lives are prolonged beyond the patriarchal limit they serve as beacon lights, as finger posts, to all who must travel the same pathway in the future.

As I listened to the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me, and noted the gains which the cause of popular education has made within the present century, my mind, somehow, reverted to a not dissimilar situation in the remote past, to the very dawn of our modern civilization. Then, as at the opening of this century, a world lay before the restorers of civilization;

[1] Discourse delivered at Hartford, Conn., January 25, 1897, on the occasion of the celebration of the eighty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Henry Barnard, one of the founders of the common school system of the United States.

then a mass of civil and religious ruin was added to the obstacles of nature; then the usual difficulties of State building were increased by the immensity of the débris and the utter rawness of the material for the foundation work. The pioneers of education in the United States found at hand Christian character, doctrines, discipline of life, knowledge of good and evil, virtue and vice, an educated sense of justice and a respect of law, ancient and familiar models to imitate, and unity of race and language. But the pioneers of education in Europe found none of these — they were as men who go out upon a dark and pathless sea without chart or compass or light.

Then, again, it struck me that if ever the law of continuity be true of institutions in particular, it is especially so in the history of education, so that whatever institution has been enabled to reach the present, and to flourish with promise of future growth, must have its roots in its own remote past, and must keep in touch with the long-tried laws of its life-history, if it would hope for permanent efficacy. The present is ever the child of the past, in human institutions as in human conduct. It may not therefore be amiss to go back a few moments to

the days when those European ancestors from whom we are all descended were laying the beams of State and Church, when they were emèrging from their swamps and their marches, to take up the municipal life of the Roman provincials, and to transform the essential paganism of the Roman State into a system of politico-social life imbued with the pure and vital spirit of Christianity. Perhaps, too, in celebrating the history of a century of education it is not out of place that a Catholic priest should say something of the incomparable educational merits of that institution which has seen the rise and fall of so many systems of education, and which alone on earth to-day can bear trustworthy personal witness to the history of human hopes and ideals for nigh two thousand years.

The Christian teacher of the Middle Ages! It is Boethius and Cassiodorus in Italy, men who collect with reverence the elements of classic science and the principles of human wisdom, to hand them down to a time of wider peace and more varied opportunities — Roman men of the best classic type, from that Italy in which the lamp of scholarship never went utterly out, and in which the system of schools was never quite suspended. It is Isidore of

Seville in Spain, the great Bede and Alcuin in England, Colchu and Dicuil in Ireland. Their knowledge was what we now call encyclopædic, and such, too, was their method. They affected the manual and the cultivation of the memory, — but we must remember that they were dealing with races young in culture, physically vigorous, and strongly attracted to a manifold external activity; also that they lived in an iron age of change and war, and that no mean of political stability had yet been reached around them.

So they opened their little schools, sometimes in the palace of king or count, oftener in the cathedral-close or the cloister of the abbey. Municipal life and civil architecture were yet in embryo — peace, and books, and rewards, and a logical career were as yet furnished by the Church alone. Often, too, they were clerics, and they taught on feasts and holydays a divine learning, the complement and sanction of their rudiments of human science. On such occasions they had for scholars the rude lords of the soil and the slow tillers thereof, coarse men-at-arms, who were charmed with the teacher's high views of history and human society, his varied learning and his skill in speech.

Such a teacher knew Latin well, and sometimes Greek. He was skilled in the church-song. And so he trained the little choristers and the youthful clerics in the history and literature of the world's mightiest State, and he fitted them to hold the highest offices in the powerful ecclesiastical society that enclosed and protected on all sides the growing body of mediæval States. His students were legion, for progress and culture were then synonymous with the churches and monasteries that were springing up in every Christian State of Europe. He taught arithmetic and geometry, which latter included the elements of mechanics and architecture, sculpture, and painting. Astronomy, too, was to be had in his school, and all such mathematical knowledge as was needed for ecclesiastical purposes. The study of grammar meant a liberal education in the classic texts used, for by grammar was meant an all-sided interpretation of them. With it went the study of music, no small element in the gradual softening of domestic manners, and the development of mediæval art. Dialectic, or the art of correct thought, and rhetoric, or that of ornate and persuasive speech for the public good, were favorite studies — indeed, all these branches made up the seven liberal arts,

or the perfect cycle of education as the Middle Ages understood it, and loved to symbolize it in its miniatured manuscripts, on the sculptured portals of its cathedrals, or the carved bases of its pulpits.

The inseparable text-book of the mediæval teacher was Vergil, and his majestic Latin the highest scientific ideal. Yet by the devotion to Vergil he prepared the ground for the blossoming of the vernacular tongues, whose first great masters had learned from the Latin classics the adorable art of correct and pleasing speech. What a distance between the jabbering barbarians whom St. Gall met at Constanz and the author of the "Nibelungen Lied" or the "Chanson de Roland"! In the five or six centuries of classic formation that intervenes, somebody has taught these men the highest architectonic of literature. It was the mediæval teacher with his Vergil and his Bible, his childlike faith and his true artistic sense. If we could doubt it, the witness of Dante would be there to convince us, for to that crowning glory of mediæval teaching Vergil is ever the "Maestro e Duca," the "dolce pedagogo" from whom he has taken

"lo bello stile che m'ha fatto onore."

Civil society was also the debtor of such a

teacher. It was he who preserved the text and the intelligence of the Civil Law of Rome, as confirmed in the Code of Justinian, and he helped to amalgamate with it the rude customs and precedents of the wandering tribes that had squatted on the imperial soil. He taught the fingers of Frank and Gothic soldiers how to form letters, and he taught their children how to draw up the necessary formulas for the conduct of public and private interests — charters, laws, wills, contracts, privileges, and the like.

Nor was he ashamed to handle the implements of the fine arts, like a St. Eloi and a Bernward of Hildesheim, and to fashion countless objects that translated into material form the ideal beauty which haunts forever, though forever unattained, the heart of man. Even the domestic arts — agriculture, fishery, road and canal making, irrigation — all the humble arts that bring men closer together, and develop the social instinct, and enable men to dominate the pitiless grinding forces of nature, were taught the people by these men, as endless references in the mediæval annals show, from the Orkneys to the Black Sea.

It is the glory of the Old Church that these teachers were her priests and her monks, and

that in every land she cherished them by her councils and by her endowments. If she had nothing else to be proud of, that would be much indeed. It was said of Melanchthon, and before him of good old Jacob Wimpheling, that he was "Præceptor Germaniæ." It might be said with greater truth and wider application that the Old Church was "Præceptor totius Occidentis," the universal teacher of Europe from the Vistula to the Scheld, from Otranto to Drontheim.

One might imagine that in those troublous times such men would be pardoned had they paid little attention to the philosophy of education, to methodology, and to general pedagogics. But the truth is far otherwise. We have in every century a number of pedagogical treatises of a general or specific character, on schools and teachings in general, on the formation of the nobles or the ecclesiastics, all of which breathe the most sincere devotion to the teacher's vocation. Alcuin, Hrabanus Maurus, Sedulius of Liège, are but a few of these writers, and in the thirteenth century there is an entire galaxy of writers on pedagogics, whose treatises are far from despicable and are indeed worthy of veneration when we recall the extent of their actual influence. On the eve of the Reformation appear the ad-

mirable treatises of Silvio Antoniano and Johannes Dominici, two cardinals, of Maphæus Vegius, Æneas Sylvius (Pius II.), Erasmus, and Vivès, while the teaching and the system of the Brothers of the Common Schools in the Netherlands and along the Rhine are the admiration of all the historians of that time. At the same time the secondary education throughout Northern Europe, notably in England and Scotland, had reached a high degree of development quite independent of the movement of the Renaissance. But here we are at the end of the Middle Ages; the vocation of its teachers, though not gone, has changed; the whole theory of education is about to pass over into other hands, and to be informed by a new spirit, born of the circumstances and needs that followed the great religious upheaval and the shattering of the Catholic unity.

Still for a thousand years the mediæval teachers had worked at the formation of the men and women of Europe. And if, in any art, one may turn with pride to the masterpieces as proofs of the skill and the training of the artist, we may do so in a special manner in the art which Gregory the Great called the art of arts — the government of souls. Great ecclesiastics

and prudent statesmen, saints and bishops and popes, princes and kings of high repute, came out of their schools, as well as a brave and patient people, artistically endowed, lovers of poetry and art and all the higher graces of the mind, dowered with strong faith, and accustomed to bear the crowding ills of this life by the contemplation of a better one. Names rush to one's lips, but I forbear to recite them — I will only say that we cannot afford to forget or neglect any system of study by which the world was enriched with such philosophers and theologians as St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, such historians as Otto of Freising and Froissart, such poets as Dante and Chaucer, such architects as Arnulf of Cambrai and Brunelleschi, such statesmen as Suger and St. Louis. It is on such names, no less than on the fabric of Church and State strengthened and developed by them, that the imperishable reputation of the Mediæval Teachers may be allowed to rest.

THE BOOK OF A MEDIÆVAL MOTHER.

In face of the incredible output of modern pedagogical literature, few reflect that the Middle Ages had a respectable series of books on the education of children. From the works of good old Cassiodorus and Ennodius of Pavia in the sixth century down to the days of St. Thomas of Aquino and St. Bonaventure, there is quite a library of "Instructions," "Discourses," "Monitions," and the like; sometimes addressed to the public in general, sometimes drawn up for the formation of royal youth. The Middle Ages heard less talk about methods of education; were less accessible to the thousand whims and vagaries that get themselves accepted by ignorant or careless municipalities, only to rouse in the end a sense of disgust and shame. They laid, and rightly, more stress on the ethical views of life — duty, calling, responsibility, right and wrong; and were unable to conceive any education that was not framed on the basic principles of immortality, revelation, and final

judgment. This world was God's footstool, and the generations of mankind were His beloved children journeying ever to a condition of endless joy, of perfect and enduring love.

So the Middle Ages educated first the heart of man. For this they had many pedagogical instruments — the moulding power of personality and example instead of a feeble bureaucratic imperialism of text-books and manuals, the chastening action of great penances and of sublime renouncements. They had, too, the assiduous reading of the Scriptures, at least in the venerable and familiar Latin of the Vulgate. They had the "Lives of the Saints" — a celestial pedagogy for every class and calling. They had the rules of monastic orders and brotherhoods, the monuments that an all-transforming faith incessantly uplifted in every Christian land — churches, cathedrals, monasteries, with all the lovely handicraft that educated eye and hand, heart and brain. They had the educating controversies of the empire and the priesthood, with their extensive literature; they had the wars of the Crusades with their expansive influences; the luxurious wild growth of the vernacular tongues; the powerful compressive action of the Latin tongue beneficial to thought and expres-

sion. Heresy, Islam, the missions, kept open and active the minds of the men of the West.

We must not imagine that thinkers like Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymund Lullus were so very rare merely because their names or their lucubrations have not reached us. "All literature," says Goethe, "is only a fragment of fragments." We know now that the Roman schools of Northern Italy and Southern France never quite interrupted their traditions of teaching, either in curriculum or method; that the Irish teachers of the eighth and ninth centuries were the saving bridge of several secular sciences; that the monasteries sheltered scholars, sciences, books — above all the spirit and passion of learning, the holy root from which knowledge springs eternal. Who created that positively new thing in education — the University — but the priests, students, abbots, and bishops of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, quite in keeping with the *Zeitgeist?*

One of the most curious pedagogical monuments of the Middle Ages is the "Liber Manualis," the work of a woman — Dodana, Duchess of Septimania (Southern France), in the ninth century. Not that the women of that century were unable to read and write — at least a

number of the more distinguished in society, and all those who lived in the numerous monasteries or were sent there for a better training. Whoever has read "Ekkehard," the beautiful historical romance of Scheffel, knows the wide field of woman's activity at this time. The genial and contemporary chronicler, Einhard, has left us a pen-picture of the education of the daughters of Charlemagne, that must have been true of many other women, noble and plebeian.

It was long thought that Dodana was a daughter of Charlemagne; but recent researches of Léopold Delisle, the eminent mediævalist, leave little doubt of the falsity of this opinion. In any case, she was a lady of high birth; for in 824 she was married, in the imperial palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, to Bernard, the young Duke of Aquitania and Septimania and Count of Barcelona, son of William of Gellone, one of the great warriors of Charlemagne — another Charles the Hammer, who cleared the Riviera of Arabs, fixed his standard in their city of Barcelona, and died a Benedictine and a saint. He enjoys the additional later glory of a vast epic "Chanson de Geste," written in honor of "Guillaume au court nez."

From the union of his son Bernard and the

Lady Dodana was born another William, whom the fates of war and diplomacy kept a hostage at the court of Charles the Bald after the bloody battle of Fontanet (841), as a gage of the fidelity of his great Southern vassal. In the same year another son was born to Dodana, whom the father bore away to Barcelona, leaving the mother in charge of his city of Uzès. He had never treated her as a Christian husband; the charms of the beautiful and ambitious violinist Judith, second wife of Louis the Pious, had long drawn him to her side, until the oppressions and scandals of their government grew intolerable, and Bernard was compelled to fly to his Provençal strongholds, there to wait the outcome of the fratricidal struggle of the children of Louis, which opens and conditions the mediæval life of France and Germany.

It is to her eldest son, William, that Dodana writes, or rather dictates, by the hand of her scribe Vislabert, the little book just mentioned. Its composition occupied her for more than a year. It is exactly dated — a rare thing for mediæval books; she began it on the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30, in 841, and ended it on the Feast of the Purification, February 2, in 843. We hear, therefore, in her pages the voice

of a Carlovingian mother across one thousand years of history. The manuscript was known to Baluze, Pierre de Marca, D'Achery, and Mabillon, but has been fully published only in our own day.[1]

The young hostage at Aix-la-Chapelle had left a great void in the mother-heart of Dodana. With unusual courage she will ease the aching by writing a book to her dear son. And the writing becomes a sweet daily task, a kind of *journal intime*, that acts as a strong searchlight over the manners and consciences of ninth-century Christians of the class and type of Dodana. She writes: —

"Men know many things that are foreign to me, and to other women like me — but to me more than the others. Still, He is always present to me who can open the mouth of the dumb and make eloquent the tongue of childhood. . . . Therefore my son, I send you this discourse, or manual [*sermo manualis*], that it may be like one of those splendid chess-boards that recreate young men; or like one of those mirrors in which women love to gaze that they may compose their features and be pleasing to their husbands. Thus, my son, you shall use this book. It is a mirror in which you may see the image of your soul, not to please the world, but to please Him who created you out of nothing. Indeed, I am deeply concerned for you, O my son William! My soul is forever consumed with the desire of your salvation. In that hope I write you these pages."

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[1] "L'Education Carlovingienne, le Manuel de Duodha," édité par E. Bondurand (Paris, Picard, 1887, 8vo, pp. 271). The name is variously spelled: Duodha, Dhuodana, Duodana, Dodana.

She might well be anxious; for though saints like Arnulf of Metz and Wandrille of Fontanelle came out of the court, its atmosphere was corrupting. The battle-horse and gleaming sword, the rank of count and fair lands to govern, were the great prizes of service with the Karlings as elsewhere; but the earlier pages of Gregory of Tours and the annals of the time show that the passions of men were little, if any, different from those of earlier and later days. A pretty acrostic that forms her own name opens the book into which she has breathed all her noble heart — it is an invocation to God that He may protect her son William, for whom her heart is torn with anguish. Then come seventy-three chapters, curiously short and long, like the broken cries of sorrow and the tender gossip of love — the outpourings of the illimitable sea of a mother's affection. She converses with him on the love of God, the greatness of God, all the attributes of the Divinity; on the Trinity — a touch of those transitional ages in which there echoed yet some sounds of the great christological struggles. She recalls to him the virtues of faith, hope, and charity; the duty and manner of prayer; his obligations to his superiors, his neighbors, the priests and the teachers who

have charge of him. Had Ruskin known this little manual, he would surely have quoted from it in his "Pleasures of (Mediæval) England."

Conduct is based on faith; hence the rest of the work is taken up with the moral duties of the young man: the trials of life and how to surmount them. Sorrow, persecution, disappointment, sickness, will come, and who will shelter his bruised and torn heart? He must become a perfect man; he must preserve himself spotless. Already the Christian ideas which gave rise to the character of the chevalier and the gentleman crop out even in the intimate communings of a saintly mother. The little book is full of unctuous prayers and ejaculations that she would have him utter often for his prince, the Church, his father, for the dead, for "the very good and the not very good"; among other things, *pro versis et litteris compositis tuis* —"for your verses and literary compositions." Perhaps the young William already handled the lance and the "framea," or short sword of the Franks, with more skill than the "calamus" of the monk.

From this noble mother the young page of kingly race, destined to inherit those corners of

France and Spain that have never long coalesced since their first disruption from the empire by the Visigoths, learned that there is a higher authority than man; that riches and power are nothing in His eyes; and that the saints of the family are the ones to imitate, not the turbulent warriors, — his grandfather the venerable William, rather than his father the worldly Bernard. Withal, she repeats often the lesson of love, respect, and loyalty to his father, who is always her good lord and spouse. "In all things obey him; be the prop of his old age, if so be that he reach old age. Cause him no sorrow while he lives; despise him not when you, too, become a great and powerful man." This "work of her weakness" — *opusculum parvitatis meæ* — is all one cry of tender affection; willingly does Dodana efface herself, and liken herself to the humble woman of Chanaan, seeking only the crumbs that fall from the table of wisdom, and seeking them for her beloved son.

Charles the Bald was no great or amiable character. Yet Dodana would have her William be mindful of his own nobility — his *magna utrinque nobilitas* — and be no lip-server, but a man of heart, the king's stainless liegeman, incapable of the intrigues that disgraced the family

of the Karlings since the death of the great emperor.

The pages devoted to the Church and the priests are worthy of the faith of Dodana: —

"The priests are the successors of the apostles, with power to loose and to bind. Their task is to ravish its prey from the unclean spirit, and to restore it purified to its heavenly destiny. They care and provide for the altar that stands hard by their dwelling. They are the guardians of the sacred vessels of God which we call souls. The lips of the priest are the repository of knowledge; we seek the law from him, for he is the angel of the Lord. Like watchful doves, the priests direct their flight to the windows of heaven, and thus deserve the name of friends of God. Honor, therefore, all good priests; listen to them; and when you meet them kneel not alone before them, but before the angels who precede them. Receive often at your table the priests of God, together with the pilgrims and the poor. Let them be your advisers, the ministers of your bounty, which will be one day multiplied to you. . . . Confess often to them in secret, with sighs and tears; for, as the doctors teach us, true confession freeth the soul from death. . . . Beseech them to pray for you, and to intercede with God who hath made them the intercessors of His people."

More than once Dodana borrows from natural history comparisons that are apt and moving, even if the facts be as far-fetched as they are betimes in the pages of St. Francis of Sales or Rodriguez. The duty of mutual help Dodana deduces from the example of the deer that lean on one another, turn and turn about, when crossing broad and dangerous rivers. She would have William read often the choicest books of

the Fathers; he will then be like those doves who have drunk from crystal waters, and thereby acquired a sharpened vision against the hawk and the vulture.

Cruel domestic experience and the mother-instinct tell her that the life of courts and palaces is a perpetual snare for youthful virtue. She knows only one remedy — prayer — the remedy of Christ and the saints. So the pages of her little book are made sweet with many unctuous prayers, most frequently taken from the public prayer of the Church, the canonical hours. Thus, unconsciously, she reveals to us a side of Catholic life that Dom Guéranger has so often admirably illustrated in his "Liturgical Year" — the powerful influence that the daily official services of Catholicism exercised on the whole society of the Middle Ages, creating vocabularies, literatures, poetry, arts, music; interpenetrating and spiritualizing the whole mediæval man.

This admirable "Handbook" of a mother ends, like a last will and testament, in tears and benedictions, with recommendations of her many dear departed — a whole necrology such as is often met with in the contemporary "confraternities of prayers." In her blessings

it has been well said [1] that she is like an ancient priestess performing with all solemnity the ritual of her domestic hearth —

"My son, God give thee the dew of heaven and the fat of the earth. Amen.

"May He vouchsafe thee abundance of oil, wine, and wheat. Amen.

"May He be thy buckler against all enemies. Amen.

"Be thou blessed in the town, in the country, at the court; blessed with thy father, blessed with thy brother; blessed with the great, blessed with the little; blessed with the chaste, blessed with the sober; blessed be thy old age, blessed be thy youth, even to that day when, hero of many combats, thou shalt set foot in the kingdom of the soul. Amen."

In a closing effusion she recommends her son, now sixteen years of age, to master this wise advice, and to break it betimes, like food, to her other dear son, whose name she does not know; for the father had taken him away hastily before baptism. She feels that her days are drawing to an end. Lonely châtelaine on the terraces of Uzès! She has much to do to cope with the creditors of her husband, among whom are some Jews. Grief and pain have reduced her bodily strength. She will not see the flourishing of youth in her second boy. In an acrostic that spells the name of her beloved William she reminds him that this journal — for such it is —

[1] Mgr. Baunard, "Reliques d'Histoire" (Paris, 1899), p. 61.

was finished on his sixteenth birthday (November 30, 842), the Feast of St. Andrew, "near the time of the coming of the Word."

In a codicil she comes back upon the "sweetness of her too great love, and the sorrow she has at not being able to gaze upon his beauty." She begs him to have pity upon her soul, and urges upon him, in terms of exquisite pathos and tenderness, the duty of praying for her eternal weal. Finally, she beseeches him to put down her name on the family necrology, among the Guilhems, the Cunegondas, the Withbergas, the Gaucelins, the Heriberts, the Rodlindas, the Gerbergas — noble dames and lords of her great family. For her tomb she dictates the epitaph to her scribe Vislabert — "that all who visit it may pray for the humble Dodana, whose body made of earth has returned to the same."

Artless, broken in style, overlapping, without literary order or ornament, the Book of Dodana, nevertheless, appeals to every heart, especially to that multitude of men and women of a later day to whom the habit of introspection has become a second nature. This is the journal of a soul — but not of a soul that has cast its moorings, like Amiel, and gotten out on the turbulent sea of doubt, amid incessant storm

and lightning, relieved only by depressing calms and mists. It is the journal of a saintly soul, the colloquy of a Christian mother with her son; of a woman fit to be the ancestress of the Blanches and the Elizabeths of another century; close spiritual kin to women like Madam Craven and Eugénie de Guérin. She knows the Scriptures and cites them with ease; some smattering of erudition graces her paragraphs; her Latin, perhaps corrected by the scribe, is rude indeed, but terse, clear, and direct, with flashes of brilliancy.

The sorrows of her race did not cease with her death. Bernard, her wayward husband and son of the saintly Guilhem, was beheaded for rebellion in the year 844. We do not know that she survived him. Her beloved William, for whom alone this mediæval Monica walked our valley of tears, was captured at the siege of Barcelona in 850 and put to death. The second son, baptized Bernard, lived only to take vengeance on Charles the Bald; after fruitless attempts, he perished in a skirmish in 872. The strong lives of both are now forgotten, save by the toilsome chronicler of dates and names. But the pages of their mother's "Handbook," wet with her tears and aromatic with her virtues, have drifted down from age to age, and are likely to edify in the centu-

ries to come many a similar heart, whether it beats upon a throne or beneath the roof of some humble cottage. Love is strong, and death is strong; but a mother's love, like Rizpah, defies time and the elements, being a godlike thing.

GERMAN SCHOOLS IN XVI. CENTURY.

The latter half of the fifteenth century was in many respects the acme of the intellectual life of Germany. The native or acquired tendencies that had long found a manifold expression in architecture and the fine arts, in song and music and the drama, in the refinement of manners, seemed at this moment to flower into a newer and a higher life. The invention of printing, the discovery of the New World, the liberalizing influences of the Italian Renaissance, the fall of Constantinople, the creation of new universities, the rivalry of the new States now rising from the hopeless wreck of the mediæval imperial idea, the ecclesiastical unity won back after long decades of disruption, incessant travel, the growth of the commercial spirit and system, contributed, each in its own measure, to that wondrous development of German culture, wealth, and enterprise which so excited the admiration of Æneas Sylvius,[1] and worthily crowned the first thousand years of German

[1] De situ, moribus et conditione Germaniæ, Basileæ, 1551.

Christianity. The spirit which cast out from Spain the Arab and the Jew, which worked the unification of all French interests in the hands of an absolute king, and opened up for Italy her first clear vista upon the long-gone, glorious days of universal empire, brought about in Germany a development of popular education such as had yet been witnessed in no European State. The flourishing condition of the universities of Germany, notably of Cologne, Heidelberg, Freiburg, Basel, Tübingen, Ingolstadt, and Vienna — the highest outgrowth of this movement — is a proof of its intensity and universality. Nor was the thirst for learning confined to any particular class. The village schools were numerous and well-frequented; the teachers were well paid, contented, and highly esteemed; the discipline of youth was strict but loving; the homiletic teaching of the clergy attracted great numbers; and the new-found art of printing spread abroad on all sides the elements of religious instruction — pictorial catechisms, hymn-books, manuals of confession and a holy death, expositions of the commandments, and brief commentaries on Holy Writ. But it was especially in secondary instruction that the best results of the older and healthier, more Christian, human-

ism had been obtained. Throughout Germany, especially in Westphalia and the Rhenish lands, public secondary schools abounded. The city fathers multiplied them; beneficent citizens established new ones by will or aided by legacies those already in existence; dwelling houses under the care of devoted and experienced men were opened for the students; libraries were built and increased — in a word, the unity of the ideals and interests of the Fatherland seemed to find nowhere a better background for its illustration than the cause of education. The Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer, Zwolle, Louvain, Liège, and other places, showed the world for the first time a corporation of great scholars devoted solely to the holy art of teaching. Nor could any country boast of better specimens of the erudite and gentlemanly tutor or master than Alexander Hegius, John Cochlæus, Murmellius, and Jacob Wimpheling, the "Educator of Germany." Such men were the trainers of those who conducted the numerous monastic, capitular, municipal, and private schools, and from them went out a generation of refined and skilful teachers, who made the schools of Germany famous throughout all Europe. Women like Charitas and Clara Pirk-

heimer illustrated by their pedagogical skill such centres of general culture as Nürnberg, and honored their sex and country by the practice of every virtue, while by the example of the most cultured and self-sacrificing womanhood they brought up the daughters of Germany in the admiration of whatever was pure, noble, and elevating.[1]

The Reformation fell like a thunderbolt upon this scholastic development. It shook to its

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[1] Cf. Janssen, "Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes beim Ausgang des Mittelalters" (Freiburg, 1887, 13th ed.), Vol. I., pp. 1–138. Seldom, if ever, have the details of an intellectual movement or condition been collected with greater pains or set forth with more art than here. The following pages summarize the treatment of the intellectual condition of Germany as given by Janssen and his literary heir and successor, Pastor, in the seventh volume of the same work (Herder, Freiburg, 1893), for the century intervening between the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War (1517–1618). It ought to be unnecessary to remind our readers of the method of Janssen. The numerous details for this particular study have been collected by him and by his successor, Pastor, from the public documents of Catholics and Protestants; from the histories of education, universities, colleges, and schools; from the correspondence of teachers and the scholastic legislation; from contemporary polemics and brochures; from reports of nuncios and relations of ambassadors; from the histories of cities and monasteries, orders, bishoprics, literatures, and the arts; from histories of heresies and morals — in a word, from almost countless public and private, edited and unedited, sources. The domestic history of Germany, especially those pages written in the local historical reviews, annals, collections, studies, etc., have furnished some rare materials, which have often been first made widely known through their incorporation into the structure of Janssen's "History of the German People."

ancient foundments the principle of authority in Church, State, and society, and it was no wonder that the schools soon felt the reaction. Whoever has watched the decay of university life in New Italy will have some faint idea of the disasters that overtook the German schools in the sixteenth century, and made their condition as pitiable as it had once been admirable and enviable. Unprofitable and noisy polemics, religious bickerings, personal hates and persecutions, endless territorial revolutions and rectifications of frontiers, the establishment of a governmental control, minutely absolute, in place of the ancient self-regulation and constitutional independence — all these causes coöperated to interrupt the current of educational progress that had set in during the fifteenth century with the rise of a German-Christian humanism. None of them, however, exercised so baneful an influence on the schools as the new doctrine of justification by faith alone and the consequent depreciation of good works as beneficial for salvation. Selfish avarice and love of luxury began to dispute for the control of that wealth which the wiser and more human-rational ancient faith had taught men to employ for the common good. New foundations ceased to be made, and the old

ones were confiscated or wretchedly administered. The large and kindly love of Catholic Germans for the unborn generations, the generous preparations for their physical and intellectual welfare, decreased with the spread of a narrower, harder belief; and the contempt for the past increasing with the ignorance of its titles and its relations to the present, a great portion of the German people lost that noble trait of public generosity which is everywhere an outcome of intense Catholic belief. It shut itself up within the little circle of its own immediate personal interests, leaving to the State or to chance the care of those general wants for which individuals at one time provided so largely from wealth superfluous or no longer needful.

Already, in 1524, Luther complained in a letter to the municipal authorities that with the old priesthood the ancient fame of the German schools was disappearing. "Under the popes," he says, "not a child could escape the devil's broad nets, barring a rare wonder, so many monasteries and schools were there, but now that the priests are gone good studies are packed off with them. . . . When I was a child there was a proverb that it was no less an evil to neglect a student than to mislead a virgin. . . . This

was said to frighten the teachers." He reminds his readers that he has freed them from masses and indulgences, vigils and feasts and fasts, mendicant monks, confraternities, etc., but in return the common man will do nothing for schools, and the princes are sunk in gluttony and debauchery.[1] A year later he wrote to the Elector that there was now neither fear of God nor Christian discipline since the pope's power was broken. "The devil," said he, in a sermon of 1530, "has misled the people into the belief that schooling is useless since the exit of the monks, nuns, and priests. . . . As long as the people were caught in the abominations of the papacy, every purse was open for churches and schools, and the doors of these latter were widespread for the free reception of children who could almost be forced to receive the expensive training given within their walls." The local histories and city chronicles of the time show the popular feeling that with the ancient Catholic clergy went one of their chief works and occupations, the teaching and control of the

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[1] For these and all following details, see in general, "Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters," von Johannes Janssen, ergänzt und herausgegeben von Ludwig Pastor (Herder, Freiburg, 1893), Vol. VII., pp. 1–211.

children. Henceforth reading and writing in German, with some knowledge of figures, were to take the place of the classics, and technical training to supplant the liberal mental discipline of philosophy, history, and the natural sciences. Even in Catholic Germany the contempt of studies spread, and King Ferdinand felt forced to admit, in his reformation proposals to the Council of Trent, that in all the German universities there were not in 1562 as many students as in the good old times frequented a single one. The official reports of the government *Visitatoren*, specimens of school and church legislation, and the correspondence of the superintendents show that the number of the common schools decreased steadily during the sixteenth century in the Electorate of Saxony, in Brandenburg, Weimar, Pomerania, Brunswick, Hesse, and other Lutheran lands; that the instruction of females was greatly neglected, and the formation in the use of the native tongue insufficient and inferior in quality; that the buildings were often unsuitable for school purposes; that the nobles neglected their duties as patrons and supporters of the schools within their districts; that the teachers were frequently common workmen, tailors, dyers, shoemakers; that the church

sextons, who were in many cases the village teachers, gave great scandal by their unedifying lives, their magical and superstitious practices, treasure-hunting, etc.

On the other hand, it is evident from other sources that the German village-teacher of the sixteenth century had long ceased to be the happy and prosperous pedagogue of the latter half of the fifteenth. His dwelling was usually poor, old, and neglected; his pay small, and given frequently in kind, uncertain, and grudgingly accorded. We can, therefore, scarcely wonder that he was harsh and cruel in his treatment of the unfortunates committed to his care, and that corporal punishment was often carried so far as to permanently maim or lame the subject of it, while it was no uncommon thing to beat children heavily about the head, to scourge them until the blood ran freely, and generally to maltreat them, especially if they were poor, or unfortunate orphans, or otherwise abandoned or unprotected. The results of the absence of a healthful religious home formation naturally manifested themselves in the conduct of the youth, a never-failing source of complaint on the part of the teachers of the last fifty years of the sixteenth century. "In this latter poi-

sonous and pestilential time," wrote, in 1568, Johann Busleb, a teacher at Eglen, in the territory of Magdeburg, "every one complains of the coarse, sensual, godless, shameless, old-Adamic life of youth, and that the complaints are just, may be known from any of those who treat daily with the young."

In spite of all this, the sixteenth century was witness to the superhuman efforts made on the one hand by the leaders of the various Protestant confessions, and on the other by the Catholic Church, to elevate the standard of studies, to fire the youth of Germany with noble ideals, to stimulate in them habits of industry and a healthy spirit of rivalry. Among the Reformers, Melanchthon led the way. His text-books of Greek and Latin, his commentaries and translations, his academic discourses and extensive correspondence, above all, his personal influence over a multitude of disciples, won for him the title of "Preceptor of Germany," once worn with pride by Wimpheling. If the views of Melanchthon had prevailed, Greek and Hebrew, history and mathematics, would have had a fair share in the scholastic curriculum; more homely notions obtained, and Latin became the chief subject of study. German was carefully ex-

cluded from the better schools as offensive to the literary taste, and a formal system of espionage established for the purpose of surprising the scholars who forgot themselves so far as to speak their mother-tongue. At Gandersheim, in 1571, three slips of this kind were set down as equal in heinousness to one blasphemy. In 1524, Luther wrote with much scorn concerning the schools in which he and his fellow-reformers had been brought up, but in 1582, Michael Toxites, professor at Tübingen, and pædagogarch of the duchy of Würtemburg, pronounced in sad and bitter words an equally hard sentence on the Latin instruction as given since the days of Melanchthon. The cause of morality was not helped by the use of the "Colloquia" of Erasmus, a model, indeed, of exquisite Latin, but otherwise an irreverent, cynical, and immoral book, utterly unfitted for the formation of good habits, and which was equally condemned by Luther and St. Ignatius. Ovid's "Art of Love," and the unexpurgated works of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and other dissolute writers of antiquity were in common use in the schools. There is surely little reason for wondering that the morality of the scholars was very low, and that the hearts

of their teachers, when not themselves affected by the laxity of the times, sank within them at the sight of the dissipation and evil courses of their young charges. The schools of Pforta, Meissen, and Grimma in the Saxon Electorate, opened like most of the Protestant schools in former convents, and supported by Catholic funds, were much admired among the Evangelicals, and drew many students from the Reformed lands. Nevertheless, the reports of the visitors and the school-ordinances show that the internal discipline was wretched. They contain complaints of the immodest, unseemly clothing of the scholars, of their richly embroidered wide mantles, with puffed sleeves, etc., so that they look "mehr reuberisch dann schülerisch." Blasphemy, thieving, gambling, unchaste conduct, drunkenness, and similar vices are set down to their account. They are forbidden to break in the wine-cellars of the neighborhood; to break up the tables, chairs, and other furniture of the school; to escape secretly by night from its precincts; to keep immoral books and pictures; to visit dances and drinking bouts. Nor were such rules useless, or *in terrorem*, for similar complaints come from distinguished teachers like Michael Neander at Ilfeld, Basilius Faber at Nordhausen

and elsewhere, Camerarius and Eobanus Hessus at Nürnberg, Hieronymus Wolf at Augsburg, Johann Sturm at Strasburg, and others. "Would that I might talk with you about these things," wrote Camerarius in 1536 to Luther, "they are by no means vain, unfounded complaints." In a letter to George Fabricius, Rector of Meissen, written in 1550, he says that the downfall of Germany is near, since religion, science, discipline and honorableness of life are perishing. "Education and life are far other to-day," wrote he in 1555, "than in my youth (circa 1500), when the hearts of the students were filled with zeal, studies flourished, and a joyous rivalry reigned in the pursuit of learning."

Polemical enmities between the teachers and the preachers in the matters of Justification and Communion did much to increase the general disorder in the schools. Scarcely a prominent school of Protestant Germany was free from this evil. Even the minor Latin schools became the scenes of theological discussion in which, by question and answer, the students were made familiar with the theology of their teacher, and taught to anathematize his opponent, until such time as the religion was changed in the district, and a new set of doctrines introduced. The

salaries of the teachers were very low, because the old pious foundations had been squandered or were badly managed. Their dwellings were, in many cities, unsuitable, and their condition generally an unhappy one. They seldom stayed long in one place, which added greatly to the disorganization of the schools. Finally, the stream of pious generosity to which most of the German schools owed their existence had long since dried up, and little means were forthcoming to provide new or sustain the old. "Our beloved ancestors," exclaimed the superintendent, Christoph Fischer, of Smalkelden, in 1580, "provided for the schools by their last wills and by foundations. But now we see daily how the love of the poor and of needy students is grown cold, and the money spent on churches and schools is considered a waste." "In the darkness of the papacy," wrote Conrad Porta, of Eisleben, toward the end of the sixteenth century, "every one, from the highest to the lowest, even servants and day-laborers, contributed to churches and schools, but now, in the clear light of the gospel, even the rich grow impatient if ever so little be asked, even for the repairing and maintenance of those on hand."

Though contemporary and domestic evidences

show how unsatisfactory was the entire school system of Protestant Germany during the sixteenth century, there can be no doubt that for a portion of that time the schools of the Catholics suffered greatly from the consequences of the new religious revolutions. In 1541, Archbishop Albrecht of Mainz confessed to Cardinal Contarini the superiority of the Protestant schools, and in 1550, the noble Bishop of Würzburg, Julius Pflug, wrote to Paul III., that while the Protestant schools were flourishing, the Catholic schools were in a condition of decay. Not the least merit of the Society of Jesus in Germany is its restoration during the latter half of the sixteenth century of the ancient fame of schools and academies which had reached the lowest step of degradation. In 1556, one of the city gymnasia of Cologne was confided to them, and in a brief space of time they had establishments in Munich (1559), Mainz (1561), Trier (1561), Heiligenstadt (1575), Coblenz (1582), Paderborn (1587), Münster (1588), and in other large towns and cities like Ingolstadt, Dillingen, and Würzburg. Their enemies did not fail to recognize the skill and devotion of the new teachers. The superintendent, George Nigrinus, complained in 1582 that Protestant

parents of the upper and middle classes were wont to send their children to the Jesuits, and to praise their industry and their labors. There was a great personal charm in these men, often of high birth, trained from youth to self-denial and self-control, filled with the enthusiasm of Crusaders bent on recovering lost spiritual territory, well-bred, and refined by travel and the cosmopolitan company of the novitiates and colleges. The example of their lives, divided between prayer and study, won the hearts of the youth intrusted to them, and filled the order itself with the choicest vocations. Their programme of studies aimed chiefly at the training of men destined to live in the world; hence the classic languages and profane science absorbed most of their attention. Nevertheless, the religious formation of the youth was carefully attended to. The daily mass, the frequent confessions and communions, the exercises of the special sodalities, the personal guidance of the tutors and instructors, the regularity of the daily life of the college, acted powerfully upon the mind and heart and imagination, especially in the earliest days of the movement, when the fine enthusiasm of struggle was at its white heat, and one could almost see the fulness of victory in the rapidity

with which the tide of revolution was being rolled back. In these houses of study there was a thorough unity of spirit and authority. While the rector of each was absolute master of the internal and external life of the college, he was also responsible for each student, both for his bodily and mental development. The original programme of studies prescribed constant, but not overwhelming, work, provided for moderate recreation, forbade the acceptance of gifts or presents from the students, and commanded the reception of children of every class.

The teachers were instructed to plant securely the seeds of Catholic faith in the hearts of their scholars, and to remember that they were not mere grammarians or rhetoricians. The hope of distinction and the fear of disgrace were proposed as powerful and natural motives of labor, and corporal punishment was to be rarely administered and then by a special official. Between these schools there existed close mutual relations, and the teachers and text-books of France or Italy often found their way to Germany, and vice versa. The teaching was in great measure gratuitous. The prestige of the order's religious and political successes was another element of strength, and the polished manners, the courtesy

and urbanity of its disciples a proof that it had found new sources of influence over the youth of Germany, and knew how to draw upon them for the perfection of youthful character. They withstood the heresies that were being quietly instilled in certain schools, like the ancient and renowned one of Düsseldorf, where the catechism of John Monheim was overturning the foundations of the Catholic faith. The Jesuit schools of Münster and Paderborn became in time famous nurseries of Westphalian Catholicism, and the memories of their period of renown still cling about these picturesque old towns like a dim but lovely halo.

Munich, however, seems to have been the scene of the highest academical and social activity of the Jesuit teachers of the sixteenth century. The rapid spread of the order, the numerous demands made upon its chiefs for the most varied services, religious and political, made it hard to keep up always with the needs of the age. As early as 1565 the superiors of the province of Higher Germany admitted that their professors were either men broken by long labors or young, unskilled novices. The memoir of Jacob Pontanus (1582) and the *Epistola de scholasticorum nostrorum moribus* of the general

Aquaviva (1611) show that no one was more conscious than themselves of the weaknesses that were growing within the order, and which it needed the general "Ratio Studiorum" of 1599 to correct or expel. Withal, their main object in this first century of their scholastic activity in Germany was an *eloquens et sapiens pietas*, the production of pious and devoted Catholics, skilled in all the social arts, filled with the practical wisdom of life, and bent on preserving or restoring the broken unity of the great Christian body.

With the Renaissance there entered into the lives of Teutonic and Romance nations many elements and motives of the old classic peoples, for which they were prepared, indeed, but which contrasted, nevertheless, greatly with their own mediæval philosophy. Very significant in this regard is the interest taken in the classic dramatists. Already in the latter half of the fifteenth century, Terence and Plautus were put upon the stage. It was not without protest at the beginning, for if Erasmus encouraged the practice, Jacob Wimpheling was opposed to it. Melanchthon and Luther, and the Reformers generally, favored it greatly, and in all their schools the plays of the dramatic philosophers of Roman

antiquity were frequently rehearsed. At Strasburg all the comedies of Plautus and Terence were, for a time, reproduced in the course of every six months, not excepting the most objectionable plays. The progress of the students, the delight of the parents, and the still vivid attachment to the mystery plays, were the immediate motives assignable for the time and care given to the classic plays. Though the shrewd and practical life-wisdom of the ancient comedians delighted the burghers at Christmas and Easter, and though the students, in their frequent preparation, penetrated profoundly into the nature and structure of the Latin tongue, more than one teacher of youth deprecated the evils of the promiscuous reading and representation of plays whose authors were pagan to the core and placed upon the public scene situations that were shocking to the Christian view of life, and principles that offended the basic laws of Christian morality. Thus there arose a Christianized Terence, a Neo-Latin school-drama, whose subjects were often taken from the Bible, and treated in the most Terentian or Plautian style. Both Protestants and Catholics took a part in this work. Reuchlin, Schonæus, Gnaphæus, and Macropedius were its foremost champions.

The "Asotus," "Josephus," and "Hecastus," of the latter found a lasting popular welcome, as did the less praiseworthy works of Nicodemus Frischlin — his "Rebecca," "Susanna," and "Julius Redivivus." In time even the Neo-Latin school-drama degenerated, and pieces like the "Studentes," the "Amantes Amentes," and the "Cornelius Relegatus" drew more spectators than the biblical drama. The latter was very often treated in a manner offensive to Catholics, and no small share of the popular hate and ignorance must have come from this nominally religious theatre, in which the pope, the monks, and the "idolaters" played so large and so ridiculous a rôle.

The peculiarities of the principles and methods of the early Jesuits as teachers showed themselves nowhere more strikingly than in their treatment of the school-drama. From the beginning their "Ratio Studiorum" made little or no place for Terence and Plautus, and when, later on, the latter obtained a hearing, great care was exercised to put upon the stage only such plays as did not offend the dictates of Christian morality. If the Jesuits made way at all for the comedy, it was originally from pedagogical motives, the desire to train their students in the

arts of oratory and extempore speaking, and to develop in them a certain natural ease and graceful self-possession which the mimic experiences of the stage go far to produce. The charms of virtue and the hatefulness of sin were the lines on which they built up their own theatre, and when, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel, defended the stage against the attacks of Calvinist writers, he could appeal to the public example of the Jesuits, whose edifying school-dramas did so much to confirm their scholars in the principles of morality. The subjects were generally chosen from the Scriptures or the lives of the Saints, and often treated with great literary skill. Twice a year was the ordinary rule for their presentation, but what was lost in frequency was made up in magnificence. This splendid sumptuous character the Jesuit dramas took over from the great mystery-plays of the preceding century. Indeed, in every sense the school-drama of the Jesuits seems to be the heir and successor of these gorgeous "mysteries" of an earlier day. Multitudes came from afar to the new plays, and the largest halls were unequal to their accommodation. Sometimes they took several days in their execution, and they

were often repeated by popular insistence. Whoever has seen the "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, and recalls the emotions it awakens, will have some faint notion of what a magnificent school-drama given by the German Jesuits, let us say of Munich, would be like. For it was at Munich that the Jesuit drama reached its acme. The princely, art-loving Wittelsbacher, always half Italian by their position and their ideals, were the patrons of the new school, and spared nothing to insure the noblest framing of its productions. In 1574 the tragedy of "Constantine," by the Pater Georg Agricola, was given during two days. The whole city was turned into a stage, over one thousand actors were introduced, and an enormous multitude streamed in from every side to behold, on one day, the gorgeous pomp of the triumphal procession of Constantine after the defeat of Maxentius, and, on the other, the solemn triumph of the Holy Cross, on which the sign of our salvation was borne aloft through the city, amid the jubilant acclamations of many thousand spectators. In Jacob Bidemann the Jesuits of the first quarter of the seventeenth century reached the acme of their dramatic reputation. His "Joannes Calybita," "The Egyptian Joseph," "Belisarius,"

and "Cenodoxus, the Doctor of Paris," are said to be not unworthy of Calderon. "In general," says von Reinhardstöttner, "the Jesuits did much great and durable work in the first century of their dramatic labors. While they infused poetry and art into the dry framework of the humanistic drama, they also awakened and preserved throughout Bavaria, and especially in Munich, both taste and intelligence for the theatre and its useful services."

The wars of religion and the weakening of the imperial and papal authority brought about a sad condition for the Catholic universities of Germany during the sixteenth century. They lost more and more their ancient character of great independent corporations, representative of the highest interests of the Church, elevated above party strife and private opinion, animated by a love of knowledge and existing only for its diffusion. Freiburg in Breisgau, once flourishing, degenerated almost totally. Ingolstadt, Cologne, and Erfurt were in the same category. The University of Vienna, which had risen so rapidly under the first Maximilian, sank steadily from the outbreak of the Reformation. Its numbers decreased, its revenues were ill-managed, its professors were obliged to combine other occupations

with their teaching office, and its chairs were made centres for the dissemination of heresy. Endless proposals of reform were made, but not executed. The students were poor and wretched, often obliged to beg their bread, because the old "Bursen" colleges or dormitories were closed or in decay. In fact, it was the loss of these dwelling houses for the students, erected by the Catholic generosity of a preceding age and once carefully governed, that brought about the downfall of many universities. The private life of the academical youth was thenceforth utterly without control; and immorality, idleness, duelling, and contentiousness gained daily the upper hand. The success of the Jesuits in secondary instruction suggested them, in this extraordinary situation, for the universities, and in the latter half of the sixteenth century the theological, philological, and philosophical teaching in Catholic lands of German tongue passed in great measure under their control, as at Ingolstadt, Dillingen, Würzburg, Cologne, and Trier. Their chairs attracted a multitude of students, while those of the university professors were often utterly neglected. Bitter recriminations arose on the part of the latter, especially at Ingolstadt, which were paralleled in other university towns,

like Freiburg, Würzburg, and Vienna. In the latter place the awarding of university honors by the Jesuits was long a source of painful disputes, the university demanding that all the scholars and studies of the Jesuits should be under the general supervision of the rector of the university, and King Ferdinand replying that he would do nothing against the interests of the order. During this period the civil and ecclesiastical powers looked upon the Jesuits as the most reliable and experienced teachers of youth, and least likely to mislead or be misled in the rapid and profound changes that were going on in the society of that day. The discipline of Jesuit houses was excellent, while the once admirable administration of the "Bursen" was everywhere disrupted, chiefly because of the malversation of the funds, but not unfrequently because, in the confusion of religious revolution, the devotion to youth and the profound pedagogical philosophy of the fifteenth century had become cold or forgotten. The university professors were wretchedly paid, their position that of State servants, their orthodoxy suspected, and their authority over the students small. No class of men lost more by the Reformation than they, for whereas before it

they were esteemed members of a self-governing body, with ancient traditions and strong social authority, they were now little better than day-laborers, without prestige or power beyond their personal action, and obliged to assist at the transfer to youthful rivals of functions to which in the ordinary course of events they would have been the natural heirs.

Of the Protestant universities, some, like Tübingen and Leipsic, had been violently reformed; others were new creations, like Marburg, Königsberg, Jena, and Helmstädt. In all of them the local civil authority reigned supreme, and the many changes from Lutheran to Calvinist dynasty, and vice versa, made the positions of the professors uncertain and kept up a constant change. The needs of the petty German dynasts of the sixteenth century were many and great for wars and court, travel, bribery, and dissipation. The ancient funds of their universities were tempting, and their avarice was often the cause of the diminution or total disappearance of the scholastic wealth collected before the Reformation. The power of the emperor was now a bit of archaism, and that of the little duke or princelet was supreme. All hung upon his humor or temperament. Universities like

Rostock and Greifswald were made mendicant during the whole century. In all of them the salaries of the professors were meagre and often withheld. The court-fool and the fencing-master of the sovereign were far better off, and so low did they sink at times that the professors looked on it as a valuable privilege to possess the right of sale of wine and beer to their students. They added other occupations to piece out a sufficient revenue. They were frequently absent on their own business, and a supervision had often to be established over their lessons or their daily appearance. As there was little dignity in their treatment from above, so in turn there was often small edification in the example of their lives. The public records are full of reproaches and specific accusations against the teachers. The same records abound in denunciations of the students for vanity in dress, neglect of study, violent uproarious conduct at night in the public streets, maltreatment of the townspeople, "the worship of Bacchus and Venus," and general "Cyclopean savagery." In 1537 Melanchthon complained of the absence of discipline at Wittenberg, and of the untamable self-will of the students. In 1565 it was not better. Two years previous the sons of the Duke of Pomerania left the town

because of the dissolute habits of the students. They had lodgings in the old Augustinian monastery, become the property of Luther, and where his son Martin kept a tavern. But they could not stay; for above them were seven rooms full of Frenchmen and Poles, Suabians and Franconians, whose disorderly life, day and night, caused them great inconvenience. Tübingen is described by contemporaries as the scene of the wildest dissipation. In 1577 the subsheriff of the town declared that no citizen dared longer to act as constable, and that the place was worse than Sodom and Gomorrha. The students resisted all attempts at punishment, and every night was made hideous with the shouts of revellers, cries of angry disputants, breaking of doors and windows, and an occasional murder of a watchman or a fellow-student. In general, academical discipline seems to have been to a great extent ruined, and the saying ran: —

> "Wer von Tübingen kommt ohne Weib,
> Von Jena mit gesundem Leib,
> Von Helmstädt ohne Wunden,
> Von Jena ohne Schrunden.
> Von Marburg ungefallen,
> Hat nicht studirt auf allen."

Unhappiest of all men was the new student, who had to go through a time of fagging. He

was called "*Beanus*" (bec-jaune) or "Fox," and defined as a "wild animal whose horns had to be cut off to make him fit to assist at the public lectures of the university." Innocent enough in its early pre-Reformation stages, this practice became a very cruel and inhuman ceremony in the sixteenth century, accompanied with heavy fines and whole nights of drunkenness. The new student had no longer the "Bursen" to go to for shelter, and was usually handed over for guidance to some older student from his own neighborhood. He became at once the "famulus" or slave of this "Herr" or "Patron," waited on him day and night, suffered from his fits of anger, gave him his money and his best clothing — in a word, was his chattel, until such time as his own turn came and he ceased to be a "Pennaler" or weak-feathered thing, and became a "Schorist" or Shearer of those under him. Wolfgang Heider, professor at Jena in 1667, has left us a pen-portrait of "a genuine Shearer," which is absolutely untranslatable, and must therefore be read in the original. Perhaps no better index could be given of the moral tone of many of these universities than is found in the "Song of the Drinker's Club" of Jena, a much-beloved "Lied" of the early part of the seventeenth century: —

"Lasst uns schlemmen und demmen bis morgen!
Lasset uns fröhlich sein ohne Sorgen!
Wer uns nicht bargen will, komme morgen!
Wir haben nur kleine Zeit hier auf Erden,
Drum muss sie uns kurz und lieb doch werden.
Wer einmal stirbt, der liegt und bleibt liegen,
Aus ist es mit Leben und mit Vergnügen.
Wir haben noch von Keinem vernommen:
Er sei von der Hölle zurück gekommen,
Und habe verkündet wie dort es stünde.
Gute Gesellschaft treiben ist ja nicht Sünde,
Sauf also dich voll und lege dich nieder!
Steh auf und sauf und besaufe dich wieder."

BATHS AND BATHING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

One of the most stupid calumnies on the manners of the Catholic Middle Ages is that bathing was forbidden, that it was seldom practised, and the like. The authority of Michelet contributed greatly to confirm this untruthful statement, and within a few years Renan has repeated it in the last volume of his "Origins of Christianity." Under the ægis of these impartial patriarchs it may be expected to flourish in spite of all solid reasons to the contrary. Would that we had many such precious volumes as the "Historical Blunders" of Father Bridgett, which treats with precision and finality a number of similar errors.

The primitive Christians frequented the public baths, as may be easily deduced from the well-known anecdote of St. John and Cerinthus, which St. Irenæus has handed down to us. Clement of Alexandria enumerates the reasons for which a Christian man or woman may visit the baths, and that chapter of the "Pædagogus"

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might be read yet with profit, so moderate and sensible is it. Tertullian, though inclined to diminish the frequency of bathing, is convinced of its necessity, and tells us in his "Apology" why and when he bathed. St. Augustine relates in his "Confessions" that among other means of allaying his sorrow at his mother's death, he was moved to go and bathe, since the Greek name of the bath signified its power to banish sorrow from the heart.

The "Apostolic Constitutions," an old episcopal manual originally compiled about the beginning of the third century of our era, look upon the use of the bath as quite a matter of course, and only provide against certain abuses. The ancient Christian cities of Syria were well provided with baths, some of which are yet in excellent preservation, and there is every reason to believe that the larger churches of the Orient had baths attached to them for the use of the clergy. Such baths existed at Naples in the early Christian ages, as one may see by the miniatures in the work of Paciaudi on the sacred baths of the Christians. Eusebius of Cæsarea and St. Paulinus of Nola are guarantees that they were commonly attached to the greater churches in Syria and Italy. No doubt men

like St. Cyprian, St. Epiphanius, and St. Jerome were much opposed to the use of the common baths by Christians, but their objections were well founded. The public baths too often permitted the promiscuous bathing of both sexes, which was shocking to the Christian mind. Moreover, they were the resorts of all the loungers and gossipy people of the town. Forbidden amusements were connected with them, lewd women visited them, and these resorts encouraged the vice of female drunkenness, especially abhorrent to the Græco-Roman peoples.

To visit such baths seemed to many against the decorum and gravity which should mark the professors of Christianity, not to speak of the uglier features of these establishments which no amount of imperial legislation could keep free from disreputable reproaches. Diadochus of Photice, a moderate master of the spiritual life, who flourished in the fifth century, expressly says that bathing is no sin, but that it is a sign of a virile soul and an act of temperance if one abstain from it. We may understand such teaching as applying not to bathing in general, but to the use of the luxurious public baths. At the same time we find Theodoret, the great bishop of Cyrrhus in Syria, providing baths for

the people and building aqueducts for their maintenance. A century earlier the Council of Laodicea, legislating concerning the use of baths, merely condemned the promiscuous bathing of both sexes. In fact, the necessity of bathing was felt by the ancient Christian peoples to be almost as great as that of eating and drinking, and to go about unbathed, in sackcloth and ashes, seemed to them the greatest of penances. Even the monks were allowed to bathe, and the antiquarian Christianus Lupus tells us that the bath was looked on as no less indispensable to every ancient monastery than its kitchen. The early Fathers, in general, had no objection to baths being used for cleanliness or health, and Gregory the Great was willing that they should be used on Sunday.

The splendid baths of Rome were gradually closed after the middle of the fifth century, not through any action on the part of the popes, but because the barbarian Huns had cut the aqueducts which fed these magnificent structures. The baths of Constantinople remained in use through the Middle Ages, and those of Alexandria and Brusa in Bithynia were also well known and frequented.

In the article on baths in the "Encyclopædia

Britannica," Dr. John Macpherson, author of "The Baths and Wells of Europe" declares that it is doubtful if the practice of bathing was ever disused to the extent that is usually represented. It is not only doubtful, but certain, that bathing was exceedingly common during the Middle Ages, as any one can convince himself who cares to read, I will not say the original chronicles and biographies of the time, but the numerous histories of the economy, luxury, architecture, and popular habits of those days.

In the *Revue du Monde Catholique* for March, 1866, M. Lecoy de la Marche has an interesting article, in which he examines the false statement of Michelet concerning the supposed ecclesiastical prohibition of baths in the Middle Ages. M. de la Marche shows the contrary from an extended examination of the lives of the saints, the chronicles, the statutes of the caretakers of baths, the names of streets and the like. In the *Archives for the Study of Austrian History* for the year 1859 Zappert has treated at length the question of bathing in the Middle Ages and shown the frequency of the custom. The hot air and vapor baths of the Byzantine peoples were adopted by the Mohammedans, and later on made known to the peoples of Western Europe through the

Spanish Arabs and the Crusaders. They were in great demand as a cure of leprosy, and competent authorities state that after the beginning of the thirteenth century there were few large cities in Europe without them. Their statutes are well known to us. The Jews were allowed to visit them once a week. Lepers had separate baths. Men and women were not allowed to frequent the same bath.

Mediæval theologians like the authors of the "Summa Angelica" and the "Summa Aurea" discuss the casuistry of the bath, and thus bear witness to its general use. Before the Reformation we know from Erasmus that even heated baths were common in Belgium, Germany, France, and England, where they were called hothouses. It would seem that they were commonly adjoined to inns, and Montaigne speaks of them as existing at Rome in the sixteenth century.

In the first volume of Janssen's "History of the German People" there are many details concerning the popular use of baths in Germany during the Middle Ages. Men bathed several times each day; some spent the whole day in or about their favorite springs. From the 20th of May to the 9th of June, 1511, Lucas Rem bathed one hundred and twenty-seven times, as we may see

by his diary. It was the custom to eat and drink in the bath. While the preachers thundered in the churches against the gay young men who sat in the baths, mocked holy things, and talked civil and religious heresies, this gilded youth made merry and sang all manner of songs and catches.

> "Aussig Wasser, innen Wein
> Lasst uns alle fröhlich sein."

Grave authors of the sixteenth century like Gothofredus and Zypæus deplore the nude bathing of the soldiers in the neighborhood of the towns and oppose to it the ancient and more modest customs of the primitive Romans.

Lest it should be thought that this frequency of bathing belongs only to the later Middle Ages, and is an outcome of the refinement consequent upon the Crusades, let us look a little more closely into the sentiments of the early Middle Ages concerning the bath. The Council of Trullo, held at Constantinople toward the end of the seventh century, forbids the promiscuous bathing of monks or laymen with persons of the other sex, which implies the existence and use of baths under certain conditions of natural modesty. The famous Gottschalk, a monk of the

ninth century, who suffered many scourgings and long imprisonment for his heretical stubbornness, was nevertheless allowed to bathe frequently, as his opponent, Hincmar of Rheims, testifies in a letter to the Archbishop of Sens. St. Gregory of Tours in the sixth century speaks of the baths attached to the monastery governed by St. Radegunda at Poitiers. We have already seen that Gregory the Great did not forbid Sunday bathing, and we find one of his successors, Nicholas I. (died 867), enunciating his views of bathing in the very remarkable and valuable document known as the "Replies to the Bulgarians," where he states that bathing, when practised for sanitary purposes, has nothing objectionable.

If Michelet and Renan had paid any attention to the venerable "Liber Pontificalis," they would never have committed the error in question. This ancient book, whose origin is obscure, but seems to be somewhere about the beginning of the sixth century, contains short lives of the popes, with a brief account of some of the events of each reign, from St. Peter to the end of the ninth century. The criteria for its practical use have been admirably set forth by the Abbé Duchesne, its learned editor. In this ancient

record of the papacy the use of baths at Rome is frequently mentioned. Constantine is said to have given three large bathing establishments to Pope Sylvester. The church of St. Mary Major's at Rome had baths attached to it in the middle of the fourth century by donation of Pope Liberius, and they seem to have been remodelled a century later by Pope Xystus II. Pope St. Damasus at the end of the fourth century gave baths to the new parish of St. Lawrence at Rome, and similar gifts are mentioned as made by Popes Innocent and Hilary in the fifth century. Shortly after them Pope Symmachus gave baths to the church of St. Pancratius and opened new ones behind the church of St. Paul.

We frequently meet these ecclesiastical baths in the succeeding centuries. Toward the end of the eighth the baths of St. John Lateran and St. Peter's become famous in Europe. The popes of that time restore the ancient aqueducts to feed those baths, build approaches and staircases, line the halls with marble, and provide accommodations for the poor and strangers. Of one, Pope Hadrian (died 795), it is said that he built baths at St. Peter's, "where our brethren, the poor of Christ, are wont to bathe," and his successor,

Leo III. (died 816), improved greatly this same establishment.

We may, therefore, conclude with the great scholar and canonist, Van Espen, that the custom of bathing was never forbidden or discouraged by the Church authorities. The Middle Ages were for a long time no better off than antiquity in the matter of bathing accommodations. The river, lake, or pool satisfied people accustomed to live in the open air, and as yet not parked off in monstrous cities, where the last remnant of individuality is menaced. But the Church never curtailed their natural freedom. A *plebanus* or rural parish priest of the time of Charlemagne would smile at such an ignorant assumption, though he would know that some abstained from bathing by a spirit of mortification, and that the Church condemned certain abominable bathing abuses. If you pressed him still further he would point to the mineral springs and baths of France and Germany, which had not to wait until our day to be discovered, and refer his interrogator to Rome, where the city baths and the church baths played so large a share in the daily life of the city of the Leos, the Stephens, and the Hadrians. Perhaps this good parish priest might

have heard from wandering Keltic missionaries of the famous English establishment of Bath, where the old Roman works were yet preserved, or even of the famous Holy Well of St. Winifred, in Wales, whither, it may be, both insular and continental pilgrims were already wont to journey for the purpose of bathing in this splendid and beneficent spring. He would point to the universal practice of the good King Carl and his Franks and to the baths at Aachen, and wonder how this traveller from Altruria had got so mixed up in his notions of mediæval culture as to imagine that the contemporaries of Alcuin and Einhardt were no better than Digger Indians.

CLERGY AND PEOPLE IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

It is with great satisfaction that we see applied to the English Middle Ages the same analytico-critical methods that in the hands of a Taine have revolutionized the history of the French Revolution, in the hands of a Janssen that of the German people before and during the Reformation, and in those of a Pastor the beginnings of modern papal history. Among the ablest and most useful chapters of the first volume of Janssen is that which deals with ecclesiastical teaching and preaching in the generation that preceded the appearance of Luther. Eusebius-like, the great historian does scarcely more than link together the numerous contemporary and public evidences of official concern for the religious instruction of the people. Whoever peruses those pages must admit that, whatever else was wrong in Germany, there was then no dearth of religious instruction, either oral or printed.

In his learned and timely book, "The Eve of the Reformation" (London, 1900), Dom Gasquet comes back on the same subject, and demolishes for England the same old calumny — viz. that the Catholic clergy were so sunk in vice and ignorance at the time of the Reformation that the latter epoch may well be called a very sunburst of religious knowledge. In his "Essays on the Reformation," Dr. Samuel Maitland, himself an Anglican, had already shown what lack of veracity, what unprincipled literary methods, one might suspect in all the earliest Protestant writers on the English Reformation, such as Strype, Fox, and Bishop Burnet. In a general way, Mr. James Brewer, the scholarly editor of the papers of Henry VIII. and historian of his life, concludes as a result of documentary labors at first-hand that "the sixteenth century was not a mass of moral corruption out of which life emerged by some process unknown to art or nature; it was not an addled egg cradling a living bird; quite the reverse."

In Germany, England, and the Northern Kingdoms, the Reformation was a work very largely of cupidity and avarice; were it not for the fat revenues and the well-tilled lands of churches and abbeys, the old religion would not

have seen arrayed against it those kings and princes who made the fortune of the Luthers and the Cranmers. Nowhere, except in the Peasants' War — and that was a social rebellion — do we see any general voluntary upheaval of the people against the venerable figure of Catholicism; brute force, the treachery of its own agents, and a torrent of calumny were the chief weapons of the first memorable campaign against the authority of the Church. It was reserved for a later period to justify the vast rebellion by pleading, among other attenuating causes, the universal neglect of their pastoral duties by the Catholic clergy, secular as well as regular, in every land of Europe.

If the accusation were true for England, it could only mean a general violation of the English Church law as established in many synods and promulgated in numerous manuals of clerical duty. Thus the Synod of Oxford in 1281 decreed: —

"We order that every priest having charge of a flock do, four times in each year — that is, once each quarter, on one or more solemn feast-days — either himself or by some one else, instruct the people in the vulgar language, simply and without any fantastical admixture of subtle distinctions, in the articles of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Evangelical Precepts, the seven works of mercy, the seven deadly sins with their offshoots, the seven principal virtues, and the seven sacraments."

This means that the whole cycle of Christian doctrine had to be expounded to the people every three months; and, lest the parish priest be in doubt as to the character of the instruction, the synod insists in considerable detail on each of the points mentioned. As late as 1466 a synod of the province of York reiterates this decree and its comment. These regular and homely talks were, of course, more efficient than formal discourses; though the latter were not wanting, as may be seen by the numerous old volumes of mediæval sermons yet preserved. Neglect to assist at these instructions was a matter of confession for the penitent, as the carelessness in delivering them was a reproach to the parish priest. "If you are a priest," says an old pre-Reformation manuscript in the (Oxford) Harleian Library, "be a true lantern to the people both in speaking and in living. . . . Read God's law and the expositions of the holy doctors, and study and learn and keep it; and when thou knowest it, preach and teach it to those that are unlearned."

So great was the concern for popular religious instruction that this duty was placed above that of hearing Mass. Richard Whitford, the Monk of Sion, writes in his "Work for Householders"

(1530) that "if there be a sermon any time of day let them be present, all that are not occupied in needful and lawful business. All other occupation laid aside, let them ever keep the preachings rather than the Mass, if perchance they may not hear both." That most popular of the fifteenth-century manuals of religious instruction, the "Dives et Pauper," says that "by preaching folks are stirred to contrition and to forsake sin and the fiend, and to love God and goodness. . . . By the Mass they are not so; but if they come to Mass in sin they go away in sin, and shrews they come and shrews they wend away. . . . Both are good, but the preaching of God's word ought to be more discharged and more desired than the hearing of Mass."

Similar advice is found in such works as "The Interpretatyon and Sygnyfycacyon of the Masse," by Robert Wyer (1532); in "The Myrrour of the Church;" in Wynkyn de Worde's "Exornatorium Curatorum;" and in the "English Prymer," printed at Rouen in 1538.

It has often been said and written, very falsely, that the Catholic clergy of the Middle Ages fostered ignorance and superstition in order that they might make pecuniary gain

therefrom; hence, for instance, their encouragement of the devotion to images, particularly to the crucifix. What better refutation could we ask than the apposite words of the blessed martyr, Sir Thomas More?[1]

"The flock of Christ is not so foolish as those heretics would make them to be; for whereas there is no dog so mad that he does not know a real coney from a coney carved and painted, yet they would have it supposed that Christian people that have reason in their heads, and therefore the light of faith in their souls, would think that the image of Our Lady were Our Lady herself. Nay, they be not so mad, I trust, but that they do reverence to the image for the honor of the person whom it represents, as every man delights in the image and remembrance of his friend. And although every good Christian has a remembrance of Christ's Passion in his mind, and conceives by devout meditation a form and fashion thereof in his heart, yet there is no man, I ween, so good and so learned, nor so well accustomed to meditation, but that he finds himself more moved to pity and compassion by beholding the holy crucifix than when he lacks it."

How maliciously the first Reformers dealt with the common people is strikingly put in a discourse of Roger Edgeworth, a preacher of the reign of Queen Mary: —

"Now at the dissolution of the monasteries and friars' houses, many images have been carried abroad and given to children to play with; and when the children have them in their hands, dancing them in their childish manner, the father or mother comes and says: 'What, Nase, what have you there?' The child answers (as she is taught): 'I have here my idol.' Then

[1] "Salem and Bizance," a dialogue betwixt two Englishmen, whereof one was called Salem and the other Bizance. London, Berthelet, 1533.

the father laughs and makes a gay game at it. So says the mother to another: 'Jagge or Tommy, where did you get that pretty idol?' — 'John, our parish clerk, gave it to me,' says the child; and for that the clerk must have thanks and shall not lack good cheer. But if the folly were only in the insolent youth and in the fond, unlearned fathers and mothers, it might soon be redressed."

In the very popular fifteenth-century religious manual already referred to, the "Dives et Pauper," the devotion to the crucifix, and especially the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday known as the "Creeping to the Cross," is explained with admirable correctness and terseness. Few modern English books of devotion can boast a language so chaste and idiomatic, or so much clearness and conciseness of statement, or so much unction and pathos. And are not the following lines a noble paraphrase of the great mediæval hymn to the dolors of Jesus Christ Crucified, notably the "Salve Caput Cruentatum"?

"When thou seest the image of the crucifix think of Him that died on the cross for thy sins and thy sake, and thank Him for His endless charity that He would suffer so much for thee. See in images how His head was crowned with a garland of thorns till the blood burst out on every side, to destroy the great sin of pride which is most manifested in the heads of men and women. Behold and make an end to thy pride. See in the image how His arms were spread abroad and drawn up on the tree till the veins and sinews cracked; and how His hands were nailed to the cross and streamed with blood, to destroy the sin that Adam and

Eve did with their hands when they took the apple against God's prohibition. Also He suffered to wash away the sin of the wicked deeds and the wicked works done by the hands of men and women. Behold and make an end of thy wicked works. See how His side was opened and His heart cloven in two by the sharp spear; and how it shed blood and water to show that if He had more blood in His body, more He would have given for men's love. He shed His blood to ransom our souls and water to wash us from our sins."

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries manuscript manuals of instruction abounded among the clergy, as the inventories and wills of the period show. Among these were the favorite "Pars Oculi Sacerdotis," with its "Dextra" and "Sinistra Pars;" also the "Pupilla Oculi Sacerdotis," of John de Burgo. Similar manuals are among the precious incunabula of the English press. In his valuable work on, "The Old English Bible" (London, 1898), Dom Gasquet has gone over in detail many other evidences of popular religious instruction in pre-Reformation England. The written sources of religious edification were accessible not only to the common people of England, but also to those of Wales and Ireland.

Vernacular prayer-books continued to be published in Welsh down to the end of Henry's reign; even later, says the Rev. J. Fisher.[1]

[1] "The Private Devotions of the Welsh" (London, 1898). For similar literature in Irish, see Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of

"It is rather a curious fact," he adds, "that nearly all the Welsh manuals of devotion and instruction, of any size, published in the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century were the productions of Welsh Roman Catholics and published on the Continent."

The researches of Janssen and others have clearly shown that originally and for a considerable time ecclesiastics considered the printing-press as a most desirable means of religious propaganda. Bibles, prayers, sermons, catechisms; spiritual exhortations, examinations of conscience, reprints of popular hand-books of religion, woodcuts of saints, and religious art-works, issued in great numbers from the presses of Cologne, Paris, Venice, Rome, and other cities. Their titles may be seen in the repertories of Hain, Copinger, and Panzer.

What modern journalism does for the artist of the twentieth century as bread-giver, that was done in the olden times by churchmen, who have ever looked on the illuminated page, the decorated book, the ecstasied saint, the patient martyr, as true "helps" to religion. King

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Ireland" (New York, Scribners, 1899) and the *New Ireland Review*, passim.

Ethelbert beheld and was touched by the picture of Christ that Augustine bore at the head of his procession of monks that famous day in Kent. And we are told that the rude Bulgarian chiefs were first moved by a picture of the Last Judgment. In the judicious words which follow, Dom Gasquet emphasizes for pre-Reformation England a similar spiritual preoccupation on the part of her clergy and a corresponding earnestness on the part of the Catholic laity.

"In taking a general survey of the books issued by the English presses upon the introduction of the art of printing, the inquirer can hardly fail to be struck with the number of religious or quasi-religious works which formed the bulk of the early printed books. This fact alone is sufficient evidence that the invention which at this period worked a veritable revolution in the intellectual life of the world was welcomed by the ecclesiastical authorities as a valuable auxiliary in the work of instruction. In England the first presses were set up under the patronage of churchmen, and a very large proportion of the early books were actually works of instruction or volumes furnishing materials to the clergy for the familiar and simple discourses which they were accustomed to give four times a year to their people. Besides the large number of what may be regarded as professional books, chiefly intended for use by the ecclesiastical body, such as missals, manuals, breviaries, and horæ, and the primers and other prayer-books used by the laity, there was an ample supply of religious literature published in the early part of the sixteenth century.

"In fact, the bulk of the early printed English books were of a religious character; and as the publication of such volumes was evidently a matter of business on the part of the first English printers, it is obvious that this class of literature commanded a ready sale, and that the circulation of such books was fostered by those in authority at that period. Volumes of sermons, works

of instruction on the Creed and the Commandments, lives of the saints and popular expositions of Scripture-history, were not only produced, but passed through several editions in a short space of time. The evidence, consequently, of the productions of the first English printing-presses goes to show not only that religious books were in great demand, but also that, so far from discouraging the use of such works of instruction, the ecclesiastical authorities actively helped in their diffusion."

In the Middle Ages the principles, spirit, ideals, and aims of the Church had so interpenetrated the popular life that only the smallest part of her actual teaching was represented by the spoken and the written word. All the phenomena of social life were colored, transfigured, by the spirit of religion. The public square — no longer *forum* or *agora* — was like an enormous open-air vestibule to the cathedral, parish, or abbey church. On it the dramatic "mysteries," processions, "penances," and other popular forms of religious life were enacted with every recurring festival of high or low degree. To a great extent it was the church of the people, in which they executed, not without love and piety, the offices of their own rude and fantastic liturgy. Within the churches another free and large liturgical worship displayed its charms, more orderly and traditional, yet endlessly new and universally artistic; natural, too, like the flowering of a mountain side in spring.

The churches themselves were huge folios in stone — "the books of the unlearned," easily read by people yet accessible to the old patristic mysticism that culminated in a St. Bernard, yet looking to the desert as a refuge from the cosmic sin and shame of life, and whose native sense for symbolism was undulled by the scholastic formalism of a later time. There was everywhere a picturesque and plastic "public prayer" understanded of all, whose multitudinous social influences Dom Guéranger and his Benedictine school have admirably illustrated for the last forty years. Painting and sculpture and music — all the Muses, in fact — began anew their careers in the shadow of such great ministers as Strasburg, Freiburg, Rheims, Westminster, and Chartres. A hundred minor arts, the "Kleinkünste," acted as ordinary skilled tutors to eye and hand and brain, potently and sweetly drawing forth every latent capacity of race or family or surroundings or traditions. Something holy and soulful they infused into every product of man's handiwork, something highly personal and unique, stifling in every raw material the coarse and deathly grossness of it, which else had led the Middle Ages, as all others, into idolatry. Let the Catholic reader, especially,

meditate deeply on what John Ruskin has written concerning the artistic life of mediæval Florence and Venice.

In these and many other ways the mediæval peoples enjoyed a religious teaching, at once living, pleasing, artistic, manifold; the outcome of a deep and universal conviction that this world and life, though good, were transitory; that man had an immortal soul for which he was responsible to a beneficent but just Creator; that society had its end in God, its saviour and ensample in Jesus, its nurse and guide in the Church. Folly and turbulence and grossness and ignorance there were, of course. But those peoples were not, like us, incapable of hearing or appreciating divine warnings. The passion of gigantic wealth was not in them; they would not, if they could, turn the world into one workshop and poison the pure air of heaven with the filth and the darkness of the breath of avarice. We may well look back to them as we meditate on the probable issue of the principles and forces that are idolized to-day — Plutus and Mammon and the minor gods that serve them.

The mediæval people, though violent and narrow, because young, were not draped in a stoical self-righteousness nor sunk in a practical

atheism; neither had they our Judaic stiffness of neck and hardness of heart. *Sanabiles fecit nationes* — it is possible to heal the fevers of life — they thought. But it could be done only by a divine Physician, working at the true roots of evil and misery — the mind's darkened eye and the heart's perverted inclinations. This is why they all held so firmly to the heavenly pedagogy of tears, contrition, compunction, satisfaction, and lifelong sorrow; why they produced those good works of art and charity whose splendor yet attracts and consoles us. All told, are we more moral and holy than the men of the age of St. Louis of France and St. Francis of Assisi?

THE CATHEDRAL-BUILDERS OF MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

If we observe ourselves and the multitudinous life about us, we shall all agree that most of what is typical, characteristic of our own generation, perishes with us. Man is largely a thing of the present. Most of his time is spent in fighting off decay and death, that, nevertheless, press on him with the slow and certain speed of the Alpine glacier. Of the popular daily life of the middle of the last century, only reminiscences remain; and when those are gone whose hearts and minds still retain vivid impressions of the past, the tide of oblivion makes swifter haste, and soon obliterates all but the most striking landmarks, those great events and institutions that are the common property of a race or a nation. Even literature, though it is usually said to hold the most sacred experiences of every people, is only a fragment of fragments, retains but a tithe of the passions, the hopes, the struggles, the triumphs and glories, that made up the sum of life as it was actually lived

by men and women. As far as the past is concerned, we walk amid shadows and reflections, in an ever deepening twilight.

This thought is of some importance when we look back over the thousand years of the Middle Ages for some great convincing illustration of the spirit and scope of Catholicism, something that shall be as strictly its own work as the Homeric chants or the marbles of the Parthenon are the work of the Greek soul, the great roads of Europe and the Code of Justinian the product of the genius of Rome. Catholic Christianity in that thousand years of the Middle Ages dominated fully and freely the life of European mankind. What legacy has it left the human race, at once monumental and unique, useful and holy, worthy of its own claims, and comparable with those remains by which we judge other religions that lay, or once did lay, claim to universal acceptance? Say what we will, make what appeal we will to the social benefits of a religion, its written documents of a literary character or value, its political uses, its successful moulding over of the common heart, its answers to the eternal questions of the soul, the common conscience, its upbuilding of the spiritual man, individually and collectively — develop

all these admirable arguments as we will, there remains the deep and just query: What *monuments* has it left behind?

The hand of man is very cunning, and tends very naturally to fashion in some public and permanent manner the ideals that the brain has conceived and the heart cherished. The most refined Greek ethnicism had its Acropolis at Athens, its Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Roman ethnicism had its Temple of Fortune at Præneste, its Coliseum at Rome. Those philosophies of life that are as religions to the followers of Confucius and Buddha have each flowered in a peculiar art that may seem fantastic to us, but has yet an intimate relationship with the doctrines that it glorifies and perpetuates. General doctrines, that have got themselves lived out, large and constant views of the meaning, uses, and end of human life, usually blossom out in great monuments, almost as naturally as the thought of the brain leaps to the tongue and clamors for expression.

It was as a *religion* that Catholicism dominated the Middle Ages. The natural monuments of a religion are its temples. You may simplify a religion as you will, curtail its functions, reduce its influence — but so long as it

pretends to bind man with his Maker, so long will it need places of meeting for its people, and so long will it set up therein some symbol or symbols of its creed.

The refined paganism of Greece and Rome, with which Catholicism came into conflict, had such popular centres of worship — the temples and shrines of its gods. But paganism had nothing truly spiritual about it. It was all based on fear of its deities, was a religion solely of low and coarse propitiation, a mass of deceptive practices, a double religion — base superstition for the multitude, quasi-agnosticism for the elevated classes. It had no fixed doctrine to preach. It had no central fire of love to which all were bidden, no mystic banquet, no divine revelation to communicate. Hence, its temples were only abodes of the mysterious deity. He alone dwelt behind marble walls, within which, as a rule, only the priest went and the needed servants. Outside, on the temple-square, stood the multitudes, watching the evisceration of sheep and oxen, or the other mummeries of paganism, but utterly without any serious share in the act of religion that was entirely the affair of the priests and the magistrates, a State act.

With the Christians, from the very beginning,

it was otherwise. They were one body with Jesus Christ, their mystic head. They had been all born again in Him, and the true death was to lose that new higher life. They were destined to union with Him in eternity. They had His history in four little books, and the letters of His first agents, the apostles. He had fixed a certain form for their meetings, that were to be very frequent, and at which all who confessed His name should assist and partake of a divine banquet that was none other than His own body and blood.

So the Christians needed a large, free space, where all could see one another, where all could hear, where access was easy to the eucharistic table or altar, around which the ministers of the banquet could serve the presiding officer and distribute to all the assistants, in an orderly way, the celestial food. The God of the Christians was no longer far away. He was with them day and night. He spoke to them all with equal love, and demanded from all an equal service. In other words, the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Real Presence, demanded at once and created all the essentials of a Christian church, such as they are found in the catacombs and such as they will exist as

long as the religion itself — a table for the sacrifice, a space for its ministers, an open space sufficient for the assistants, light for the performance of the mysteries in which all were sharers and, in a true but mysterious sense, actors, light also for the reading of the gospels, the Old Testament, the letters from distant brethren, the accounts of martyrdom. In time, the pagan had to be kept out, the novice admitted slowly, the unfaithful excluded and chastised for a time, the goods, deposits, plate, records, of the little communities stored away. Thus vestibules, courts, and sacristies were added. Thus, too, arose, almost in the Cenacle, the first Christian Church, all whose essential elements are curiously enough foreshadowed in the Apocalypse — indeed, in the holy Temple of Jerusalem itself.

It is a long and charming chapter in the history of the fine arts how the typical Catholic Church grew up. There was the upper room in the residence of the principal Christian of the community; perhaps, too, they hired occasionally a public hall or reading-room. Then came the little chamber of some cemetery where an illustrious martyr lay. When freedom came, there was the little overground chapel, with its

triple apse and its roofless but enclosed court-yard, just over the martyr's resting-place; then the vast Roman halls of justice were abandoned to them. Sometimes the temples were transformed for Christian service. Soon they built their own — at Rome St. Peter's and St. Paul's, the "Great Church" at Carthage, the "New Church" at Antioch, at Tyre. Emperors paid for them, and crossed the world to assist at their dedication. They were often of the style of the Roman courts of justice known as basilicas; again they were octagonal or round. Every city, every village, had its own. But whatever their form or material, they were places of meeting for a community of men and women, therefore roomy and lightsome. By reason of the great central act of the religion, they were decently ornamented, provided with an elevated altar, beneath which lay the body of some distinguished martyr or confessor of Christ, whose death was the pledge of final victory over a bad and unjust society, a seal of hope, an assurance that with faith in Jesus Christ lay the only certainty of eternal life.

The first great Christian churches were owing to the constructive skill of Roman architects and builders. They embodied the best traditions of

imperial architecture, such at least as had survived into the fourth century. That they were not in absolute decay may be seen from the splendid ruins of the Palace of Diocletian at Salona. But, given the collapse of Roman power, the great building-arts could not long survive. Their traditions were easily lost for want of exercise. In the Christian Orient perhaps they lived on much longer, in Greek Constantinople, and the remnants of the Roman power that Islam did not absorb. But in the West a mysterious transformation took place. We quit the sixth century holding on to traditions of classical forms and workmanship at Rome and Ravenna, but we emerge into the seventh, in possession no longer of what is known as Roman architecture, but of what the historians of art are agreed to call Romanesque. For five hundred years nearly all the churches of Europe are ranged in this category. We have no longer in their purity the solemn, long nave of the basilica, with its noble monolith pillars, tied by correct round arches, on which rests the main roof, while the altar is in the apse, that is solidly built up and holds on its own semicircle of brick its suitable roof. If side-naves are needed, they are added from with-

out, with their own columns, low roofs, and enclosing walls. In place of such majestic buildings that retained no little of the majesty of imperial Rome, and of which a specimen may yet be seen at Trier on the Moselle, or even in some Roman churches, we get smaller edifices. For the great monolith column there are low pillars, often made of separate stone drums. The arches are lower, more squatty, and depend on very thick walls for their support. The open upper roof of the old basilica gives way to a few narrow windows, mere apertures, but decorated with pretty colonnettes. An inside gallery, low and narrow, runs around the church just over the pillars. A low roof made of wooden beams gives an air of dimness and depression to the whole edifice.

Where did the Christian architects of Northern Italy, in whose cities it surely arose, get the essentials of this style? Did a school of genuine Roman architects and builders survive the downfall of their State and culture? Did they live on Lake Como, and perpetuate there the skill and cunning in building of their Roman ancestors? Are they the real builders of the first Lombard churches, the originators of Romanesque, that afterward was carried by them into

France, and Germany, and England, in which lands one beauty, one utility after another, was added, until such glorious old churches as Worms, Speyer, and others of the Rhineland, were created, until St. Ambrose at Milan, St. Michael's at Pavia, and many others, were either rebuilt anew or made over after the prevailing style? Or is the Romanesque church the result of inherited barbarian tastes and traditions struggling for expression at the hands of men yet raw in the history and forms of architecture? Is it the Greek architect of Constantinople, an exile, or a left-over from the ruinous exarchate at Ravenna, who himself executed, or gave the first impulse to those curious buildings in which, all over Europe, the traditions of Old Rome are seen to underlie a number of new principles and suggestions? Anyhow, Christian architecture from Roman became European by way of the Romanesque. Specimens of the latter soon arose in every land. The Roman architects and builders who followed St. Augustine to England, St. Boniface to Germany, built in that style. Those who crossed the Alps at the bidding of Charlemagne, and created the octagonal basilica of Aix-la-Chapelle for him, showed that they were masters of both Byzantine and Ro-

manesque, for they left after them work of both kinds.

Somehow, even though imperfectly, the building-arts were yet taught in Italy, architecture was yet understood in the large style of the ancients. The great models of antiquity still existed — for their final complete destruction dates from the late Middle Ages, not from the time we are dealing with. There was always kept up some interchange of influences between Constantinople and the West, at least until the Iconoclastic follies and excesses of the eighth century arrested the normal development of Christian art in its natural home. From the city of Rome in the West, and the city of Constantinople in the East, were kept up a constant supply and demand of all that pertained to building and the arts that depend on it.

It is now an exploded fable that there was in the year 1000 A.D. a general terror among the Christian peoples of Europe at the supposed approach of the end of the world. Nevertheless, the two hundred years that followed did see a general revival of human interests, owing to other reasons. With the civilizing of the Northmen, the last stages of the old classical world of Greece and Rome disappeared.

Latin ceased finally to be a spoken tongue. The new vernaculars made out of it began to move independently, to affect a higher range of activity. With these new instruments of thought the life of the peoples of Europe takes on a new character. The last border-land of the old and the new is reached. Right here Catholicism entered more profoundly than ever into the lives of these new and ardent peoples. Their wills and testaments show it. The population increased rapidly, new churches were built in great numbers, and old ones were restored or enlarged. Constant demand created a great supply of workmen. The intelligence of Italian and Greek architects, and the devotion and sacrifices of a great multitude of monks, brought about improvements in the ordinary Romanesque. Little by little it graduated into the incomparable Gothic. The round arch gave way to the pointed arch, that could be carried much higher, and needed for its support no thick and cumbersome walls, only a sufficient lateral resistance or pressure to prevent it from falling. Now the heavy stone piers could be reduced in size, the massive walls could be thinned down and cut out, until a new theory stood forth in practice — the building was no longer a roof

resting on heavy walls propped up by thick piers that were themselves bound and dove-tailed into the walls. It was now a great, open, airy framework, in which the tall main arches were caught precisely at their weakest point by slender but strong abutting piers. The roof rested partly on these arches thus secured, partly on slight but strong shafts engaged in the masonry of the great arches at their springing point. Across the nave independent arches were thrown, always pointed, that showed beneath each vault, upheld it, and produced the new and artistic effect of groining. The light spaces of the clerestory were now raised and widened; the spaces between the great lateral arches were also broadened, until at last almost no solid wall at all was left, nothing but the masonry built up beneath the huge glass windows to support their weight, and enclose the worshippers. Here at last was something absolutely new in architecture. Some modern scholars maintain that its first suggestions came from Constantinople, or from Christian Antioch. Be that as it may, it was the genius of mediæval Catholicism in the West that caught up the idea long dormant. In Normandy and the territory of Paris and Orléans, the new architecture first

spread. It is not German, it is not Italian or English. It is French in its original and purest monuments. When we look at the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens, we see its loveliest chefs d'œuvre; when we go through the ancient towns of Normandy, we see its first examples. Here in the north of France, during the first fifty years of its development, arose many specimens of the genuine Gothic, until all Europe caught the sacred fire. The new style spread from one land to another, was modified somewhat in each, reached its apogee in the early part of the fourteenth century, and then fell into a decline and disuse that it has recovered from only in the last century through the efforts of a Pugin in England and that Romantic movement in Germany which is identified with the completion of the cathedral of Cologne and the names of Joseph Görres, its philosopher, and August Reichensperger, its preceptor.

The mediæval cathedral, house of prayer, museum, gallery of art works, in whatever way we look at it, was the great popular enterprise of that period. It arose gradually, through several generations, and is the true mirror of the ideals and endeavors of our mediæval an-

cestors. It furnished employment for the major part of the city's craftsmen. It stirred up rivalry and ingenuity, and brought together on one site a multitude of workers whose combined experience alone could raise such buildings. Industry and commerce flourished around it, good taste was exercised and developed by it — the great triumphs of painting and sculpture in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are only the flowering of the good seed planted in the twelfth and thirteenth. The life of every family in the city was intimately bound up with the great monument that they had helped to build. Its windows held the portraits of their ancestors. Their arms were blazoned on many a glorious rose or chancel-light, while before the altar lay buried their parents and relatives. When Adam Krafft raised his ineffably beautiful slender tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament at Nürnberg, that reaches from floor to ceiling of the great church, he built it on the backs of bronze figures of himself and his assistants, each with his master's apron and tools. From his workshop to the altar of God there was but a step in his lifetime. And he wished it to be so forever.

It is the cathedral that kept alive good handi-

work, for all the domestic architecture, all civic and military architecture, of the period is based on the religious, and only follows it, imitates it. The castle, the fortress, the city palace, the town-hall, the gates, the bridges, the guild-houses, all the civic buildings, copy their ornaments and decoration from the workshops of the cathedral, when, indeed, they were not built by the same architects and workmen. There they found the infinite variety of decoration, the models of bronze and iron work, the perfect forms of pointed window and stone mullion, the proportion of stories and cornice, the proper precautions for the roof and the eaves, the charming system of fresco-coloring and painted tile-work that lent to every old mediæval town, like Bruges or Freiburg, its haunting spiritualesque beauty, its distinctive *cachet* of personality.

This helps to explain another peculiarity of the great Gothic cathedrals. They had no architects in our modern sense of the word. There was, indeed, a great head whose general plans were known and followed out. But it was a time of *master workmen*. Every one fit to do any responsible work on the building was a finished artist in his own line. Moreover, he had usually a heart and an imagination, those true

sources of spontaneity and inventiveness. He had a personal fondness for his work, and a great pride in being a responsible agent in the common undertaking. The individual workmen had much freedom in the execution of their details, a circumstance that aided notably in impressing an air of distinction, a stamp of personal inventive finish, on every line and member of the work. Around such buildings as Strasburg and Paris, that were slowly carried to completion, arose *practical schools* of superior masonry, joiner and cabinet work, framing and mortising, carving in wood and stone. Originally all the workmen formed one great corporation, but in time the painters and the sculptors became conscious of their own importance, and established independent guilds or crafts. So with the others. But their real apprenticeship had been on the huge pile that overtopped everything in the city, and their best masterpieces were long to be seen only there. Sometimes one family worked for two hundred years or more at one particular line of occupation in the same building. Thus, all the mosaic altars in the great Certosa at Pavia were built from father to son for two hundred years by the Sacchi family. A moment's reflection will show that in such cases we almost touch

with the hand the original workmen of the thirteenth century. Elsewhere, in Northern Italy, one family built during three hundred years nearly all the fine churches of a whole extensive neighborhood.

It is not enough that we should know how a great cathedral got itself built up. It is well to know how it was administered and kept together. After all, it was a centre of good government, when good government was rare. At its head stood the bishop, elected for life. He was often a sovereign temporal authority, like the Bishop of Durham in England, or the great German elector-bishops of Cologne, Trier, and Mainz. In any case his authority was the source of all rights, and his will the normal spring of administration. For many centuries all his clerics lived with him, ate at the same table, and slept under the same roof. The temporal goods of the see were under the supervision of an officer known as the archdeacon, who also looked after the clergy. A cathedral school, where boys were brought up as in a seminary, where the young choristers were trained, was attached to the building. Other buildings were close by, apartments for the clergy of the cathedral, a house for the guests, the pilgrims, the poor penitent travelling

to Rome or to St. James in Spain. In England a noble circular hall, whose roof was upheld by a single pillar, was affected to the meetings of the clergy and to the synods. Numerous officials were on the personnel of the cathedral — a master of the choir or precentor (a very important office), a chancellor or legal adviser and officer of the diocese, a treasurer, a dean or head of the chapter with its numerous priests or canons bound to sing the psalms at fixed times during the day, and to carry on the services of the cathedral according to the laws of the Church. A great number of laymen were usually attached to such a building — caretakers, janitors, laborers, bailiffs, messengers — sometimes the family of the bishop ran up to many hundred heads. A great wall was often drawn about the whole establishment, and the gates closed and patrolled at night as in a little fortress. With daybreak began the round of divine service that almost never ceased, the space between the High Mass and the Evensong or Vespers being filled up with many minor and local ceremonies of great interest — in England, *e.g.* the distribution of the Holy Loaf, the chanting of the lovely Bidding Prayer, or public petitions for divine mercy, the calling over from the pulpit of the Bede-Roll

or names of dead benefactors, the chanting of litanies, the conduct of processions, and a hundred and one forms of religious life that kept the entire clerical force on their feet the livelong day. Besides the varied religious life of the cathedral itself, there was the wonderful social life without — the weekly market, the pedlers and tradesmen, the ale-house that often belonged to the church, the great breweries for a people who seldom drank water, like the English and the Germans, the children at their games, the smithies wide open and resounding, the granaries and stores of the bishop. Between that cathedral and the next great church, there were only hamlets, some monasteries, small ones maybe, and an occasional nobleman's castle perched inaccessible on some high crag. As a matter of fact, here were the original elements of mediæval civil life, here the germs out of which grew first most mediæval cities and small States of Europe, and then our own civilization. When a man of learning and distinction, of high birth and great piety, like a Grosseteste of Lincoln, or a Maurice de Sully of Paris, or an Engelbert of Cologne, presided over such a work, one can imagine how close to ideal contentment the life of his people could come.

The decorations and furniture of the cathedral corresponded to the beauty of the structure. The altar arose on marble or bronze columns, sometimes resting on couchant lions or on human figures. Reliefs in marble or bronze decorated it. The costliest embroideries and laces were made for it; stuffs of gold brocade, and ornamented with precious stones, were hung upon it, worth a king's ransom. Embroidered frames, richly painted panels, were often used to embellish it on high festivals. Often a great baldachino, or open roof, held up by columns of costly material covered it. In Germany and elsewhere the altar worked gradually back from the front line to the wall of the apse, whither the relics were taken. In time they were put upon the altar itself, and thus arose the elegant reredos. It is all visible in the painted folding-doors that may yet be seen — lovely work by the schools of Cologne or of Bruges, of Hans Memling or Albert Dürer. The chalices of silver and gold were gems of artistic skill, covered with precious stones, engraved in niello, heavy with pearls and mosaic, decorated in arabesque or filigree. Though the smallest of them was of inestimable value, yet the richest was looked on as all too unfit for the holy service it rendered. From

being round and large they became tall and slender, according as they were more immediately for the personal use of the celebrant. The ciborium for the communion of the people, the pyx for the communion of the sick, the monstrance for the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, were each a new object for the artist's taste and the generosity of the donor. For all of them the pointed arch of the Gothic fixed the shape and the details. The Mass and service books were of enormous size, made of the finest parchment, illuminated by the deftest hands, bound and ornamented with lavish fondness and a skill never since surpassed. Every vessel that was in any way connected with the eucharistic service became at once an art-object — the censer, the cruets, the basin, and even the candlesticks and candelabra, the Mass bells, the portable crosses, the reliquaries. Even when done in iron or brass, like the massive lecterns, these objects affected the most exquisite forms, and were the starting-point of the loveliest work that later generations expended on domestic interiors, or on buildings devoted to civic purposes. The baptismal fonts, round or octagonal, offered the sculptor an interesting field for his inventive genius, and even the well, always found in

the cathedral cloister or close, was often seized on for purposes of sculptural decoration. The empty spaces in the cathedral were gradually filled with splendid family tombs of marble or bronze, on which the symbolism of religion and heraldry disputed the palm with the truth and vividness of portraiture and history. The dead bishop and his canons were in time remembered for their services or their legacies. Thus every cathedral was soon a city of the dead, where the effigies of priest and layman, of abbess and noble dame, looked down from their silent places on the ebb and flow of the human life that they had once graced and enlivened. Never was there a more moving and romantic lesson of the transient nature of life than these great cathedral-spaces in their first days when the dead builders stared on the living, and the living felt that day by day they were only drawing closer to the beloved dead. Over them all there is even yet something of a sacrosanct Christian fondness — the knight cherishes yet his falcon or his hound; at the feet of the sweet châtelaine is yet carved the little spaniel, the companion of her leisure and the witness of her womanly virtues.

The railings of the choir, and the screens to separate it from the people, the screens for the

altar itself, the pulpit, the tabernacle, the reading desks for the daily office, the organ fronts, the stalls for the canons, the marble pavement, the entire furniture of the cathedral, were turned over to the artists as an inexhaustible province for their skill and genius.

Two great arts formed a congenial home in the Gothic cathedral — the art of painting and the art of sculpture. The mediæval man was color-mad. We see the relics of his great monuments in a faded or colorless garb. When they issued from the hands of the architects and artists they were far different. The roof of the cathedral was finished in colored tiles — red, blue, green — often in tasty designs. The walls within were tinted in fresh and pleasing colors, the carvings of the capitals brought out in red and blue and gold; in the vaults the groined ribs of stone were similarly treated, — the doorways were painted and gilded, the pavements often done in mosaic, or in geometric patterns of colored marbles, the ceilings a deep blue, often dotted with little golden stars. Compositions of great size often adorned the vacant spaces — here the "Madonna and Child," there "St. Christopher bearing the Christ-Child," here the "Dance of Death" with its stern comment on the vanity of human life, else-

where the prophets and apostles, or martyrs and holy virgins and confessors, met the eye. Sometimes the interior is cold and severe, as at Marburg, and again a great blaze of blue and gold and red as at Assisi. It was the experience thus gained that prepared the way for the lovely Madonnas of the artists of Cologne and Bruges in the fifteenth century, the work of a Master Schöngauer and a Hans Memling, without which a Dürer and a Raphael would be unintelligible.

Nevertheless, the real immortal painting of the Gothic cathedral is not the fresco, no matter how perfect. It is always somewhat out of place and distracts the attention from the sublime simplicity of the architectural lines, from the religious severity of the tall open arches and the sombre masses of stone. Its true and natural painting is the great glass window. Indeed, when finished, a genuine Gothic monument is like a vast transparent house of glass. Originally the aim of the artist in colored glass was to give the impression of a great piece of tapestry covering the open space and toning down the garish light of day. Such tapestries had been much used in the earlier Romanesque churches, and were one great source of artistic education in the numerous nunneries. The bits of glass were put together like a mosaic,

each a separate bit, and leaded to one another. All drawing was in outline. It was a handsome shining tapestry that the artists desired to produce, and such is always the effect of the best glass, as at Chartres and Cologne. Later, as the windows became only frames for the imitation of painting in oil, the original artistic reason of the great glass windows was forgotten. The accessory had become the principal.

Although in the treatment of artistic glass, as in other details, there was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a rapid decline of intelligence and pure taste, one great effect was retained in every church that could at all call itself Gothic — an abundance of light, but toned down, softened, robbed of all its heat and blare and vulgarity. An air of religious mystery was thus created throughout the vast building, in which all things were seen indeed, but dimly and with a constant suggestion of the beyond, of a glory and a majesty to which these walls were but the vestibule. The city streets usually led up to the great portals of the cathedral, so much so that in time the lofty transept became almost a highway for the ordinary foot-traffic of the community. The mighty collective work of the population was ever in their very heart, a thing of beauty and

joy, all fresh and sharp in its carved surfaces, all grace and slender elegance in the upward sweep of its arches, its roof, its towers and spires, all solidity in its immovable piers and locked buttresses, all variety in the flashing colors of the tiled roofs and spires, the native hues of the local freestone or granite, the broken lines of the external framework, all utility in the thousand uses of daily life for which, little by little, every member of the splendid pile had been excogitated, all harmony in the blending of imperishable material, plastic forms, moulding genius — one mighty architectonic idea imprisoned, but barely imprisoned, throbbing day and night with a celestial music akin to that which the starry spheres are said to emit in their courses. Its glorious chimes flung out the praises of God from a perfect metal, the like of which has never been reproduced in later centuries. But the showering melodies that they loosened in the upper air were as silence compared with the voice of the vast mass itself. It was one great psalm of praise and prayer — the incarnation, as it were, of the divine psalmody that went ceaselessly on beneath its fretted and painted vaults. Not without reason has such a building been called a poem in stone. No ordinary poem indeed, but a solemn epic, in which all

the uses of life are transfigured, smelted into unity, uplifted and set in living contact with the common Father in heaven. Chartres and Amiens, Rheims and Rouen, Cologne and Marburg, are as surely the interpreters of Catholicism in the Middle Ages as St. Thomas and Dante — nay, in one sense more so — for such solitary voices appealed largely to the reason, or to the reasoning fancy, whereas the Gothic cathedral soars at once beyond the weak discursive or analytic methods, appeals at once to the common heart of the city, the multitude, to all its common emotions, all its collective experiences. It calls out all the idealism latent in the most sluggish soul. The history of the Catholic Church, seen from the proper view-point, is one of her greatest arguments, one of the deepest sources of her theology and her discipline. But its true folios are not the dusty volumes that lie upon the shelves of libraries. They are rather those great religious buildings of the Middle Ages, every one of which was a forum for the broadest discussions that could engage human thought, every one of which is as a leaf in the annals of her civilizing energy. Who can look upon the white head of Shasta and not feel that peace descends upon him and enfolds him with her wings? So no one can suffer the

vision of Strasburg or Freiburg, and not experience a great stilling of the heart, a sensation as of a mother resting her soft palm on one's fevered brow and looking into the eyes unutterable thoughts of pity and consolation and relief.

What is the cause of this sentiment so universal that it cannot be gainsaid? It is something similar to the power exercised over the imagination by a battle-field, an Austerlitz or Waterloo, by the ruins of some great city, Carthage or Antioch or Rome. There the most awful experiences of man with man have gradually but inseparably blended with the surroundings. Here the dealings of God with man lend an unspeakable dignity to the scene of such great mysteries. For centuries the Saviour of mankind has dwelt beneath those holy roofs until every detail, every ornament, every element, has become in some way familiar with Him. For centuries the sacraments of the Catholic Church have been administered at those altars, and her solemn services have resounded in every corner of those vast edifices. For centuries a public worship, the offering of the whole heart of man — the act of the society as of the family — has developed and grown in manifold novelty and charm. In all this long time those huge spaces have been the meeting-places of

heaven and earth, and if some of the dust and stain of the material garment of man still cling to them, they are also full to overflowing of angelic presences and divine emanations. If the muddy currents of life have left their irregular line along the foundations, there cling to every altar and shrine countless sighs of genuine repentance, of ecstatic fondness for Jesus, of longing to be one with Him. There is everywhere the aroma of human tears, and human sorrows that are beyond the poor relief of tears. There are the cries of oppressed innocence, of hunted virtue, of outraged justice, of equity foiled and scorned. If each of these noble buildings is a museum, a gallery, immeasurably more instructive than the big lumber-rooms which are dignified with such titles, it is also a battle-field, where the wrestlings of the spirit and the conquests of grace fill out the conflict.

Of our poor little lives, made up of the smiles of joy and the tears of woe, the greater part is generally concern and solicitude. Still, there is the usual percentage of recreation and merriment, without which each heart would cease to be social, and life become an utter burden. So it came about that the Gothic cathedral was not all a creation of unrelieved earnestness. True

religion, though grave and thoughtful, is also joyous and refined. It has ever been a note of genuine Catholicism that it is in many things the enemy of the extreme, the philosophy of moderation. In its palmiest days the Gothic architecture made a place for the humorous and grotesque, unconsciously perhaps, but instinctively. It was truly the expression of real life, public and private. So, with photographic accuracy, every side of that life must be reproduced. By a great and natural law that ran through the building from corner-stone to spire, everything must be not only useful, but beautiful, must be treated and finished artistically. For instance, the ugly water spouts, originally of lead and marble, ran out eventually into monstrous heads known as gargoyles. All the fabled and fantastic beasts of the imagination were made to do similar service. The horror of sin, the reign of Satan, were here symbolized in a way that was dear to the mediæval mind, quite attached to the external and visible, inexperienced in the realm of pure reason and cold exact logic. Here were sermons in stone for the peasant as he looked up on market-day at the vast parapet of Rheims or Strasburg. Similarly, in a thousand corners of the building, the free-

working fancy of the artist moulded itself in a multitude of caricatures either personal or symbolical. Sometimes the carving monk cut out a hideous head of his abbot, guilty of too severe principles, too much addicted to penances of bread and water. Sometimes the workmen made ridiculous figures of one another or gave flight to pure invention in the reign of the grotesque. Oftener, however, some general law of symbolism runs beneath all these excrescences of humor. The mediæval man was very much addicted to satire of a drastic type. He must see his victim wince and writhe, must know that the stripe cut into the bone. Yet it was a very healthy thing, and if the clergy, as the ruling power, got their share, perhaps more than their just share, they did not complain. The severest caricatures are precisely on the carved seats of the great choir where the bishop and his priests might gaze almost hourly on them and remember that the world had eyes and ears and a good smart tongue, even if it did not know Latin and could only pray on its beads. The cunning fox come to grief, the gaunt robber wolf laid low, the vanity of gluttony and impurity, the fate of pride and injustice, the shame of meanness and avarice, the comic effects of sloth and stupidity,

— all these and many other moral lessons were thereon written so large that he must be deaf indeed for whom the stone and wood of his very seat did not daily preach a convincing lesson, did not daily rouse the voice of conscience and the longing for a better life.

Where did the funds come from that built these mighty edifices? Not a few were put up by royal generosity; others by public taxation. But even in such cases individual help was solicited and given very largely. We have yet the account-books of some of these enterprises, and the entries are very curious. Much of the material — the marble, granite, brick, wood — was contributed gratis. A multitude of peasants offered their horses and oxen and carts to transport the same, and when they were too poor to own such property, they gave their time and labor. Women and children even stood by to contribute such help as their weak hands might offer. Every one felt that here a solemn act of religion was going on, something that transcended all ordinary enterprises. With that strong collective sense that the Church has developed, they moved on, as one man, to the creation of a monument that should bear the stamp of faith — immortality, eternity. Hundreds of

noble churches were built in this way, even in small villages. To build a large and lovely house of God, and to dwell within the shadow of its graceful spire, was the one common purpose of every community from Sicily to Norway. One deep vivifying current of religion surged through all Europe, and where it passed, edifices of the highest beauty arose, each an incarnation of profound religious temperament, each a phase of a social life that recognized gratefully the existence of God as the Father of human society, and the public duty of the latter to Him. The very poorest contributed — on the account-books we may yet read how one gave a bed, another a coat. The knight sacrificed his gilded helmet and his blade of Damascus, with his coat-of-mail. The parish priest gave up his tithes, the curate his modest salary. The lady sent in her laces and jewellery, the women of the people their little heirlooms of gold or silver, even such neat and desirable articles of clothing as they possessed. The farmer gave his best cow, the pedler offered a choice trinket, the serf came up with his weekly wages. And when men and women were too poor to give anything as individuals, they clubbed together in little associations. Their pennies soon swelled to

silver, and the silver was turned into gold, and with the gold they cast in their hearts, and so the stones of the building got each a tongue that is yet eloquent with praise of the popular devotion. Much of the money was gotten by the weekly auction of these articles that was carried on in the public square by the foreman of the works. Indeed, the whole enterprise was like a majestic social song, a solemn hymn, whose notes rose slowly and sweetly from the earth to heaven, telling of the transformation of avarice into open-handedness, of coarseness into refinement, of selfishness into altruism, of blank ignorance and stupidity into a creative faith. Prayer and adoration, propitiation and gratitude, were finely blended in the great popular chorus. King and serf, princess and milkmaid, pope and poor sacristan — the whole of Europe moved in a vast procession before the throne of Jesus Christ, and cast each a stone on the memorial pile of religion. And, for the first time, the quasi-divine hand of art, made infinitely cunning, transformed these crude offerings into ten thousand caskets of rarest beauty, out of which rose forever the spiritual incense of love, the ravishing aroma of adoration, the delicate perfumes of humility and human charity, the sweet odor of

self-sacrifice. For a short time in the history of mankind art was truly a popular thing, truly an energizing softening influence on the common heart. Insensibly artistic skill became common and native. The hand of the European man was born plastic and artistic. His eye was saturated with the secrets of color, his imagination crowded with the glories of form in line and curve, in mass and sweep. His own surroundings were insensibly dominated by the spirit of pure beauty. He was once more a Greek, only born again in Jesus, and seeing now, with the divinely soft eyes of the God-man, a spiritual world of beauty that Phidias and Praxiteles may have suspected, but only in the vaguest manner.

Who were the actual workmen on the cathedrals? They were built by corporations of workingmen known as guilds. In the Middle Ages all life was organized, was corporative. As religion was largely carried on by the corporations of monks and friars, so the civic life and its duties were everywhere in the hands of corporations. It was not exactly a government of the multitude — that was abhorrent to the men of that time. It was rather an aristocratic democracy, a kind of government in which men shared authority

and power, according to the stake they had in the State, according to their personal intelligence and skill, and their personal utility or serviceableness to the common weal.

These building corporations or guilds arose out of the very ancient unions of the stone-masons. Perhaps, very probably, these unions were never destroyed even by the first shock of barbarian conquest. On its very morrow palaces and churches and public buildings had to go up or be restored. It is certain that capable hands were forthcoming. In any case, the master-masons were more than mere stone-cutters. They were artists in the truest sense of the word. They must know the capacities of their material, its uses, its appliances, from the moment it is hewn out of the earth to the moment it shines in the wall, all elegance and strength. They were at once engineers and architects, designers and contractors. They are known simply as "Master" — no more. Master Arnulf builds the cathedral of Florence, Master Giotto builds its lovely tower or campanile. The masters are all bound together in a lifelong union. Their apprentices serve a long term of years, but they serve on all parts of the building. They can handle the trowel and the chisel, the pencil and brush, as well

as the jack-plane and the hammer. Never was there so unique and so uplifting an education of the senses as that of the mediæval apprentice. One day he will appear in the weekly meeting of the guild, and exhibit some object that he has himself made. It must be useful, and it must be beautiful. It must differ from all similar work, must have an air of distinction, be something highly personal and characteristic. This is the *masterpiece*, the proof that he is fit to apply for work in London or Dublin, Paris or Milan. It may be a hinge or a door-knob, a carved head or a tool, a curious bit of framing or a specimen of filigree. It is judged by the criteria I have mentioned, judged by his peers and elders. If accepted, he passes into their society, and is assured of occupation for his lifetime.

He will now attend the meetings, pay his dues to support the sick and crippled members, assist with advice and help at the general consultations, devote his whole time and being to the progress of the cathedral. Whether stonecutter, carver, joiner, ironsmith, goldsmith, cabinet-maker, it is all one. The building arts are equal, ensouled by one spirit, and aiming at one end. For the present, there is but one corporation on the building. It includes all the

workers, and is divided into masters, apprentices, and administration. This is the Lodge, the Bauhütte, the Laubia or covered cloister — like the covered walk quite common in North Italian cities — where the finer carving was done, the plans kept and studied, and moneys taken in, the wages paid out, and the whole work or "opera" administered. The shed that yet protects our stone-masons when engaged at a public work is the modern equivalent of the mediæval Lodge.

On signing the articles of the union or guild, he will learn that it is intensely religious, that he must attend Mass Sundays and holydays, lead a moral and Catholic life, abstain from swearing, drunkenness, and immorality. He will learn that the guild supports its own chapel and priest to say an early Mass daily for them. He will be told that the Lodge, or workshop, is like a hall of justice, where the rights of each man, above all his free personality, must be respected. He will learn that all teaching is free to apprentices, and that, while there is a preference for the sons or relatives of the masters, natural aptitude and vocation are especially sought for. All this he will learn at Ely or Peterborough as well as at Toledo or Burgos.

Each guild was under the protection of the Blessed Trinity and some saint. It had solemn services once a year in honor of its patron. It buried solemnly its members, and held anniversary services. Gradually its own chapel became the centre of its religious life, whose details were carried on by its own priests. Religion covered every act of its corporate life — and in the palmy days of the great guilds their self-consciousness was striking. They bowed to the bishop, indeed, and the pope, king, or emperor, who were often included as members of their roll-call — but he was truly a strong parish priest or abbot whose authority they consented to acknowledge.

In the guild meetings a regular and perfect administration, of great probity and equity, went on, almost unremunerated. The number of apprentices, the time of their service and the degree of their graduation, the quality and quantity of work in each line, the disputes and quarrels between all workmen, the wages and the sick dues, the charity allowances, the expenses of religion, of feasts and amusements, of public contributions — all these came up in due order, and were one open source of popular education for the uses of real life.

The guild, being a principal element of the civic life, soon had its badges of office, its mace and golden collar, its chains and rings, its great drinking-horns and table-plate of gold and silver, its countless beautiful masterpieces. It grew rich in lands and revenues, and was a factor to be counted with in every great struggle of the municipal life. In Italy the guilds play a principal rôle in the fierce historical warfare of Guelf and Ghibelline, the adherents of the pope and the partisans of the emperor. They are concerned in every social and political movement, sometimes on the right side, sometimes on the wrong, and it is largely in their history that must be studied the fatal decay of the democratic spirit of the High Middle Ages.

It is not my purpose to treat of their decline, and the reasons for it — that chapter of their history is highly instructive even now. Suffice it to know that they were the real builders of the cathedral; that the principles and spirit of genuine Christian brotherhood were long the bond that held them together; that they were the creation of Catholicism at the height of its earthly power; that they looked on mutual respect and helpfulness as essential to society; that they held labor to be the noblest of human

things; that they looked on beauty as an essential of true labor, its smile of contentment, its act of divine adoration; that they were guided by a sense of moderation and fairness in all their dealings; that waste of time and dilapidation of material were looked on as sinful and shameful; that in them each man felt himself a living self-determining element, a member of the whole work, and threw himself into it with a vigor and earnestness at once entire and affectionate.

Thus the building arose in an atmosphere of religion, all its lines laid by men to whom its future uses were sacred, whose families threw back into the common treasury the surplus of the master's earnings. It was a great trust that was laid on the city — and its execution brought out in the citizens many of the virtues that a trust creates — a sense of responsibility, prudential measures, economic foresight, calm and large and disinterested counsel. In so far as we inherit many distinctive traits of this kind from our ancestors, it is the mediæval church-building that helped originally to create them.

In her great cathedrals, therefore, the Catholic Church has created durable edifices of popular utility and perfect beauty. The old philosophers used to say that the beautiful was the splendor

of the true, in which case the truth of Catholicism as the genuine religion of the people would be amply vouched for. All the arts are dependent on architecture and conditioned by it. Without its great spaces there is neither monumental painting nor sculpture, neither music in its highest forms nor the dramatic movement of public worship. In creating the noble cathedrals of Europe Catholicism thus created the fine arts, or at least was their nurse and protector. Music, indeed, is absolutely her creation, and can never utterly break away from its original home, however wild and wayward it may seem. It is not the pipes of Pan nor the songs of Apollo that echo even in our most debased modern music. It is the psalm of David, the canticle of the martyr, the praiseful hymn of the morning and the calm sad song of evening.

The cathedral was the workshop of the Church during the Middle Ages. It was vast because she had the whole city to train up. It was open on all sides, because she was the common mother of civil society. It was high because she aimed at uplifting both mind and heart, and making for them a level just below the angelical and celestial. It was manifold in its members and elements, for she permeated all society and

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challenged every activity and every interest. It was all lightsome and soaring, because it was the spiritual mountain top whence the soul could take its flight to the unseen world of light and joy. It was long drawn out because the long journey of life ends happily only for those who rest in Jesus. It lay everywhere cruciform on the earth, for the shadow of the cross falls henceforth over all humanity, blessing, enfolding, saving. Never did any institution create a monument that more thoroughly expressed its own scope and aims than the Catholic religion, when it uplifted the great mediæval cathedral. It is said that since the unity of Christendom was broken at the Reformation no more harmonious bells have been cast like those of the Middle Ages. So, too, no more great cathedrals have arisen — in more senses than one the mould was broken from whence they came, the deep, universal, practical, intensely spiritual faith of humanity that for once transcended race and nation, set aside the particular and discordant, and created things of absolute harmony, and therefore of beauty as absolute as man may evoke from the objects of sense.

THE RESULTS OF THE CRUSADES.

If the venerable cathedrals of Europe are the highest expression of the domestic or internal life of mediæval Catholicism, the Crusades are its principal public and political enterprise. By the Crusades we understand great armed expeditions of Christian Europe, undertaken at the command or suggestion of the pope, with the purpose of rescuing the Holy Land from the control of the Mussulmans. They were originally meant as pious and religious works. Whoever joined them wore upon his breast a cross of red cloth, and vowed to fight for the sepulchre of Jesus Christ and never to return to Europe before he had prayed within its holy precincts. They cover a period of two hundred years — the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, during which time all Europe resounded to the tread of martial men, and the sublime cry of "God wills it, God wills it" was heard from Sicily to Norway. In this period the whole cycle of human passions was aroused, every human interest found

a voice and every human activity a channel or outlet.

In these two hundred years took place the transition of the European man from youth to manhood. He enters upon the twelfth century a creature of the heart, of sentiment and emotion, ignorant of the great world beyond his little hamlet or castle. He emerges from the thirteenth century, both layman and ecclesiastic, with world-wide experience, a clearer view of the relations of society to history and geography, and with new qualities of mind and heart. The Crusades were often very human enterprises, and more than once degenerated from their sacred character, to become instruments of injustice and political folly. They have their dark and regrettable phases, and perhaps their influence has been, on given occasions and in given circumstances, detrimental. This is no more than can be said of many great historical movements, laudable in their spirit and original intention, only to degenerate with time and the irresistible force of circumstances or environment. Taken as a whole, they are the most important collective enterprise in the history of European mankind. They were an official work of Catholicism, as represented by its Supreme Head, the Bishop

of Rome. He first instigated them; he roused the timid, hesitating kings and nobles; his letters awakened the Catholic multitudes in every land; his spiritual favors attracted them about the banners of their kings and princes; his legates marched at the head of every expedition. When all others grew weary and faint-hearted, he maintained courage and resolution. When cupidity and self-interest supplanted the original motives of faith and devotion to the Holy Land, he constantly recalled the true significance of these warlike expeditions. Whether the Crusades were the beginning of his great power in the Middle Ages, or the first step to the shipwreck of it, he was always their central figure. The public life of these two centuries really revolved about two poles—Rome and Jerusalem.

The peoples of mediæval Europe, like all simple peoples with their life-experience before them, were genuine hero-worshippers. They were feudal and military in their organization, very ardent, sympathetic, and mobile. Religion was intelligible, tangible, in their saints and martyrs, just as the State secured their loyalty in and through the persons of their leaders, their counts, dukes, princes, and kings. Loyalty was primarily to fixed persons in whom ideals and institu-

tions were incarnate; to be a "masterless man" was equivalent to outlawry. Devotion and self-sacrifice were for persons and places — they had not yet learned to divide the abstract idea from its concrete expression.

From their conversion to Catholicism these peoples had cherished an intense devotion to the person of Jesus Christ. He is their King who makes war against Satan, and the apostles are His thanes, His generals, His counts and barons. His benign figure looks down from every altar, is enthroned in every apse, is sculptured on the walls and uplifted over the doorway of every church. The first document of romantic theology is the well-known prologue to the law of the Salic Franks. Since then all royal documents begin in His name, all wills and testaments confess Him in their opening paragraph. He is the beloved ideal of every heart, the burden of every discourse, the key-note of every immortal hymn. The first monument of mediæval Teutonic literature is the noble gospel-paraphrase of the ninth century known as the "Heliand" — in it Jesus Christ is the heavenly war-lord, worthy of all "Treue," symbol and fountain of all "Ehre." We shall never understand the Crusades unless we grasp firmly

the fact that the Middle Ages were a period of most universal and sincere devotion to the person of Jesus Christ.

In such a world it was only natural that the severe penances needed to rouse a sense of sin in those rude and coarse natures should often take the form of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land where Jesus was born, lived, and died. As the Middle Ages wore away, these pilgrimages grew in size and frequency. With the new religious spirit that created so many splendid churches in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries coincided some other things. The popes had taken the popular side in their long struggle with the German emperors, and had won the immediate victory. The great abbots of Cluny had aroused a new life all over Europe by their piety and that of the hundreds of monasteries which acknowledged their rule of life. After a long period of political inferiority and internal anarchy, the States of the West, disorganized since the death of Charlemagne, began to realize their strength. Vaguely it was felt that some common enterprise was needed to gather up all these new forces and currents.

In the great soul of Gregory VII., the man who more thoroughly than any other resumed

the traditions and temper of the best Catholicism that preceded him, while he gave the watchwords for the centuries to come, this common enterprise was already clearly outlined, as early as the last quarter of the eleventh century. He saw that it would be better to consume the ardor and energy of men like the young and violent Henry IV. of Germany in efforts against a public, common, and threatening enemy, than to go on indefinitely in domestic broils and dissensions, Christian fighting against Christian, while all around the Mediterranean the Moslem was gradually spreading his power, and already threatened from very near that city of Constantinople which had so long been the bulwark of all the Christian population of the West. Indeed, the action of Sylvester II., the famous Gerbert (999–1003), would lead us to suspect that since the days of Gregory II., the "nec dicendi Hagareni" of the Liber Pontificalis had found in the papacy their native enemy. Islam was above all a religion, a warlike one in its essence and all its history, whose prosperity could only be gained at the expense of Christendom.

The time of Gregory VII. seemed also a favorable moment for the reunion of the Western and

Eastern Churches. Scarce two hundred years had passed since the death of Photius, the scholarly but infamous man who had caused the breach that still lies open, and withdrawn the Christian peoples of the East from their union with the head of the Christian religion, the successor of St. Peter. Constantinople was now in sore need of help against the warlike Seljuk Turks, who had been encroaching very deeply on Asia Minor, and also held all the overland roads to Syria and Palestine. This great city, the London of the Middle Ages, had exhausted its means and its armies. On nearly every side the world of Islam was surrounding it like a moving bog, slowly but surely. Four centuries of superhuman efforts, of wonderful ingenuity, of diplomacy, had not availed to stave off the day of reckoning that began when Mohammed haughtily ordered the Roman emperor of his own day to do him homage. As a matter of fact it took four more centuries to reduce the Royal City beneath the Crescent — but the tide was already turning that way, and at Constantinople people, patriarchs, and emperors recognized too well the painful fact, though they could never fully reconcile themselves to it, nor adopt the proper measures of reconciliation with the West. Is not the

secret of it all in those terrible pages of Liudprand of Cremona? In them there breathe yet the racial contempt of the Greek for the Frank, the hoarded hope of vengeance, the senseless pride of origin, the bitter resentment of the transfer of loyalty by the Roman See, the angry despair at the sight of a free and vigorous West.

If Rome and Jerusalem were the poles around which revolves the history of the Crusades, the city of Constantinople is the key to their failure. In these two centuries many thousands of armed knights on horseback gave up their lives to the Crusades. Countless thousands of foot-soldiers and camp-followers, pilgrims and the like, perished in the attempt to free the holy places. There were two ways to reach Jerusalem, one by land down the Danube and through Thrace to Constantinople, thence over Asia Minor into Syria; the other by sea from Venice or Genoa, which cities alone had fleets of transport galleys in those days. For the first century the Crusaders went by land. Arrived at Constantinople, they abandoned themselves, too often, to excess, after the fatigues and privations of the long journey. The roads were poor and they were ignorant of the local topography. The populations they passed through were also igno-

rant, and often hostile. This was especially the case as they left behind them the uncertain boundaries of the West and approached the territory of Constantinople and the sphere of its influence. The semi-barbarian world of Hungary, Bulgaria, and the Balkans was deeply troubled at their coming. Indeed, they were rightly troubled, for the military chiefs of the Crusaders too often had views differing from those of the pious clergy and people. Not always were their ambitions bounded by that

> "Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
> Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

They were mostly men of Norman blood or descent, State-destroyers and State-makers by profession. Many dreamed of new and rich feudal principalities, of independent sovereignties, of a golden life in the dreamy Orient. The law or custom of primogeniture, the feudal customs in favor of the eldest son, threw regularly a multitude of young ambitious men upon the theatre of European affairs, brothers of kings, nephews of queens, a mob of landless, disinherited men, and women too, for whom fortune lay in the future and far away. They were the Conquistadori of the Middle Ages; to their ambitious, unholy, and evil counsels and pur-

poses is owing largely the failure of the religious scope of the Crusades. Between them on the one side and the churchmen on the other there was friction that often led to the gravest disasters.

It was in the time of the Crusades as in all other periods of human history — the genuine praiseworthy aims of religion were often perverted by the human instruments which acted in her name. The noble and useful ideals set forth at Rome and preached by a St. Bernard, the high political advantages of the same, were perverted in the execution. Jerusalem was lost because a Bohemond or a Tancred set more store by a little feudal estate on the coast of Syria than by the real object of his vow. The Moslem's hour of division and weakness was allowed to go by because Venice was jealous of the commercial superiority of Constantinople, and plundered pitilessly, first the Crusaders themselves, and then her ancient suzerain, the great Royal City that, after all, had enabled Venice to rise by restraining the naval ambition of the Moslems, and preventing the Mediterranean from becoming the great lake of Islam, its easy highway into all Europe.

The Crusaders themselves, too often, listened to very earthly and low passions, and dissipated

their numbers and strength before they came within sight of the Holy City. They carried along with them old burdens of jealousy, hatred, revenge, from their French or German homes. Upon the soil of Syria they cherished their traditional European policies and combinations. Their councils were usually divided — those highly personal men who never recognized any superior law at home, except through fear, were unlikely to bear the yoke of subordination abroad. Could Homer have arisen he would have seen before Jerusalem or St. Jean d'Acre as before Ilion, no fewer armies than there were kings and princes, as many independent divisions as there were banners of great knights, as many sulking chiefs as there were disappointed ambitions. Many of them had never seen a great city. At that time all the cities of Europe were not worth, in wealth or luxury, the single city of Constantinople. Its brilliant civilization had never known interruption from the day of its foundation. As in modern London, the fattening currents of commerce had been flowing into it from the East and the West for seven hundred years and more. Its hundreds of splendid churches were almost equalled by the splendid civic buildings. The masterpieces of antiquity,

the rich literature of ancient Greece, the traditions of all the arts, the high aristocratic sense of superiority, seemed to justify the proud attitude of the citizens toward these uneducated and coarse multitudes from the West.

A profound dislike, an almost inexplicable hatred of the Bishop of Rome, has always characterized the Greek clergy of Constantinople. Their claim was always that the clergy of the New Rome was the equal in authority and the superior in learning and refinement of the clergy of Old Rome. Here, by the Golden Horn, the traditions of the ancient imperial government were never broken, never forgotten. Each Christian emperor felt that he was the genuine successor of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. The Western nations — England, France, Germany, Italy — were to him revolted provinces, that some mysterious design of God tolerated. No emperor of Constantinople ever willingly addressed the German successors of Charlemagne as emperor, only as king. In theory, the Greek emperor was himself the master of the civilized universe. This, too, although century by century his civil power waned. North, South, East, and West, the limits of empire were pared away. But the Romaic Cæsar at Constantinople only

gathered with more dignity the folds of his purple robes, and prepared to perish with more fortitude amid the rising tides of modern barbarism. There is nothing more pathetic in history than this survival of ancient ideals and habits of political life. The aristocracy of Constantinople was politically rotten to the core, yet it remained stoically contemptuous of its Latin conquerors, from the impregnable strongholds of its own mind and heart. The mediæval knight might have saved Constantinople, if the classic soul of Old Rome, proud and exclusive, had not been so deeply infused into the organism of her prouder daughter, the New Rome. It was in the time of the Crusades, as it is to-day with the Greek clergy of that city — better a hundred times the rule of the Crescent than any subjection to the pope, better the sour bread of slavery and oppression than any recognition of the descendants of the Goths and Vandals.

In the beginning there was almost no order or harmony among the chiefs of the Crusades, and when they reached the Royal City, their own greedy passions and its great weakness conspired to make them common pillagers, thieves, and oppressors. To get rid of them the wily Greeks induced them to cross the Bosphorus, led them

against the hordes of Turks, then betrayed and abandoned them. These new protectors of the Greeks were worse than their old enemies. So the bones of entire armies soon whitened the plains of Asia Minor. By thousands the simple-hearted but ignorant knights of France, England, and Germany paid with their lives for their turbulent career in Constantinople, for their impolitic insults to the Greek who did not acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as head of the Christian religion, for their innocent trust in the leadership of some Byzantine general.

In the next century the Crusaders usually take the fleets of Venice or Genoa to cross the Mediterranean — but at an enormous expense. Once, indeed, Venice tempted them to overthrow the Christian Empire at Constantinople, which was now her commercial rival. In spite of the pope this act of folly and injustice was accomplished, and the city of Constantinople saw its remaining provinces divided between Frenchmen and Venetians. This was in 1204, and was only the prelude to a series of disastrous expeditions, each one more fatal than the other, until at last in 1270, St. Louis, King of France, the leader of the eighth great Crusade, died of the plague at Tunis, whither Charles of Anjou

had drawn him, against the king's own judgment, in order to collect some bad debts that were owing to French and Italian traders.

As a matter of fact, the First Crusade, under the brave knight, Godfrey of Bouillon, did capture Jerusalem in 1098. For a century the Holy City was Christian. It was lost at the end of the twelfth century, and though for a short while again in Christian hands, from 1229 to 1245, it then definitely passed away from the control of Christian Europe into the hands of the oppressive and cruel Turk. Its possession had fired the heart of Christian Europe for three generations. But this fated city was too great a political prize for Islam to lose. Gradually the Moslems healed their divisions. The Turkish sultans, men of great military genius, broke down the hundred little emirs, and lifted the Leather Apron of their mining Turanian ancestors over one fortress after another from the confines of Persia to the waters of the Mediterranean. Here, along the coast of Syria, the Crusaders had built up several little States, organized with all the ingenuity of feudal lawyers, in such a way that the superior lord should have all the pomp and titles of authority and the most inferior vassal be left to his own sweet will and

temper. The innermost of these States, Edessa, faced the Euphrates, and long bore the brunt of the Moslem Orient. It was the first to fall. Before the end of the thirteenth century they had all disappeared, and only the picturesque ruins of their fortified hilltops remain to show what were once the hopes of a great Christian State in the Orient.

The popular enthusiasm for the Crusades was originally universal. Kings, even emperors of the West, led their armies in person and underwent great hardships. A German emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, was drowned on the way across Asia Minor. St. Louis of France, as we have seen, died of the plague at Tunis. Noble princesses and high-born ladies, too, accompanied these expeditions. But few of the great military chiefs stayed in the East. Most of the knights who remained were French, and it is to that period that goes back the use of the French language in the East, as well as the political prestige that France long enjoyed throughout the Mediterranean world.

In time experience taught those Crusaders who stayed in the Orient that the heavily armed knight of Europe, with his great battle-horse, his huge lance and heavy sword, was ill-fitted to

carry on a guerrilla warfare for the Holy Land. Three military orders arose, with improved methods of warfare, that contributed much to the safety of pilgrims, the protection of Jerusalem, and of the fortified castles of Syria and Palestine. They were the Knights Hospitaller of St. John, the Knights of the Temple, and the Teutonic Knights. Originally established for the service of the sick, they became an organized feudal army of volunteers. Their castles arose all over the Holy Land, their bravery and adventures were in the mouth of every pilgrim. In them the romance and the poetry of the Crusades reached its height. All Europe looked on them as the true, the permanent Crusaders, and staked its hopes of recovery of the Holy Land on their skill and endurance. Thousands of estates were bestowed on them in the thirteenth century — their farms and castles stretched continuously from the Mediterranean to the Baltic and from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. It is in the vicissitudes of their history that we ought to look for the true ideal of the Crusades, and the measure of its realization.

The richest of them, the Templars, became the chief banking house of Europe. In the fierce struggle between the kings of France and

the Pope of Rome, the Knights of the Temple went down most tragically — the justice of their condemnation is yet, and perhaps always will be, an open question. The Teutonic Knights, after the loss of the Holy Land, turned their faces homeward to Germany. The soil of Prussia, then the home of barbarian pagan peoples, and of Northeastern Germany, was turned over to them, as a missionary brotherhood of laymen, with the purpose of overthrowing paganism and of establishing Christianity, incidentally of creating new marches for the empire. Soon they were known as the Schwertbrueder, the Brothers of the Sword — a term that sufficiently well indicates the manner, if not the spirit, in which they propagated the gospel. Their splendid mediæval fortress still stands along the Baltic, the great pile of Marienburg, whence Pomerania, Lithuania, Esthonia, and all the border-lands of Prussia and Russia received the Christian faith.

The Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, after their expulsion from the Holy Land, clung still to the control of the port of Smyrna, and their fidelity has even yet its reward, for Smyrna is now to France what Shanghai is to England. Eventually they were established on the island

of Rhodes, where they remained until nearly four centuries ago (1520), when they were driven out by the Turk after one of the most desperate sieges of history. Their last foothold in the Mediterranean was on the island of Malta. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, they lost even this remnant of their old power, and with them the last glamour of the Crusades disappeared. There is yet an Order of the Knights of Malta, and the pope still appoints a Grand Commander — but it is a mere ceremony. The old religious military orders, with their three vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience, have disappeared. Cardinal Lavigerie tried to establish one for the suppression of the slave-trade in the heart of Africa, but with indifferent success. Such institutions only flourish on the soil of simple and childlike faith; agnosticism and commercialism are too cold an atmosphere for them.

In the Crusades took place the first great expansion of Europe. From the year 500 to the year 1100 — for six hundred years — the peoples who now make up the great States of France, Germany, England, and Spain, were growing from infancy to mature youth, in a civic sense. All the rawness, weakness, waywardness, all the

folly and strong violent passion of youth, are upon them. They are in the hands of a gentle but firm nurse, the Catholic Church; but every now and then they break away from school, and there is pandemonium. The sea breaks out in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon, and the marsh in the heart of the Frank, the dark deep forest calls out in the soul of the German, and the Northman is again upon his piratical galley. The early Middle Ages are apparently a perfect welter of disorder and anarchy. But somehow in the eleventh century there is a beginning of better things. A king of France arises out of the wreckage of the French successors of Charlemagne's children. An emperor grows strong, not only in name, but in fact, among the Germans. He is in theory the Roman emperor in the West, and though outside of Germany his real power is small, this very theory of a one individual empire of Rome that had never been destroyed, but only held in abeyance as a trust by the Bishop of Rome, gave once more a sacred, venerable character to the supreme civil authority. Then, too, the Roman law was there as a significant commentary on what might be made out of the imperial name. The Church had saved it, assimilated it, christianized it, and

in time the emperors would use it as a leverage for far-reaching ambitions.

The old Gallo-Roman civilization had never utterly died out in France — the ancient Gaul; and now the traditions of Old Rome in government and administration were handed down to the Western emperor by the clergy of Old Rome herself. In classics, in legal procedure, in the continuous use of Latin as the tongue of religion, diplomacy, in the traditions of architecture, in the use of the Latin scholarship, the Roman Church had kept alive no little of the sober and practical Latin spirit — enough at least to act as a leaven for the new society that was to issue from the laboring womb of Europe. Thus, the modern world of Europe and America has become the daughter of the civilization of Rome and Greece, and not the theatre of Moslem propaganda.

It is true that the actual territory conquered from the Turks and held by the Christians of Europe was never very great — the city of Jerusalem, some strongholds in Palestine, some ports in Syria. On the compact masses of Islam in Persia, Egypt, and Northern Africa they made little or no impression. In the Mediterranean the islands of Cyprus and Crete passed gradually into the possession of Venice. A corner of

ancient Armenia remained some centuries semi-independent of Greek and Turk, under feudal influences of France. French families held on to feudal office and rights in Greece and the Archipelago. These were about all the positive gains, and they have long since melted away. But the political results of the Crusades were very important in a negative and prohibitive way. Internally, the European States of Germany, France, England, and Spain were very weak at the beginning of the Crusades. Feudalism had reached the point of utter disintegration. The royal authority, the concept of the State, all centralizing influences, were everywhere at their lowest ebb. Social anarchy was lifting threateningly its spectre-like head. Shattering conflicts between the Church and immoral arbitrary rulers were multiplying. Schisms in the Church, revolts and rebellions in the civil order, were growing. The warlike Turks, to whom had fallen the real power and wealth of the Caliphs at Bagdad and Cairo, were on the eve of capturing Constantinople. In great flotillas the equally warlike barbarians of the new States in Russia were coming down yearly by the Don and the Dnieper, and crossing the Black Sea with the same intention. The Arab kingdoms in Spain were at the height

of their development. Had the Moslem Orient been left unmolested, free to carry on the Holy War according to the law of Mohammed, it would have found everywhere in Europe the Christians divided, ignorant of the great principles of the art of war, children in navigation, unable to carry on or resist sieges, half-barbarian and helpless in their diplomacy, the veriest lot of political infants one could imagine. From the summits of the Pyrenees, from the coasts of Sicily and Syria and Asia Minor, from the endless steppes of Russia, from the deepest Orient, would have come down again on the rich and tempting lands of Southern Europe hordes far worse than five or six centuries before had destroyed the Roman State. There is an organic law of preservation for States and civilizations that works like an instinct, and for Europe, since the days of Alaric and Attila, that instinct was incarnate in the bishops of Rome. In spite of its unspeakable misfortunes, the Eternal City still held on to some of the large political traditions of antiquity. The very soil and the monuments kept them alive, as did the old laws of Rome and her spiritual authority that was recognized from the Mediterranean to the Baltic.

In was well for the world that at this time the West hurled itself upon the East and

thereby arrested the political consolidation and growth of the latter. It did so at a propitious moment, when Islam was passing from the control of Arabs to that of Turks, and everywhere existed a feudal disorder not unlike that of the West. It accomplished the impossible in finding a splendid and inspiring symbol, the cross of Christ, for a dozen discordant nationalities. It seized on a psychological moment to weld into a common, conscious organic unity of Catholicism, all the nations of Europe that had hitherto been in communion, indeed, with Rome, but had not yet come into daily and vivifying contact with one another. In these long wars the Moslem was made to fight for his existence; he was pushed finally out of the magnificent island of Sicily; he was driven from his perches in the Maritime Alps; he was hunted from his scattered, but ancient, strongholds in Southern Italy and Southern France, whence he had for centuries been contemplating their conquest. A thousand Christian galleys on the Mediterranean and the Adriatic drove the corsairs of Africa to their distant lairs, and relieved the Christian people of the seaboard from the daily fear of slavery, their women from outrage, their children from ransom. This nameless horror of

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Moslem piracy, that has not yet finally disappeared, had paralyzed the Italian and French merchant, had suspended the natural free movement of peoples across the Mediterranean, was debasing the political sense of all the Christians of Southern Europe. In Visigothic Spain, the descendants of the Cid Campeador took heart once more. The good knight Roland had again arisen, and from his last rock of defence had blown a strong blast that reëchoed over Europe. The Christian States of the Balkans (for if there is a Balkan question, it is owing to the failure of the Crusades), though ignorant and blind as to their welfare, got a long respite through the Crusades. Indeed, they put off entirely, if not political humiliation, at least any such complete assimilation into Islam as has fallen upon the Coptic race in Egypt. It is owing to the Crusades that the profound eternal antithesis and antipathy of the political ideals of East and West were brought out, precisely when the final adjustment of territorial limits was taking place. The great wars of Spain in the fifteenth century, that ended in the fall of Grenada, the great wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries between Hungary and Austria on the one side and the sultans of Constantinople on the other, are

really Crusades. Thus, at the very threshold of modern times these wars were the last death-struggle between Islam and Christianity over two great natural bulwarks of Europe, the Pyrenees and the Danube. There is the most intimate relationship of cause and effect between the siege of Jerusalem and its capture, that ended the first Crusade, and the siege of Vienna, that six hundred years later immortalized John Sobieski and broke triumphantly the last effort of Islam to extend its propaganda over Europe. What will you have, O Christians! the immoral reign of fatalism with the hopeless human degradation of the Orient, or the uplifting reign of freedom with the general human progress and exaltation of the Occident? Our fathers before us, walking in a dimmer light, chose decisively and made the history that I have been outlining. If the citizens of the Pacific coast gaze out today, as the masters of the future over an illimitable Orient; if the evil genius that some grave historians consider the real Antichrist, enthroned by the Golden Horn, is now threatened from the depths of the Orient itself; if the latest phase of this eternal warfare between the ideals of the oldest strata of humanity and those of the youngest opens with universal victory written

on our banners, we may know that the temper, the spirit, the weapons, the persistency, that have uplifted us, were not created in a day, any more than the conditions of the Orient are the result of yesterday.

Never did the great French Catholic statesman, Montalembert, utter a truer word than when, fifty years ago, he cried out in the French Chamber of Deputies, "We are the sons of the Crusaders." Freeman has said that all history is only the politics of the past, the sure and real interests of mankind which have gotten crystallized by the shaping activity of the present that strikes, stamps, and returns no more. History is not always mere writing or telling — very often it is the real conditions, the institutions, the social framework and circumstance of our lives, the actual dwelling that our ancestors have made for us. The Crusades were the great political school of the people of Europe, as they passed from their crude ebullient youth to the maturity of man's estate.[1] It is not without

[1] The Crusades are not, in my mind, either the popular delusions that our cheap literature has determined them to be, nor papal conspiracies against kings and peoples, as they appear to Protestant controversialists; nor the savage outbreak of expiring barbarism, thirsting for blood and plunder, nor volcanic explosions of religious tolerance. I believe them to have been in their

design that Shakespeare, dealing in "Richard the Second" with the most profound problems of

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deep sources, and in the minds of their best champions, and in the main tendency of their results, capable of ample justification. They were the first great effort of mediæval life to go beyond the pursuit of selfish and isolated ambitions; they were the trial-feat of the young world, essaying to use, to the glory of God and the benefit of man, the arms of its new knighthood. That they failed in their direct object is only what may be alleged against almost every great design which the great disposer of events has moulded to help the world's progress; for the world has grown wise from the experience of failure, rather than by the winning of high aims. That the good they did was largely leavened with evil may be said of every war that has ever been waged; that bad men rose by them while good men fell, is and must be true, wherever and whenever the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. But that in the end they were a benefit to the world no one who reads can doubt; and that in their course they brought out a love for all that is heroic in human nature, the love of freedom, the honor of prowess, sympathy with sorrow, perseverance to the last, the chronicles of the age abundantly prove; proving, moreover, that it was by the experience of these times that the forms of those virtues were realized and presented to posterity. — Bishop Stubbs, "Seventeen Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History," p. 180.

It used to be the fashion to regard the Crusades as mere fantastic exhibitions of a temporary turbulent religious fanaticism, aiming at ends wholly visionary, and missing them, wasting the best life of Europe in colossal and bloody undertakings, and leaving effects only of evil for the time which came after. More reasonable views now prevail; and while the impulse in which the vast movement took its rise is recognized as passionate and semi-barbaric, it is seen that many effects followed which were beneficent rather than harmful, which could not perhaps have been at the time in other ways realized. As I have already suggested, properties were to an important extent redistributed in Europe, and the constitution of States was favorably effected. Lands were sold at low prices by those who were going on the distant expeditions, very probably, as they knew, never to return; and horses and

the English Constitution, sets down among the public merits of a great English noble his devotion to the political ideals of Christendom:—

> "Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
> For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field
> Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross
> Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens."

The Crusades developed in a humane sense the art of war. Captives were habitually ransomed for money that was gravely needed by both sides as real sinews of war; thus the whole-

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armor, with all martial equipments, were bought at high prices by the Jews, who could not hold land, and the history of whom throughout the Middle Ages is commonly traced in fearful lines of blood and fire, but who increased immeasurably their movable wealth through these transfers of property. Communes bought liberties by large contributions to the needs of their lord; and their liberties, once secured, were naturally confirmed and augmented, as the years went on. The smaller tended to be absorbed in the larger; the larger often to come more strictly under royal control, thus increasing the power of the sovereign — which meant at the time, general laws, instead of local, a less minutely oppressive administration, the furtherance of the movement toward national unity. It is a noticeable fact that Italy took but a small part, comparatively, in the Crusades; and the long postponement of organic union between different parts of the magnificent peninsula is not without relation to this. The influence which operated elsewhere in Europe to efface distinctions of custom and language in separate communities, to override and extinguish local animosities, to make scattered peoples conscious of kinship, did not operate there; and the persistent severance of sections from each other, favored of course by the run of the rivers and the vast separating walls of the Apenines, was the natural consequence of the want of this powerful unifying force. — Storrs, "Bernard of Clairvaux," New York (Scribner's), 1897, pp. 544–45.

sale slaughter of more barbarous times was avoided. The men of the West learned the light Parthian tactics of the Orient, also the daily exercises with bow and lance and sword, the details of commissariat and transportation, the cost and difficulties and consequences of a great war. Their weapons grew lighter, and their armor and horses more manageable. The ecclesiastical military orders, and the many European ladies of rank who followed their lords to the sepulchre of Christ, introduced milder manners, and a humanity unknown to the earlier times. The sorrows and defeats of the Crusaders, their humiliations and losses, were very often borne in a spirit of Christian faith, as a rebuke from God for their own wrong-doings and evil lives. The natural virtues of Islam, the courtesy and chivalry of its warriors, were not without their effect on the Christian knight. The legends of the Crusades are filled with figures of Moslems renowned for bravery and hospitality, gentleness and courtesy. A Richard Lion-Heart finds a Saladin his peer in many things.

The art of navigation profited very much by the Crusades — the vessels were made larger for the growing multitudes of pilgrims and warriors, for the transportation of horses and provisions.

The masts and the sails were enlarged and were multiplied. The art of sailing by the wind was learned. Every such progress was a step toward the discovery of the new world. The skill of a Christopher Columbus was an inherited thing, acquired through the experience of several long generations of his ancestors in the service of Genoa.

We owe to the Crusades the use of the drum, the trumpet, the light and slender lance. The science of heraldry dates from the period of the Crusades, and though it may not contribute much to the comfort of humanity, it plays a prominent rôle in the development of the fine arts and of the social life of Europe in the last few centuries. Many fruit trees now common in the West were then introduced into Europe from Asia Minor, or the lowlands of Mesopotamia, their natural home. The apricot, the pear, the peach, the plum, trees and shrubs and flowers of uncommon beauty and elegance, made their way in this manner into the States of Europe. Some curious things found a new home for themselves; thus, the windmills that are so common in Holland and Brandenburg were imported from the Orient. Until the Crusades men of standing were usually shaven — since

then the observance of this civilized relic of ancient society has been abandoned to the clergy. Healing recipes and plants of the Orient became the common property of the West. Medical theory and practice gained much by the study of Arabic writings that bore along the learning and experience of Greece. The hospital service at Jerusalem and elsewhere opened a new era in the history of Christian charity.

The cause of human freedom was greatly benefited by the Crusades. Knight and peasant fought side by side for many years, rendered mutual service, shared the same hardships, and learned to esteem one another. Thus the theory of Christian equality was daily reduced to reality. Then again, the knight needed ready money for his equipment, to pay off his creditors before departing, to provide for his family. He got it from his vassals, but before they paid it over, he was bound to secure them certain rights and privileges in solemn forms of writing. So arose on every estate of France and Germany free towns and cities, legally recognized by their former lords as independent and self-governing. Local and private feuds ceased to a great extent during the Crusades; there was a certain halo about the homes of those who were supposed

to be bent on freeing the common home of all Christians. The national unities of France, England, and Germany had then a chance to grow, unmolested by the earlier anarchy of primitive feudalism. The numerous serfs on the knights' estates became free peasants in time by service in the wars or by purchase; at the other end of the State the king entered at last upon the authority necessary to preserve order and develop the common weal.

The mystery of the Orient, the long absences of the knights and their squires, the new strange romance of their lives, without parallel in the experience of the West, the curiosities of art and commerce that soon multiplied, gave a great impetus to the literatures of Europe — notably to poetry and song. The courtly troubadours and the gay minnesinger are the creatures of the Crusades. The tournaments, the courts of love, the moderation and refining of personal manners, popular habits, and institutions, all date from these great wars that furnished an infinity of data to the busy brain and the wagging tongue of many a strolling poet or musician from Otranto to Drontheim.

Italy took little part, as a militant element, in the Crusades, partly because of its thorough dis-

union — partly because of its superior culture. The Italians soon saw that there was greater profit for them in the transportation of their Christian brethren, the care of the commissariat, and the establishment of commerce. After all, these were necessary things, and the great cities of Venice and Genoa were admirably located for the work, as was also their rival Pisa. They enabled the Crusaders to cross the ocean quickly and successfully; they brought with them men skilled in the art of sieges; they were the secretaries and couriers of the French and German knights — supple, cautious, wiry, alert, very Christian indeed, but with a sharp eye for the goods of this world. They took out their pay in commercial privileges and are the genuine forerunners of all modern commerce. Along the coast of Syria and of Asia Minor, from Smyrna to Beirût, there was in every port an Italian quarter. In the roadstead lay their galleys, high, broad, elegant for that day. In their special reservation were always a church, a bath, a bakery, wharves, stores, a market-place, a bank and office of exchange. The Italian tongue was the tongue of Oriental commerce. Bookkeeping and the use of Arabic numerals, the system of drafts and bills of exchange, letters of credit and

the like, sprang up on these foreign shores — the departing Templar or Hospitaller sold out his estate in Syria and received his money, his gold bezants or angels, over the counters of correspondents in Paris, London, or Rome. The flag of Venice or Genoa or Pisa floated always over these little strongholds of commerce, that were long an abomination to the "malignant and turbaned Turk." From the remoter Orient came through the hands of the Italian merchant the silks of China, the spices of Borneo, the fruits of Asia Minor, the ivory and pearls of India. His correspondents were at Naples and Milan and Florence, at Marseilles and Bordeaux, at London and Paris, at Kieff and Novgorod. Oranges and figs, sugar and wine and oil, brocades and muslins, fine tapestries and costly rugs, colored glass of Tyre and steel blades of Damascus — a thousand articles of use and ornament could be met with upon his manifests. And so the city life of Europe took on a charm, an elegance, a variety that it had never known before. The middle classes date from those days — the opulent tradesman and the cultured merchant, the skilled laborer and the substantial banker. The turbulent republics of Italy, the first great temple of democracy since the overthrow of Athens and

Sparta, arose on this trade, and by their wealth defied emperor and baron, by the same permitted themselves the expensive luxury of yearly constitutions, wholesale proscriptions, political experiments without number. The common man had now a hundred avenues of opportunity open to him, of escape from a hemming and stifling feudalism, of elevation into a higher and more independent sphere of energy. The monotonous life of the remote castle took on color and variety. Everywhere the vivifying current of commerce cut a channel for itself. European mankind had burst the bonds of its swaddling clothes, saw and measured with eagerness the great world, and recognized the fulness and glory of its new opportunities.

The first progress of mediæval medicine and constitutional law is closely related to these great movements of mankind to the East. Out of them came the first conscious lay attempts at a civil government based on written law — the feudal States of Syria. Almost the first written codes of mediæval law are the Assizes of Jerusalem, a formally excogitated and guaranteed legislation for all classes. Commercial law, that had made little progress since the code of Amalfi, was reduced to writing and to a system. Mari-

time and military law, the old imperial traditions and the valuable experience of Constantinople, asserted themselves — in a word, the Crusades were the first great school of general and common civilized life for all the nations of Europe.

Not only did they increase the knowledge of the world and widen the horizon of learning — they brought out very high qualities of moral life. Personality asserted itself very strongly, given the weakness of authority and the countless new perils of these undertakings. If monk and priest were zealous and eloquent, the baron and his men were heroic and enduring. A new public consciousness was aroused, and there dawned on the humblest mind the possibility of what a united Christendom could do. Nations were drawn together closely in this lively enterprise. The wealth and elegance of Moslem society impressed the Crusaders, as also did the polish and culture of Constantinople and its Greek society. One was infidel and the other schismatic, yet daily contact with both begot more liberal and tolerant relations. The elements of common humanity asserted themselves in diplomacy and hospitality, in ransom and truce and single combat; the courteous and enlightened toleration of modern society is all in germ in the

mediæval Crusades. Men hate one another, says Silvio Pellico, only because they do not know one another.

In these two centuries, therefore, the world of Europe expanded mightily and organically. The once barbarian Germanic peoples, educated in their infancy by the Catholic Church, broke the bonds of serflike dependency, cast aside their primitive narrow feudalism, and could in time become the great States of Europe. They went forth, sword in hand, across land and sea, in pursuit of a high spiritual ideal, and while they did not realize it, nevertheless it drew them like a star to great heights of personal endeavor and social achievement. Fine qualities of mind and heart were developed in these enterprises that partook at once of the conquests of an Alexander and the results of colonization. The cycle of social life was immeasurably enlarged. Politeness established its reign with the elevation of woman, that came through the Church and the institutions of chivalry. The arts and sciences of the Greek Orient and the Moslem world were made known to Europe. Literature found new models, new ideals and aspirations; the singers of the people new notes, new themes, new passions. Industry and commerce were

admitted as factors in the new States of Europe and the Orient. All the factors that were to bring about the creation of modern society, with the exception of the latest inventions, were then planted on the soil of Europe. Unity, assimilation, progress, go back to these great displacements of European humanity. No doubt there was much injustice, much crime and human folly — but wars have their civilizing and humanizing functions as well as peace. They are often unavoidable and they have their allotted place in the divine plan that surely governs the world of men and things. Though we may never again see a united Christendom, it will always be a consolation to every adorer of Jesus Christ that for one brief hour in the history of Western humanity His cross dominated all social life, drew to it every class of men, shone resplendent and humanizing in the zenith of public life, affected all legislation and human development, impressed its spiritual meaning on millions of hearts, and seemed like the holy aurora of the long-sighed-for millennium.

ON THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

By the word "Renaissance" is usually meant that period of mediæval history in which the ideas, tastes, artistic principles, and the political spirit of Græco-Roman or pagan antiquity for the first time asserted themselves in Christian society, and finally, to a greater or lesser extent, prevailed and affected the development of all Christian peoples. The time, roughly speaking, is the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — though the glorious and typical period really comes to an end with the death of Pope Leo the Tenth and the careers of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In something less than one hundred years there occurred, chiefly in Italy, a vigorous advance in all that pertained to classical learning and the fine arts. First the Latin and then the Greek authors of antiquity were either discovered for the first time, or studied and appreciated from a new point of view. The best manuscript copies of them were sought out with avidity. Popes and kings, bishops and rich individuals, kept great scholars travelling in all directions for

such literary treasures. An unknown work of Cicero, or a fragment of Tacitus, was hailed with scarcely less enthusiasm than the discovery of America. The conflict of the great popes of Rome and the emperors of Germany, the political failure of the Crusades, the increase of the city populations and the growth of new cities, the perfection of social intercourse, the rise of great banking houses, the increased value of arable lands, the growing trade of Venice and Genoa and Florence with the Orient — the only immediate result of the Crusades — were so many remote causes of this revival, which is less a sudden outgrowth than a natural development of the Middle Ages.

Then, the popes had come back to Rome at the opening of this period. The unhappy schisms that were rending Europe before the rival claims of three or four bishops to the See of Rome had been finally settled at the Council of Constance (1418) to the content of Christendom, and that pontifical unity restored which has now lasted for five hundred years. Rome was again a centre of government, and the papacy again a Roman institution. It was no longer in the hands of one nation, France, nor dominated by the interests of that one people. Italy itself had

gradually emerged from the political anarchy of the fourteenth century into a certain unity. Five great States were solidly established on the Italian peninsula and held a balance of power that was not disturbed with success until the end of the fifteenth century, when the municipal revolutions of Florence opened to France, Spain, and Austria the road of successive domination over the peoples of Italy. To these five States — Naples, Florence, Milan, Venice, and Rome — were subject a multitude of smaller cities and principalities, in greater or lesser degree, with more or less acquiescence. Some of these States were quite feudal and aristocratic, others quite popular and democratic. Still, the land was administered with a certain regularity of system. The prosperity of Italy was perhaps never greater; there were wars and sieges and revolutions — but they were seldom bloody. The Italians are henceforth merchants and farmers. The wars are carried on by wandering bands of hired ruffians from Germany and England and France — the famous Condottieri, whose aim is always to save their own carcasses and extort the last penny from their employers. Nearly everywhere the old popular liberties have lost their meaning, the popular constitutions have

ceased to operate, and the political power is held by some bold and resourceful man. Liberty had mostly been begotten in turbulence and disorder —when the period of parturition was over the masses sank exhausted to the level of mere enjoyment. In the Italian city-states henceforth it is the age of the "tyrants," the "despots," very much like certain periods of old Greek history, when the richest merchant in the State seized on the reins of authority, slew or exiled or imprisoned the heads of factions, imposed his will on the people, gave them peace and comfort, and put the revenues in his own treasury. Italy was dominated by these men — the Medici at Florence, the Farnesi at Naples, the Visconti and Sforza at Milan, the Baglioni at Perugia, the Malatesta at Rimini, and a host of smaller but no less masterful men, no less quick, watchful, and resolute. They were nearly all new men, either scions of the smaller nobility, or daring spirits from the lower strata of Italian life. None of them inherited his power. Each one got it by some deed of violence or cunning, some great personal act of intelligent political boldness or "virtù" that command universal attention and admiration. Of course, he held his standing, his "stato," by the same policy.

To such men the classical revival, particularly the Latin, became an instrument of government. The native Latin scholars got employment and salaries and distinction from them. It came about that an Italian man could advance more quickly with a Latin speech of Ciceronian elegance, or a mouthful of sharp and pungent epigrams, than with a big war-horse and a coat of mail. Moreover, all this was in the history and manners of the people of Italy, whose soil had been for centuries the "dancing-field of Mars," the "dark and bloody ground" of Europe. The centres of government were no longer the lonely castles or cloud-kissing burgs of the Apennines or the Abruzzi. The hard and unlovely feudal rule of Colonna and Orsini, of Frangipani and Conti, was over with the Gregorys and the Innocents, the Henrys and the Fredericks. Italy was now governed as of old, from her cultured cities. She still knew only a government by *imperium*, but it was now to be exercised with the moderation born of *humanitas*. The stern mediæval fortress was abandoned with its moat and its drawbridge, and the house of the despot, the very spot where he had risen to greatness, was enlarged, beautified, and made the seat of government. Enough

big Germans and Englishmen, adventurers and semi-outlaws of all Europe, were kept on hand to overawe the unruly elements of the population, to form a bodyguard for the despot, but the palace was given over practically to the enjoyment of life — to the recitation of poems and tales of chivalry, to musical and theatrical entertainments, to every kind of amusement that could beguile the uncertain leisure of the master and his numerous household, or distract the wealthy and the influential from meditation on the gilded slavery into which they had fallen. The despot's position was by no means secure from revenge, envy, or popular whim. Now and then velleities, vague souvenirs of liberty, awoke faintly in the heart of some exalted youth, or romantically transfigured reminiscences of popular freedom stirred up some belated Rienzi. But the Italian peoples were now prosperous in peace, and all such fruitless efforts stand out as proofs of the general contentment with the political situation. The republican spirit was dead, and the peninsula was moving through despotism and oligarchy to its final monarchical constitution.

The last century was the great epoch of inventions. They crowd one another so fast; we

are so near them, so in the midst of the far-reaching social changes they are imposing on us, that we cannot yet appreciate with finality their importance. So it was in the fifteenth century with practical politics. Events of the greatest interest for the world followed with startling rapidity on one another — the healing of the great Schism of the West (1418), the Fall of Constantinople (1453), the growth of Venice as queen of the seas, the natural ambition of regenerated France to pose as political mistress of Europe, the simultaneous creation of a splendid Spanish monarchy that dominated Germany, Austria, Italy, and the Netherlands, and undertook to dispute those claims of France on a hundred bloody fields. On all sides human interest, curiosity, energy, were aroused. Infinite opportunities arose, even before the discovery of America. Man came almost at once to know himself as the source of the greatest things, to look on himself as capable of infinite progress in any direction. After the long mediæval era of collectivism an era of individualism had set in, and the Italian man was the best equipped for the new order of things. His experience, bought in blood and tears, in a multitudinous wrestling of several centuries, was his title to

preëminency. A long series of historical events was behind him, during which all the great factors of European life had arisen, developed and conflicted with one another. It was an hour, if ever, for the philosopher of history, and he was at hand. It was in this Italian political world, at once old and new — old with the religious heart and experience, the faith and the family life of the Middle Ages; new with all the prophetic stirrings and impulses of the future — that Latin and Greek learning, the poets, philosophers and historians of pagan antiquity, found the nation of disciples best fitted for them. The Italian tongue is the Latin tongue of the common people, peasantry, and soldiers of Old Rome, only modified by contact with the Teutonic dialects and filled with a new Christian content and spirit through contact with Catholicism. So the Latin classics, as they came back into daily life with Petrarch and Boccaccio and their nameless contemporaries, with Valla and Poggio and so many others, awoke from their secular sleep, as it were in their own family circle. Their spirit and their ideals of life and man, their vague or negative teaching about the soul and the future, their amorphous notions of God, righteousness, sin and evil, their cold cynicism

and ruinous agnosticism, their ineffable obscenity and their cringing adulation of force and success, their hopeless moral debasement and their refined intellectualism — all these things came back with them and appealed to the rising generation of Italians with a siren voice. Literature was always their national weakness, and the sources and agencies of it — schools, books, writing — were always better preserved in Italy than elsewhere. The monuments of Roman grandeur were there; her cities never forgot that they were the homes of the great poets; Mantua boasted of Vergil's birth, and Naples of possessing his tomb; Padua was proud of her historian Livy, and Tibur of her satirist Horace. It was the first thing that the children in the schools learned and the last thing that the aged citizens forgot. All through the fifteenth century went on a constant excavation of the soil on the sites of these ancient cities, with the result that thousands of marble statues were found, the best work of a multitude of those Greek sculptors of the early empire who repeated for their imperial masters, at Rhodes or elsewhere on the coast of Asia Minor, the masterpieces of the glorious art of their Hellenic fatherland. The Law of Rome, that perfect

mirror of the genius of the Eternal City, had for four hundred years been the constant study of Italians, both laymen and clerics, and thereby they had risen to eminence, not only at home, but in every land of Europe. Its spirit of absolutism, its enticing suggestions and examples of administrative centralization, its large and luminous principles, its appeals to human reason and the common experience of mankind, its temper of finality and practical infallibility, made it the great working code of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — likewise the sepulchre of mediæval liberties and independence.

This universal interest of Italians as commentators and expounders of an old national system of law and order, naturally developed much intellectual liberty. A lawyer is notoriously useless if he cannot see at least one other side to every question that can arise. And there were many of them in contemporary Italy who had been long accustomed, like Hudibras, to

> "Distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

Then, too, the layman had never been so ignorant in Italy as in Germany and England. Not only was the career of the law always open to him, but also that of schoolmaster, of notary,

of tutor — and the noble and rich youth of Italy was always brought up by tutors. Vettorino da Feltre and Guarino da Verona were only excellent in a multitude of lay teachers of the quattrocento. The man of Italy was architect, artist, jurist, traveller, merchant — in a word, just as the bishops of Italy dominate less in the political life of the nation than those of Germany or England, so there was in every city and town a clear-headed and self-conscious percentage of laymen, highly educated for the time, and persuaded that they were the representatives of the majesty of ancient Rome. Their hearts and minds were of course like wax for the new movement toward a revival of the times in which their forefathers had governed all civilized humanity.

These elements alone would have sufficed to create a renaissance of learning on the soil of Italy. And, indeed, it was far advanced when Greek scholarship came to its aid, and gave it a powerful impulse and a logical basis. As a matter of fact the poetry, philosophy, and art of Rome were originally borrowed from the Greeks. The Roman, left to himself, was a shrewd farmer, a patient, obedient soldier, a painstaking lawyer. Further afield in the world of the mind the Catos

and Scipios never went — in fact, they scented a grave danger in the absolute intellectualism of Greece as soon as it rose above their social horizon. But the fine mind of Greece was too beautiful — and beauty has always an hour of victory — to be kept out of the Roman city. And so from Ennius to Vergil it was the schoolmistress of the heavy rustic Latin, a tongue of fields and cows, of beans and peas and fodder, of rough policemen and dickering pedlers. The Roman knew that his soul had no wings, but he bore the veiled sarcasm of his Athenian or Corinthian teacher for love of the graceful forms into which he was soon able to cast his thoughts, the very ones that he had borrowed from the gifted children of Hellas. He had destroyed their archaic autonomy, he had laid waste their small but marvellous State — this was their revenge, that in the hour of gross material triumph the spirit of Rome prostrated itself before the spirit of Greece and divided with the latter the hegemony of mankind.

And so, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, when that splendid seat of Greek life and thought, Constantinople, was unhappily lost to Christendom, there was an exodus, a flight of its learned proletariat, the gifted and needy but

often unprincipled and immoral scholars of the Christian Orient. From the Golden Horn and the Greek cities of Asia Minor they came in great numbers to Italy. Every city of the peninsula welcomed them, every little court invited them. Only Florence, the City of the Golden Lilies, was especially generous. Here a great family of merchant-princes and bankers, the Medici, had long been absorbing, by a complicated system of accounts, the political authority, long been debasing the democratic spirit of the once rude and proud commonwealth by the Arno. Cosimo de' Medici, and his grandson Lorenzo the Magnificent, are among the extraordinary men of history—self-willed, working now by cunning, now by violence, gifted with a clear untroubled vision of their aims and the practical means to attain them, rich beyond past example, judiciously prodigal, cautious and certain in their deliberate enslavement of the Florentine. In and through the Medici, themselves enriched democrats, the democracies of Northern Italy finally fell a prey to the new monarchies that it took a Napoleon to overthrow. But if they were enemies of the popular liberties, the Medici were the patrons of letters and arts. Their money flowed like water for manuscripts

of the Greek and Latin classics, for museums and galleries where all the curiosities of antiquity were gathered, for collections of coins and medals, for every bit of skilled handiwork — engravings, bronzes, marbles, ivories, miniatures, intaglios, jewels — for all that was rich, rare, and beautiful. Under their protection the learning and poetry of Greece were made known again to Italy after an estrangement of twelve centuries. Aristotle was taught, but not the barbarous Aristotle of the schools — he was now read in the original texts. Above all, Plato was set up as the true master of the mind, the one man who held the secrets of existence both here and hereafter. His "magisterium" was unquestioned, his mellifluous sentences were held the very breathing of divinity. His highly spiritual philosophy drove out from the schools the exact and severe logic of the Stagirite. At the same time its vague and uncertain idealism ate in like a cancer upon the stern moral conceptions of life, duty, sin, judgment, that were essential to Christianity. For severity of principles there were set up serenity, placidity of soul, equableness and moderation of views, a large and calm tolerance of all opinions, based on the assumption that there was nothing in the realm of thought but

opinions, and that the correct thing was to have only such as were lovely and beautiful.

The doctrines of Plato are, in a way, reconcilable with Christianity, which can always find some truth, some utility in every human philosophy. This reconciliation was once executed by the Christian Fathers — SS. Gregory of Nazianzum and Gregory of Nyssa, St. Basil the Great, St. John Chrysostom, and others, men of sincere and enlightened faith. It could not be repeated by the Byzantine Greeks of the Renaissance, who were only too often infidels at heart, scandalized by the success of Mohammed, and still oftener libertines in conduct and principle. Nevertheless, a holy and learned cardinal like Bessarion, a mystic gentle priest like Marsilio Ficino, and a multitude of similar men, did believe that the divine Plato was as another Messias, and that his refined and superior naturalism could somehow be the bridge over which the modern world would go into the fold of Jesus Christ. It was an excusable error, but a profound error, and its influence on all after civilization of Europe has been incalculable.

All these new influences were intimately related to the *primum mobile* of Italian life — the fine arts. Architecture, painting, sculpture, and

music were true educators at all times of the Italian soul, very susceptible and plastic, particularly open to external influences. In this the Italians differed little from other peoples who live beneath a cloudless sky, in a land of perpetual sunshine, amid the charms of a bounteous and smiling nature.

Italy had never heartily adopted the Gothic architecture. The soft and even climate called for broad, open, and lightsome spaces, while the clear and cultivated genius of the people was opposed to the dim uncertain lines and the semi-darkness of the Northern Gothic. They adopted, indeed, such details as were compatible with florid ornamentation — the pointed arch, the window of colored glass. But the so-called Gothic churches of Italy are always more Romanesque than Gothic, seldom if ever the nicely poised and balanced framework that rises like a perfect problem in calculus. Even these small concessions to the mediæval spirit were soon withdrawn. The architecture of the Italian Renaissance becomes frankly pagan. The unfinished churches of their Middle Ages, and they were many, are often completed after the style of a pagan temple. Everywhere there is absolute symmetry of level lines, cold, unrelieved

plain surfaces, perfect proportions of columns and stories — a bookish architecture with little or no free-ranging personality. Who are now the builders? It is no longer the strong spiritual bishop rousing his people to raise before the world a fitting temple for the God of all natural beauty. It is the merchant who builds a small but perfect palace within a reasonable time, the despot who enlarges his modest shop and converts a square or two into a fortified but elegant camp, the brigand who calls on the scholar to make his stony crags impregnable, the epicure who retires from a jarring and rude-mannered world to enjoy a life of natural comfort in an elegant villa amid flowers and birds and sunshine, in the company of cultured men and women. Italian humanity, in its upper classes, is disenchanted of the great mediæval spell of vigorous, expanding, proselytizing Catholicism, and the new temper is shown at once in the new architecture that is of the earth earthy. It is not a little striking that the noble treatise of the Roman Vitruvius on architecture should have been discovered and edited by Poggio, one of the most immoral men of the Renaissance. This new architecture lends itself everywhere to richness and elegance, in the decoration of doors

and windows, in the objects of furniture. Everywhere the ornaments of antiquity return to use — the egg and dart, the scroll, the trailing vine, the scenes of the harvest. The churches are vast galleries of pretty and tempting art-works, repetitions of the salons of the nobles. The bell-towers of the Middle Ages, picturesque and rugged, disappear; the exterior walls of the churches are white or yellow-washed. Most of the traces of the mediæval life and spirit vanish — as a rule, of course, unconsciously. It was a new spirit, a new atmosphere, that was abroad. Architecture became a thing of the schools, a science of rules and precepts as solemn as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This was largely the work of the Latin and Greek scholars, the men known as Humanists, from the word *Humanitas* or *Humaniores litteræ*, meaning civilization, refined literature, and the like. It was an unfortunate thing that deep in the hearts of many of these men there reigned a positive antipathy to the ideals and tenets of Christianity — hence all its peculiar monuments must be decried. New ideas must have a new setting, or rather, the old ideas must be clothed again in the old forms.

We must not believe that all this love of

classical learning, this devotion to the fine arts, was a sudden growth. The splendid works of the fifteenth century in painting and sculpture were no more a sudden blossoming than the architecture of the period. Since the time of Giotto and the Pisani, the observation of nature and the perfection of technical skill in drawing, coloring, draping, landscape, decorative ornament, had been growing. There were regular schools for all the arts, notably the workshops of such wonderful Italian cathedrals as Pisa and Orvieto and Florence that were never quite finished — so vast were the ideas of their builders. We know now that the Italian painters had been learning much from the artists of Flanders and Burgundy — the handling of light and shade, the art of painting in oils — a revolution that threw out of daily or domestic use the fresco and the painting on wood, and made popular the canvas painting. Engraving on wood and copper multiplied the best work and enriched the artist. The painter is now as intensely popular as once the singer of love and war. He is yet a plain man of the people and bears always a popular name, often a nickname. No matter what his subjects are, he introduces the local landscape, let us say of Tuscany or

Umbria, the local personages and customs. In the human figure the old conventionalism disappears and the portrait takes its place — in a word, we have a Christian realism in painting. At Sienna there lives on a remnant of the deeply pious old school, the school of calm and serene adoration and contemplation that has left us the sweet evangel of San Gemignano. But throughout Tuscany, beginning with Florence, it is different. Living portraits, domestic landscapes, local traits of daily life, real houses and castles, unique and lovely ornaments based on flowers of the field and the lines of nature herself — the individual experiences of the painter — are in every picture. The prophets lose their nimbus or halo, the apostles are figures of men on the street, the women are the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, of the painters. Some few traces of that stern law of early Christian painting that fixed every type and made it obligatory live on. Thus, the "Last Supper," the "Madonna and Child," for the composition and disposition of figures, are the same as you may see in the Catacombs at Rome. But Lionardo da Vinci is said to have walked the streets of Milan for ten years looking for a suitable head of Christ to put in his great masterpiece. The living model came

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into use — it would have been an abomination to the severely moral and mystic soul of the mediæval painter. Painting was, indeed, yet in the service of the Church. But it was seeking new objects, ancient history and pagan mythology. Here came in the influence of the bookmen, the Greek and Latin scholars. Through them the painting, or rather the sculpture and architecture of antiquity, revived and were cultivated. They lectured on the beauty of them, praised every new find, wrote daily on the absolute inimitable perfection of what the Greeks and Romans did, said, and were. Consciously or unconsciously these teachers, whether in university hall or city market-place, or in the palaces of the nobles, perverted the simple genuine Christian life of many an Italian town. The thousand years of the Middle Ages became a long dismal blank — its monuments, like its writings, were to their mind without true style, without perfection of form, therefore bad and worthy of eternal oblivion.

Of course, the local domestic origin of much Italian painting kept up always the religious life. A multitude of the noblest works of the great masters of the fifteenth, and even the sixteenth, century was produced for village

confraternities — banners, altar-pieces; another multitude was made for individuals. Every lady wanted a Madonna in her little oratory, and it must be by the best painter of the time. The workshop of a Perugino or a Raphael was crowded with orders from all Italy. Raphael is said to have painted with his own hand, or designed and begun, nearly three hundred Madonnas. Every family of importance had an altar in the parish church or in some church of the monks or friars, and it had to be decorated by the finest talent they could secure. Then there were the "Laudi," the village processions, and the "Mysteries" — the real origin of our theatres. All their forms of outdoor life called for images, painted compositions, and the most famous painter did not disdain the gold pieces that he got from humble village-folk for these designs. The intense rivalry of popular Italian life compelled him to produce something new and lovely each time, and in this way furthered constantly the perfection of such work.

Thus, the natural genius, the climate, the history, the monuments of antiquity, the language of the Italians, and their unbroken residence on the soil since the remotest times — all conspired to create an incredible number

of the loveliest works of art, and to make Italy one great gallery of the fine arts.

In the fifteenth century were finished, to a great extent, the buildings begun in the thirteenth. Milan, Orvieto, Sienna, Pisa, gave the new classical temper a chance to overshadow the spirit of the Middle Ages in façades, windows, decoration, and sculpture that consciously depart from the spiritual beliefs and ideals of the men who planned and partly executed these great works. The new skill in drawing, both outline and perspective, and in foreshortening, permitted a more grandiose kind of frescoing. And when the scholars of Squarcione at Padua, like Andrea Mantegna, were given such a work as the T palace of Mantua to build, they reproduced antiquity along every line as far as they were able. They did not have it all their own way — a Fra Angelico and a Fra Bartolommeo, and many another famous painter, still clung to the inward and ideal spiritual beauty, the expression in each face of tender sentiments of piety, divine adoration, love, humility, gratitude. After the great triumphs of the fifteenth century the genuinely Christian sculpture grew rarer, driven out of business by the glorious models of antique art that were being daily dug up,

and by the popular admiration for these models that sinned in many ways against the delicacy of the Christian conscience. When finally the old St. Peter's was thrown down and the vast modern basilica was planned and begun, the genuine Christian architecture, and with it of course the other arts, suffered a humiliation from which they are only beginning to recover.

A curious feature of the Italian Renaissance is the fact that many of its painters, sculptors, and architects were goldsmiths or apprentices of goldsmiths. The Italian goldsmith of the time was in reality, very often, the chief man of science in the town. We must remember that there was as yet no sharp distinction in artistic work — the true artist was able to turn his hand to sculpture as well as painting, to engraving on copper as well as to writing down the principles and practice of all these arts. Thus the goldsmith must know many secrets of chemistry and the treatment of the precious metals, he had to be an architect for designing of reliquaries and an engraver for the inscriptions and fine ornamentation, a worker in mosaic and therefore a painter; a good ironsmith too, for he often had orders of a bulky nature. His shop, like the traditional shoemaker's shop, was

the rendezvous of the chief citizens; his lovely masterpieces were on their tables and in their halls.

So a Verrocchio, a Pollajuolo, a Ghirlandajo, a Francia, were either apprentices of goldsmiths or goldsmiths themselves. It is also of some interest to know that most of the great artists of the fifteenth century were of poor and humble origin. It is a significant commentary on the truism that the real goods of life are not moneys, lands, revenues, but the fruits of the mind and the heart — education and religion. Who knows or who cares, except some dustman or scavenger of history, about the rich bankers of Augsburg, the wool merchants of Florence, the public carriers of Venice? With their wealth they wrote a line upon the sands of time that the next wave obliterated. But the names of the great artists shine forever in their masterpieces and echo forever above the great procession of humanity. Their very names to-day are a golden mine for Italy, since from every quarter of the world they draw thither an increasing multitude of men and women. Giotto was a shepherd, and, like him, Andrea Mantegna tended sheep. Fra Bartolommeo was the son of a carter. Lionardo da Vinci, Brunelleschi, and Michael Angelo were

the sons of humble officials. They were all, or nearly all, poorly enough paid, and much less esteemed than the pompous Latinists and Grecists who got all that was going in the shape of fat offices, ambassadorships, public junketings, and the like. Society usually gets what it pays for — in those days it admired too much the fine forms of antiquity, that were as empty then as now of any deep moral value, and it got in return fine words and elegant rhetoric. But these were very hollow things and failed to preserve the popular liberties of the Italian republics that were as solid as a rock so long as the people held to their mediæval ideals. While the people of Florence, for example, went off in pursuit of mere earthly beauty, in language and color and form, the chains of a long slavery were being forged against their awakening. With his banquets and his songs, his wit and his lasciviousness, his manuscripts and his jewels, Lorenzo led the people out of their mediæval roughness and rawness. But when these *noctes cœnæque deûm* were over came the dawn of a cruel and debasing slavery.

After all, Florence is the typical city of the Italian Renaissance. It is true that many of her greatest artists worked for the popes at

Rome, and that St. Peter's and the Vatican are only too thoroughly Renaissance work. It is true that a multitude of Roman churches owe their erection or their present form and ornament to this period. It is also true that government and administration were highly colored in that city by the ideals and the temper of the Renaissance. But, when all is said, it remains true that the city of Rome is primarily a mediæval city, and only in a secondary way a city of the Renaissance. Its art is at Rome an importation, the citizens do not give their children to it, it has nowhere a common popular character. There is no wild surging of the masses to look at the last masterpiece of Donatello, no submission of superb plans and designs to the taste of the mob. Thus, while the Eternal City wears the livery of the Renaissance, it is nowise true that it was the *foyer*, the living centre of its influence. That was always Florence. There the slowly rising cathedral, the baptistery, the bronze doors of Ghiberti, the private fortress-palaces of the Pitti, the Strozzi, the Rucellai, the statues of San Giorgio, the masterpieces of the Loggia, the Greek philosophers and infidels, the Latin orators and critics, the gabby farceurs, the della Robbia, a Filippo Lippi, a Benozzo Gozzoli, a

Domenico Ghirlandajo, are all contemporary, all at home beneath a sky and amid a nature that seemingly are made for them. For us moderns they have been made to live again by John Addington Symonds, by Perrens, Villari, Monnier, and by the incomparable "vision" of George Eliot. Rome, Naples, Milan, Venice, and countless minor cities, have each their immortal works, their glorious names, that enthuse from generation to generation all lovers of the beautiful. Each of these cities has its own significance in the history of the human mind in the West. Each was in its way a schoolroom of our education. But Florence is the great university of the Renaissance, where its materials are piled up, where its professors were trained, where its lessons were long and regularly taught, where its philosophy worked out most easily all its purposes and problems. Here, above all, its spirit was always at home, a supreme and masterful spirit of free affectionate surrender to the claims of beauty, regardless of truth and morality, as though beauty were to itself a higher law and its service some unshackled esoteric form of religion, sole worthy of the chosen spirits to whom are revealed its infinite grace, proportion, and harmony. Here, long before

Luther and Calvin, was reached the real parting of the ways, the Pythagorean letter of crucial import, the conscious divorce of the senses and the soul with a rigid resolution to walk in the chosen path whithersoever it finally led.

Already the soul of Christian Italy was called on to accept the noted formula: *Amicus quidem Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* It is a long cry from Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius) to St. Pius V., but in that fateful century there went on such a fierce and relentless probing of hearts and consciences throughout the peninsula as had never been seen since the days of Augustus. Unexpectedly men came upon the scene who hewed judgment to the line and hung the plummet of righteousness. And when their work was done the astonished world confessed that there was yet a heart of oak in the old mediæval burg of Catholicism, that it could rise, stern and uncompromising, from an hour of dalliance and indolence, that it was not unworthy of its immemorial right of leadership, that it was able to cope as successfully with the insidious revival of the paganism of Libanius and Symmachus as it had with the paganism of Frederick II., that it knew itself always for the living responsible

conscience of Catholicism which had never yet implored from it in vain the key-note of harmony or the bugle-call of resistance unto death, and that with native directness it saw far and clearly into the nature and course of the incredible revolution that was sweeping away all Northern Europe.

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